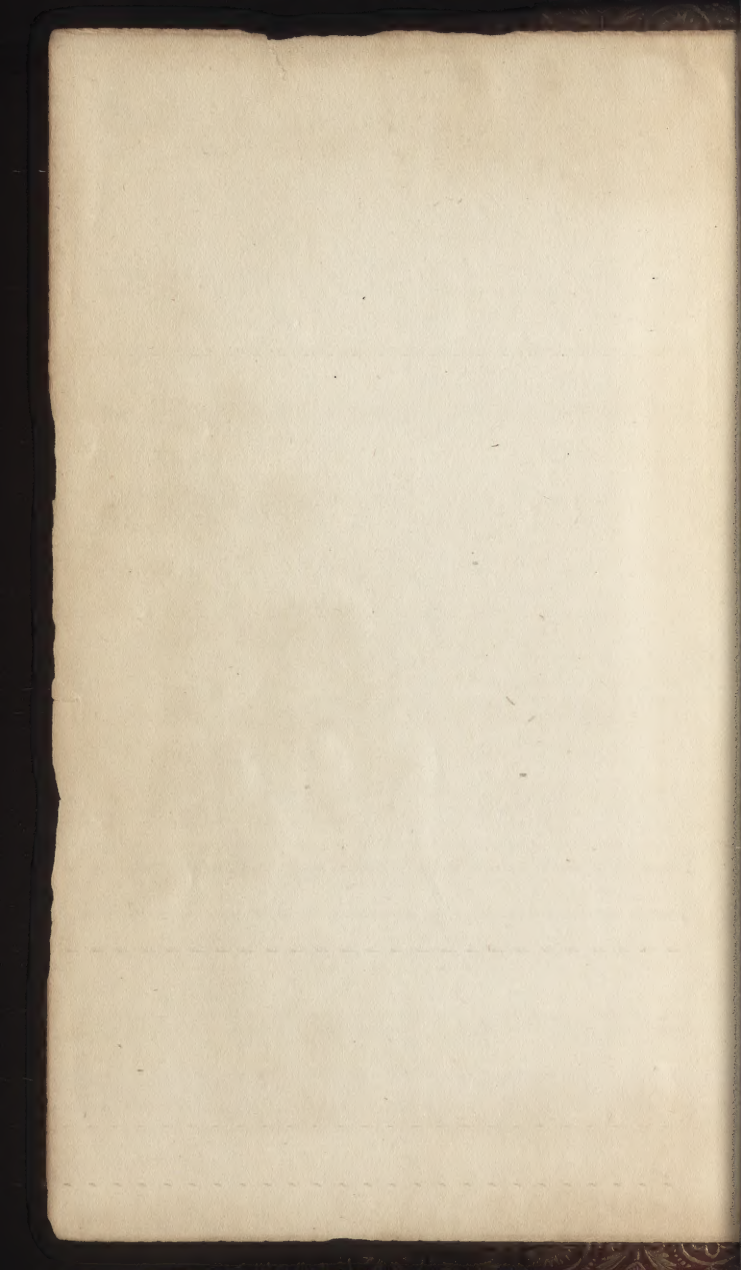
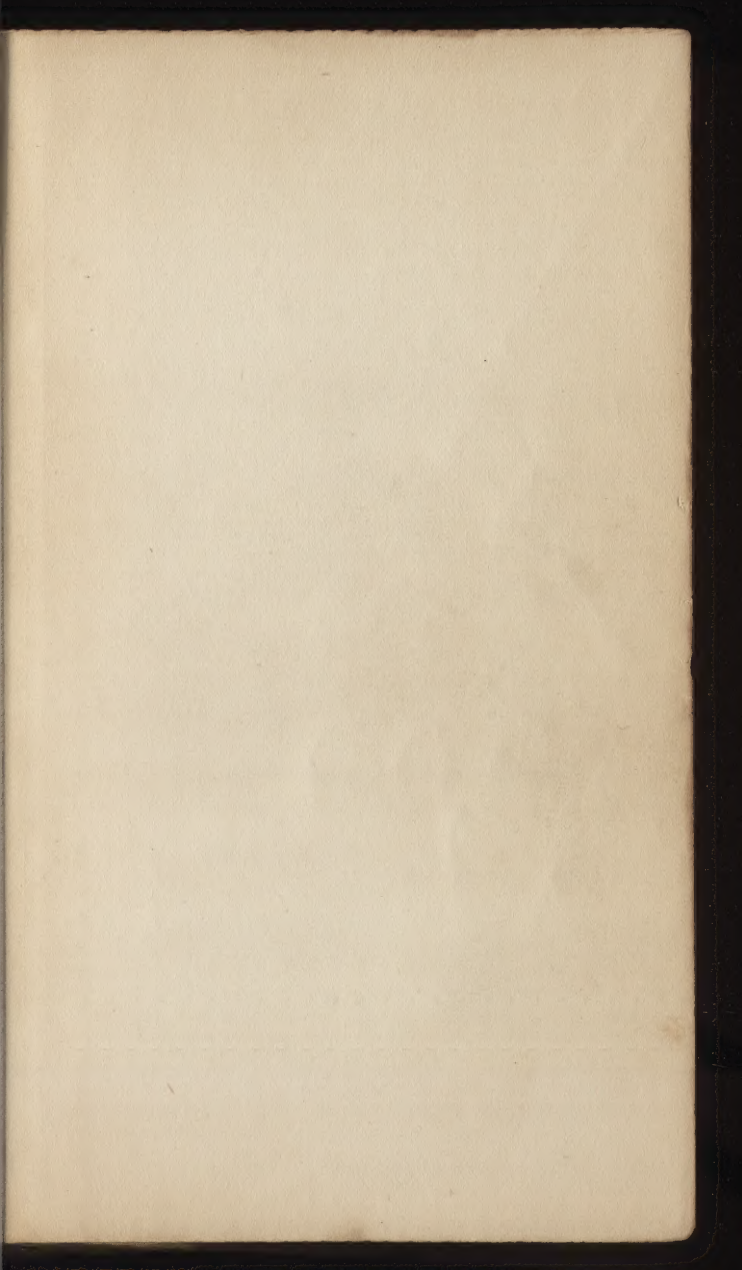


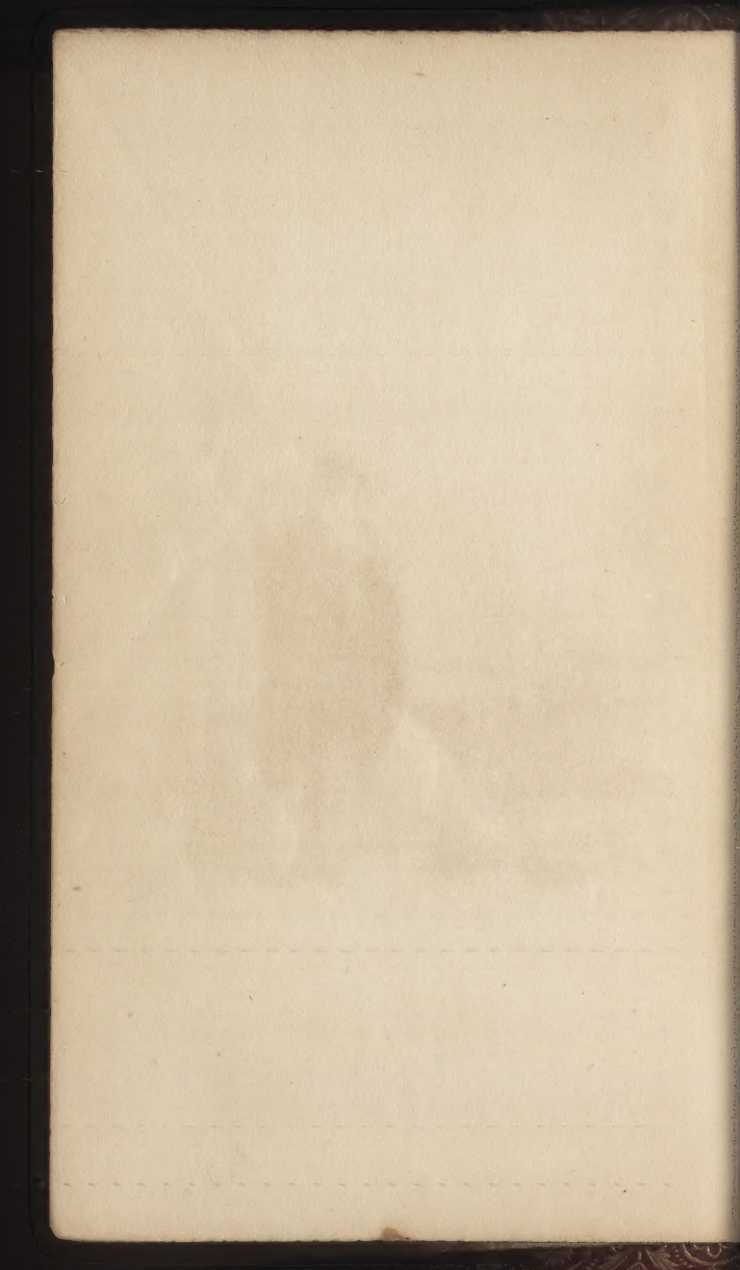
*Ulrich Middeldorf*

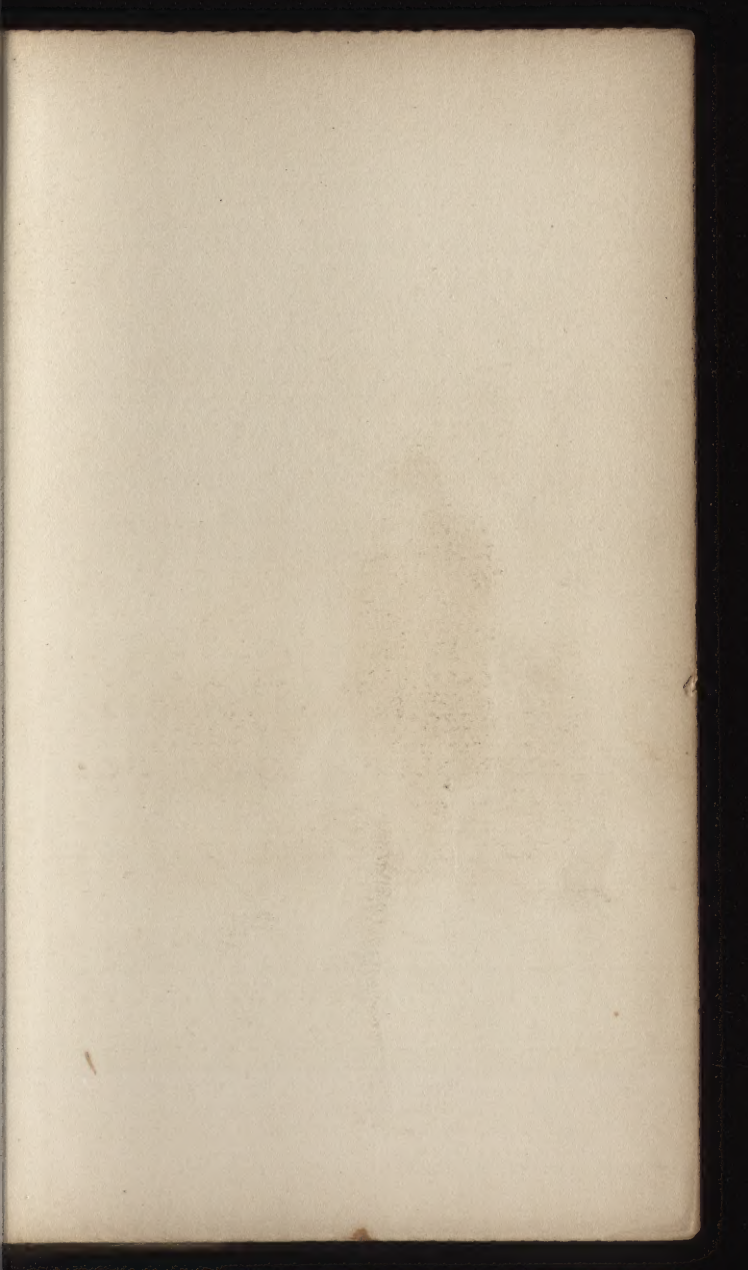














"Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,  
That idly waiting flaps with every gale."



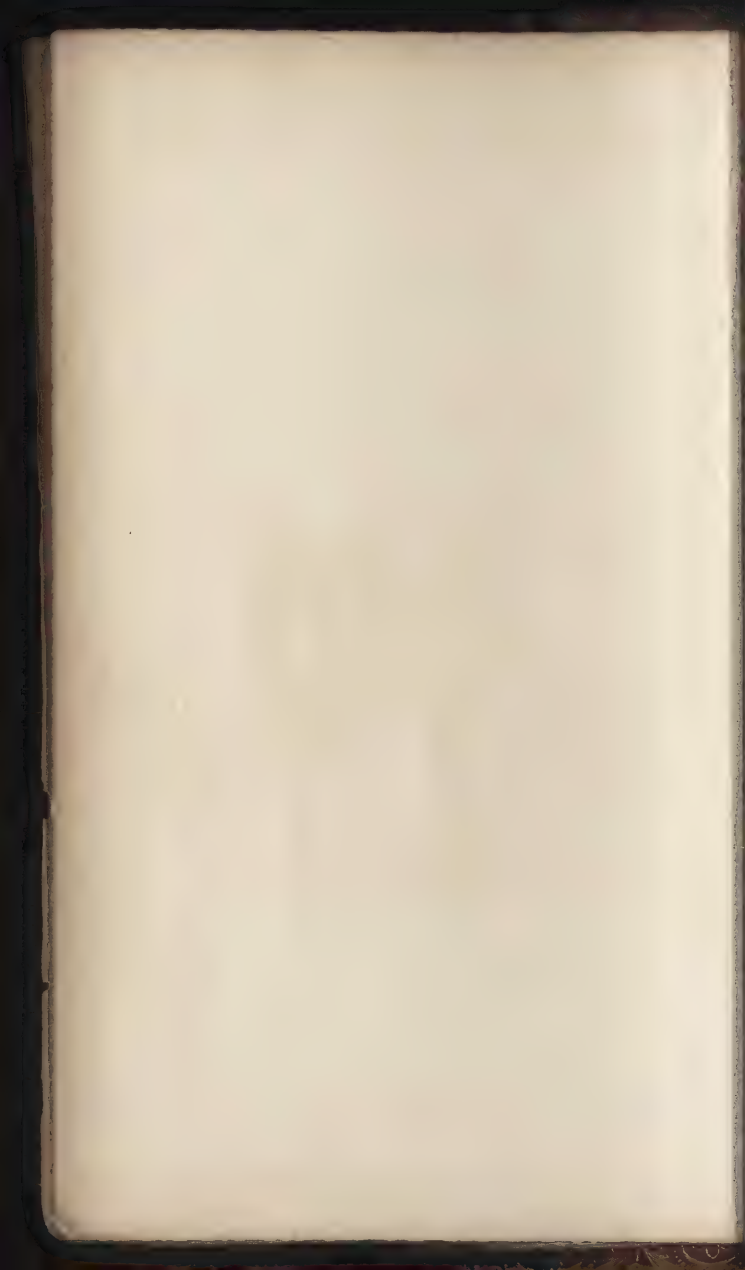




OLIVER GOLD SMITH'S  
PROSE  
and Poetical Works.  
LIFE BY  
*Washington Irving.*



LONDON,  
CHARLES DALY, 17, GREVILLE STREET,  
HATTON GARDEN.





OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S  
WORKS:

Poems, Comedies, Essays,

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD:

WITH LIFE

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING:

AND

Illustrations.

LONDON:

CHARLES DALY, GREVILLE STREET,  
HATTON GARDEN.

THE

OF

AND

OF

# Contents.

---

LIFE OF DR. GOLDSMITH, BY WASHINGTON IRVING

PAGE  
V

## Poems.

### The Traveller :—

Dedication . . . . . 1

Poem . . . . . 3

### The Deserted Village :—

Dedication . . . . . 12

Poem . . . . . 14

The Haunch of Venison . . . . . 23

Retaliation . . . . . 26

Postscript . . . . . 30

### The Hermit :—

Introduction . . . . . 31

Poem . . . . . 32

The Double Transformation : a Tale . . . . . 36

The Gift : To Iris, in Bow Street, Covent Garden . . . . . 38

The Logicians Refuted (in Imitation of Dean Swift) . . . . . 39

On a Beautiful Youth struck Blind with Lightning . . . . . 40

Stanzas on Woman . . . . . 40

A New Simile (in the Manner of Swift) . . . . . 41

The Clown's Reply . . . . . 42

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog . . . . . 43

Song : Intended to have been Sung in the Comedy of 'She  
Stoops to Conquer' . . . . . 44

Description of an Author's Bed-chamber . . . . . 45

Epitaph on Dr. Parnell . . . . . 45

Stanzas on the Taking of Quebec . . . . . 46

# CONTENTS.

	AGE
A Sonnet . . . . .	46
From the Oratorio of 'The Captivity : ' a Song . . . . .	46
An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize . . . . .	47
Epitaph on Edward Purdon . . . . .	47
Song . . . . .	48
A Prologue, Written and Spoken by the Poet Laberius, a Roman Knight, whom Cæsar forced upon the Stage . . . . .	48
Prologue to 'Zobeide' . . . . .	49
Epilogue spoken by Mr. Lee Lewis, in the character of Harlequin, at his Benefit . . . . .	50
Epilogue to the Comedy of 'The Sisters' . . . . .	51

## Comedies.

### THE GOOD NATURED MAN :—

Dramatis Personæ . . . . .	53
Preface . . . . .	54
Prologue, written by Dr. Johnson . . . . .	55
Comedy . . . . .	53
Epilogue . . . . .	105

### SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER :—

Dramatis Personæ . . . . .	107
Dedication . . . . .	108
Prologue, by David Garrick, Esq. . . . .	109
Comedy . . . . .	110
Epilogue . . . . .	162

## Essays.

Introduction . . . . .	165
Love and Friendship ; or the story of Alcander and Septi- mus : taken from a Byzantine Historian . . . . .	167
On Happiness of Temper . . . . .	170
Description of various Clubs . . . . .	172
On the Policy of Concealing our Wants or Poverty . . . . .	173
On Generosity and Justice . . . . .	182
On the Education of Youth . . . . .	185
On the Versatility of Popular Favour . . . . .	192



# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Specimen of a Magazine in Miniature . . . . .	194
A Modest Address to the Public . . . . .	195
Dedication . . . . .	195
A Speech spoken by the Indigent Philosopher . . . . .	195
Rules for Raising the Devil . . . . .	196
Rules for Behaviour, by the Indigent Philosopher . . . . .	197
Beau Tibbs; a Character . . . . .	197
Beau Tibbs— <i>continued</i> . . . . .	199
On the Irresolution of Youth . . . . .	202
On Mad Dogs . . . . .	204
On the increased Love of Life with Age . . . . .	207
On the Ladies' Passion for levelling all Distinction of Dress . . . . .	209
Asem, an Eastern Tale . . . . .	221
On the English Clergy and Popular Preachers . . . . .	218
On the Advantages to be derived from Sending a Judicious Traveller into Asia . . . . .	221
A Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern, in East-cheap . . . . .	223
On Quack Doctors . . . . .	233
Adventures of a Strolling Player . . . . .	235
Rules enjoined to be Observed at a Russian Assembly . . . . .	241
The Genius of Love: an Eastern Apologue . . . . .	242
History of the Distresses of an English Disabled Soldier. . . . .	245
On the Frailty of Man . . . . .	249
On Friendship . . . . .	251
Folly of attempting to learn Wisdom in Retirement . . . . .	253
Letter, supposed to be written by a Common-Councilman, at the time of the Coronation . . . . .	255
A second Letter, describing the Coronation . . . . .	257
An Account of the Augustan Age of England . . . . .	259
Some Particulars relative to Charles XII. not commonly known . . . . .	264
Upon Unfortunate Merit . . . . .	267
Custom and Laws Compared . . . . .	269
A Reverie . . . . .	272
A Word or Two on the late Farce, called 'High Life below Stairs' . . . . .	276
Of Eloquence . . . . .	277
The Sagacity of some Insects . . . . .	283
The Characteristics of Greatness . . . . .	286
Sentiments of a Frenchman on the Temper of the English . . . . .	288
Sabinus and Olinda . . . . .	290
Of the Pride and Luxury of the Middling Class of People . . . . .	292
The History of Hypusia . . . . .	293

# The Vicar of Wakefield.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
The description of the family of Wakefield, in which a kindred likeness prevails as well of minds as of persons	259
CHAPTER II.	
Family misfortunes.—The loss of Fortune only serves to increase the pride of the worthy	302
CHAPTER III.	
A migration.—The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring	304
CHAPTER IV.	
A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness, which depends not on circumstances, but constitution	309
CHAPTER V.	
A new and great acquaintance introduced.—What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal	311
CHAPTER VI.	
The happiness of a country fire-side	314
CHAPTER VII.	
A town wit described.—The dullest fellows may learn to be comical for a night or two	316
CHAPTER VIII.	
An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much	319
CHAPTER IX.	
Two ladies of great distinction introduced.—Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding	325
CHAPTER X.	
The family endeavours to cope with their betters.—The miseries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumstances	327

# CONTENTS.

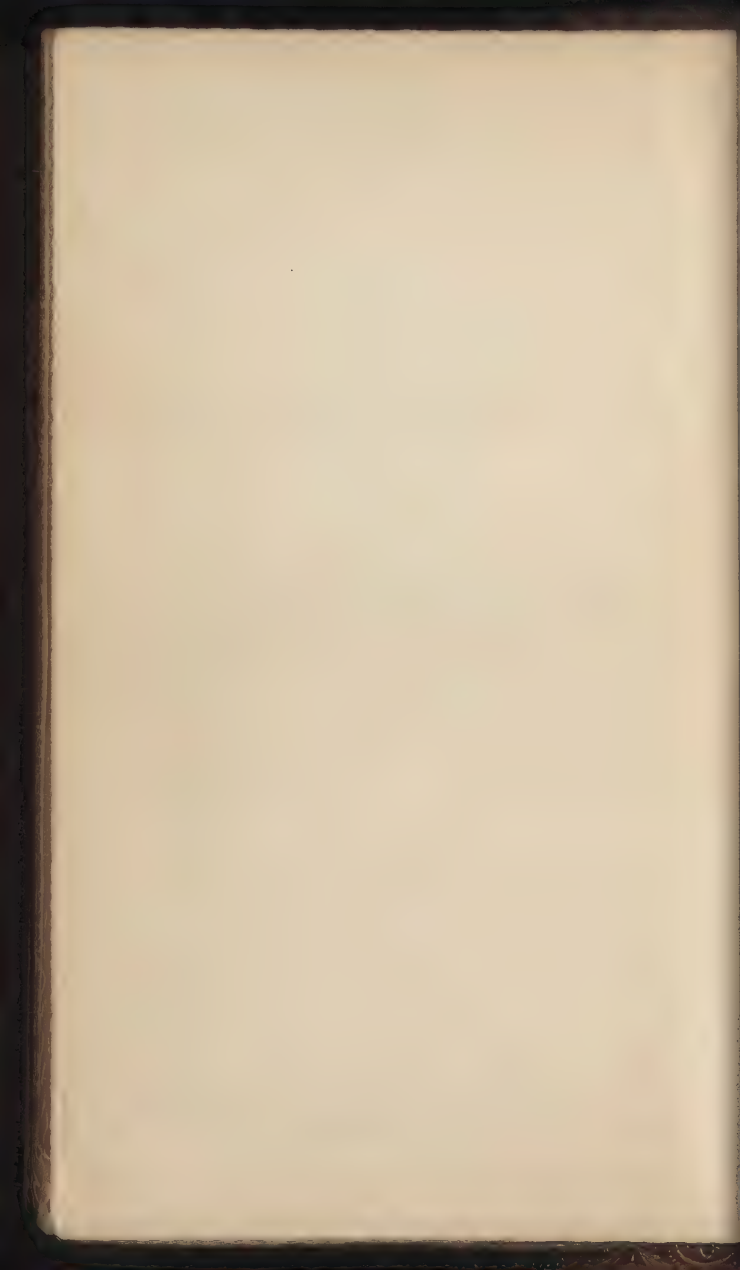
	PAGE
CHAPTER XI.	
The family still resolve to hold up their heads . . . . .	330
CHAPTER XII.	
Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield.—Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities . . . . .	333
CHAPTER XIII.	
Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy ; for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice . . . . .	337
CHAPTER XIV.	
Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration that seeming calamities may be real blessings . . . . .	339
CHAPTER XV.	
All Mr. Burchell's villany at once detected.—The folly of being over-wise . . . . .	346
CHAPTER XVI.	
The family use art, which is opposed by still greater . . . . .	343
CHAPTER XVII.	
Scarcely any virtue found to resist the power of long and pleasing temptation . . . . .	350
CHAPTER XVIII.	
The pursuit of a father to reclaim a lost child to virtue . . . . .	356
CHAPTER XIX.	
The description of a person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties . . . . .	359
CHAPTER XX.	
The history of a philosophic vagabond, pursuing novelty, but losing content . . . . .	364
CHAPTER XXI.	
The short continuance of friendship among the vicious, which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction . . . . .	374
CHAPTER XXII.	
Offences are easily pardoned where there is love at bottom . . . . .	379

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER XXIII.	
None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable	382
CHAPTER XXIV.	
Fresh calamities . . . . .	385
CHAPTER XXV.	
No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it . . . .	389
CHAPTER XXVI.	
A reformation in the Gaol.—To make laws complete, they should reward as well as punish . . .	392
CHAPTER XXVII.	
The same subject continued . . . .	395
CHAPTER XXVIII.	
Happiness and misery rather the result of prudence than of virtue in this life; temporal evils or felicities being regarded by Heaven as things merely in themselves trifling, and unworthy its care in the distribution	398
CHAPTER XXIX.	
The equal dealings of Providence demonstrated with regard to the happy and the miserable here below.—That from the nature of pleasure and pain, the wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter . . . . .	405
CHAPTER XXX.	
Happier prospects begin to appear.—Let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favour . .	408
CHAPTER XXXI.	
Former benevolence now repaid with unexpected interest	413
CHAPTER XXXII.	
The conclusion . . . . .	423



Life, by Washington Irving.



# LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

---

THERE are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for OLIVER GOLDSMITH, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humour, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and soft-tinted style; all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man, at the same time that we admire the author.

An acquaintance with the private biography of Goldsmith, lets us into the secret of his gifted pages. We there discover them to be little more than transcripts of his own heart, and picturings of his fortunes. There he shows himself the same kind, artless, good-humoured, excursive, sensible, whimsical, intelligent being that he appears in his writings. Scarcely an adventure or character is given in his works, that may not be traced to his own parti-coloured story. Many of his most ludicrous scenes, and ridiculous incidents, have been drawn from his own blunders and mischances, and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim imparted by him for the instruction of the reader.

This simple yet illustrious author was born at Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, on the 10th of November, 1728. Although his life was commenced upon Irish soil, and the greater part of his immediate connexions were settled in different parts of the sister island, he was of English extraction.

Goldsmith has himself furnished some quaint hints relative to

the peculiar improvidence of his family. Almost all of his connexions appear to have married, and become responsible to provide for no mean share of descendants, without the prospect even of competency.

The poet's father, Charles Goldsmith, who was the officiating clergyman at Pallasmore at the time of Oliver's birth, married in his youth without any means of his own, beyond his curacy, the produce of a few impoverished acres, and the gratuities of his friends. His aggregate income might have amounted to forty or fifty pounds a year, and his young and simple bride could boast of nothing but her person.

A crazy, dilapidated mansion which had ceased to be occupied by the lordly proprietors of former days, became his local habitation and the birth place of the poet, by whom it was illustrated in its decay.

Oliver with his parents remained at Pallasmore, until he had well nigh attained his third year, when his father was promoted to the rectory of Kilkenny West.

Meanwhile, as the tradition of the country goes, the former retreat of the Goldsmiths remained wholly unoccupied, and became the haunt of fairies and sprites alone; and so bent were the mischievous elfin crew to secure the hallowed spot from after desecration, that they baffled all attempts at repair made by the proprietor, and deliberately kicked down at night what the workmen had accomplished during the day. Thus, at last, the hapless old house was abandoned to its fate, and to its superhuman tenants.

The spot, to which the poet's family had removed, was no less romantic, with the advantage of a more varied landscape. This was Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath, where Charles Goldsmith occupied a very considerable farm. Here were generated the first conceptions of the poet's childhood. It was the spot hallowed by the warm aspirations, pure enjoyments, and brief but torturing little crosses of boyhood. It is not strange, therefore, that the portraiture of this scene, with all its little peculiarities, should so often recur under various pretences in the lightest as in the most serious works of our author. Goldsmith is not the only poet who has secretly or avowedly acknowledged the perpetual charm which hangs about the haunts of our childhood. Witness the beautiful lines:—

“ Sweet is the schoolboy spot  
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.”

The peculiarities of his father, and the primitive simplicity of the household, have been immortalized in the “Vicar of Wakefield.” The scenery and the population of the district have been revived in the true and animated description of the “Deserted Village.”

Oliver Goldsmith had four brothers and three sisters. He was the second son, and, by seven years, younger than his

brother Henry. When about three years old, the poet's earliest education was entrusted to one Elizabeth Delap, who did not fail to boast, in her later years, of having been his first instructress; although she was fain to confess, that, under her tutelage, he had manifested no brilliant indications of talent. During the period of her matronly governance, she declared that Oliver was one of the dullest of her pupils. The truth is, that the young tyro's imagination was ever wandering from any subject on which she sought to fix it. From his earliest youth he was given to that sort of abstracted contemplation which almost always carried his thoughts away from objects or considerations which were present; and, unless he abandoned himself to the merry, light-hearted humour which distinguished his social character, his thoughts were ever at a distance.

Thus, up to the period when he attained his sixth or seventh year, he continued to linger in his studies under dame Delap. At that epoch, however, he was handed over for more comprehensive education to one Paddy Byrne, the learned man of the village. Byrne, whose portrait is admirably drawn in the "Deserted Village," had been alternately teacher, soldier, and then teacher again. His somewhat prolific fancy, and the fund of incident collected in his various pursuits both civil and military, especially adapted him to prepossess our young hero in favour of some portion of his lore, but to abstract his imagination from the book-learning which was prescribed for him. Thus did Oliver become proficient in anecdotes or fables of campaigning, in ghost and fairy-tales, and in everything which savoured of wild adventure. Byrne had, moreover, some pretensions of his own to the production of certain very exceptionable bantlings in the shape of verses; and Oliver, whose peculiar talent had a bent that way, and whose naturally quick ear rendered him remarkably susceptible of the music of numbers, quickly caught this failing of his exquisite tutor. Instead of occupying himself with more useful researches, he was very frequently engaged in scribbling some of his earliest effusions upon any stray scrap of paper which might chance to fall in his way; and, although he was by no means ambitious of betraying this failing, an occasional fragment would reach his mother, who, with natural solicitude and pride, was ready enough to admire and to magnify the merits of those childish productions. Assured of the natural capacity of her son, she became urgent that he should be educated consistently with such manifest talent, and that thus a fair field should be offered for the development of his evident genius. The father remonstrated, deprecated the cost of another education such as that which had been bestowed on the eldest son Henry, represented the advantages of handicrafts over professions—but all in vain. He argued, but his wife prevailed; and Oliver was consigned to establishments of loftier pretensions, to acquire the rudiments of classical lore.

This change took place on the occasion of a dangerous attack of small pox, in consequence of which he was necessarily removed from the tender care of the quaint Paddy Byrne. Upon his recovery, young Oliver was entrusted for the acquisition of more enlarged attainments, to a clergyman of the name of Griffin, who had established a school at Elphin, in Roscommon. During his pupilage under this master, our hero was quartered in the family of one of his paternal uncles, who resided at Ballyoughter, in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Griffin's school. His progress as a pupil still failed to confirm the flattering anticipations of his family; for though his thorough good-nature, and the warm-heartedness of his disposition, enhanced by the quiet humour and social conviviality which were his striking characteristics, rendered him the universal favourite of all his associates, he was by no means rapid enough in the fulfilment of his scholastic duties, to secure him an equally fair reputation with his tutors.

An anecdote is related of him which may be referred approximately to this period, and which, though apparently trifling in itself, was cherished and recorded with great satisfaction by his admiring parents. It appears that a kind of juvenile entertainment took place at his uncle's house, at which one of the party, whose name was Cummings, played the fiddle; Oliver, with his usual readiness to please his companions, assented to perform a hornpipe. His appearance had certainly not been improved by the small pox, which had left its indelible and disfiguring traces upon his features, whilst the heavy and by no means prepossessing shape of his figure, heightened the grotesque and ludicrous about his appearance. Cumming, who was fond of passing for a wag, raised a laugh at Oliver's expense, by fixing him with the nickname of *Æsop*. The best tempered beings are sometimes tender of too personal a sally; and our young poet, on this occasion, appears to have received the joke with an acrimony which was not common with him; for, suddenly checking himself in the midst of his dance, he retorted:—

“Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,  
See *Æsop* dancing, and his monkey playing.”

The smartness of the reply established his reputation amongst his friends, who began to deplore that he should not be provided with the advantages which had been afforded to his elder brother. Nothing less than an university education would offer a fair field to his talents. But his father was by no means in circumstances to enable him to sustain such expences a second time. At the urgent instance of his mother, therefore, his various relations agreed to join together in providing the means. The most liberal of all was one of his uncles, a clergyman of the name of Thomas Contarine, who, having married one of Charles Goldsmith's sisters, by whom he had one child, named Jane, had since become a widower. Contarine had very



early looked with especial favour upon young Oliver, and whilst his daughter, who was only two years the poet's senior, had been amongst his earliest playmates, her father was almost his first, most constant, and truest of friends. It was chiefly with the assistance of this kind and worthy relative, that Oliver was equipped for, and maintained in schools of a higher order preparatory to his removal to the university.

He was first placed under the care of Mr. Campbell at Athlone; and, subsequently, was transferred to Edgworthstown, and entrusted to a clergyman of the name of Patrick Hughes.

Nowhere, however, did the progress of his studies afford any brilliant promise to his tutors: although, it would seem that his sluggish advancement was rather attributed to an indolent or careless habit than to a constitutional dullness.—His taste was very early identified with classical attainments: and the latin poets and historians seemed to have afforded him considerable gratification;—Ovid, Horace, and Livy, were naturally enough amongst his chief favourites. The charms of interesting fables, or of matchless lyric rhythm, were too much in accordance with his natural bent to escape his apprehension.

He was still the especial favourite of his schoolfellows and companions.

A very characteristic anecdote concerning his last homeward transit from Edgworthstown, is related on the authority of his family traditions. It would seem that his father's house was at a distance of about twenty miles. The want of a good road from place to place is no uncommon thing in Ireland even now, but in the youth of Oliver Goldsmith, it was, perhaps, one of the great rarities of that unintelligible country. The distance through which young Oliver had to wend his homeward way, was precisely in this category. It had no acquaintance whatever with vehicles upon wheels—not so much as a country car. The poet, who was then an awkward lad of the indescribable age of sixteen, suddenly found himself, therefore, mounted on horseback, and furnished with money for his journey. Thus equipped, his estimate of himself was notably heightened, and he assumed a loftier style proportionate to his elevated dimensions. He was bent upon playing the man, and passing for a travelled spark of experience in "highway and byeway." Accordingly, instead of proceeding directly homeward, he resolved to pass the night at Ardagh. Here he became the victim of his own consequential assumption, and of the waggery of a stranger. He abruptly desired of the first person he met to be directed to the best house in the place. This person happened to be one of those spirits who delight in practical jokes, and who was enjoying the hospitality of a gentleman of the name of Featherstone, the principal proprietor of the neighbourhood, and Oliver was promptly directed to the mansion of Mr. Featherstone himself. Our poet, who imagined that he was putting up at an inn, distributed his orders to the right and to the left, with all

the importance of a great man whose custom was worth some forbearance. The master of the house, who was not slow in detecting the mistake, resolved to honour his uninvited guest, and to sustain the plot, so that Oliver was indulged in his utmost vagaries, and entertained with the most affected respect, until the truth was allowed to break upon him on the following morning. Goldsmith was naturally of so timid and retiring a disposition that he was ill calculated to make the most of his part, and the discovery of his mistake rendered him truly awkward and confused.

We have entered into the detail of this anecdote, not so much on its own account, as because it furnished a portion of the incidents for the comedy of "*She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night.*"

In the meanwhile, the elders of the family of Goldsmith had alternate grounds of satisfaction and chagrin in the promotion of their hopes and expectations in other directions. The eldest son, Henry, was the hope and buttress of his father, and his successful career at the university had just elated the happy clergyman, when all his forecasts were darkened by another improvident and untoward step, which acceded to be registered amongst the follies of this amiable but reckless race. Henry was already in a fair way to secure his fellowship, when he suddenly and inexplicably abandoned the prospect for the more endearing anticipations of matrimony. Like his ancestry, he had totally overlooked the question of finance; he had contracted a marriage with a young lady, if possible, poorer than himself, and was perforce compelled to retire from any future scholastic pretensions, to the unpromising and obscure preceptorship of a country village school. There appears to have been a matrimonial fatality in the family, for this marriage of Henry was very soon followed by that of his sister Catherine to a young gentleman of the name of Hodson, who had been entrusted to her brother's tutelage. The mischief was, in this instance, more goading to the sensibility of her father, because young Hodson belonged to a wealthy family, and the scrupulous delicacy of Mr. Goldsmith suggested the charge of a breach of trust, which might be suscitiated to stain the spotless integrity of his fame. Careless of poverty, he could not brook the imputation of dishonour, were it ever so unreasonable; and rather than submit to the stigma, he resolved to make a desperate effort to exonerate himself. He therefore set about furnishing his daughter with a marriage portion of four hundred pounds, to the utter exhaustion of his own exchequer, the serious detriment of the rest of the family, and the inconvenience of Oliver in particular, who, from the prospect of becoming a pensioner at the university, was doomed to submit to the degrading and menial offices of a sizer:—for such was then the position of that class amongst the students.

It was on the 11th of June, 1747, that the poet entered Trinity College, Dublin, in that capacity. It is said, that the

inscription of his name still exists carved in the window-frame of the mean apartment to which he was consigned. He was lodged in one of the upper rooms, close to the library of the college, bearing the number thirty-five. Oliver's good nature had not hitherto been put to so severe a trial, as it was by the duties imposed upon him in his character of a sizer. Amongst other things, he was required to sweep a given portion of the courts every morning, and to wait upon the fellows at table. His very dress was stamped with the derogatory badge of his position, and the untasselled cap indicated him as one of those victims of learning known as sizers. Goldsmith was good-humoured to the degree of weakness; but he was acutely sensitive, and recoiled with conscious dignity and proper self pride, from his humiliation, and he never appears to have lost the impressions made upon him by his position at the university. The constant vexations of his situation, were by no means alleviated by the character of the tutor under whom his lot had cast him. This individual, whose somewhat appropriate cognomen was Wilder, was of an imperious, violent, and offensive disposition. He was, moreover, a punctilious and mathematical calculator. His tastes and inclinations were the exact reverse of his pupil's; so that they were not very likely to agree. But Wilder did not scruple to apply the most offensive epithets to Oliver, or even to descend to personal scurrility in addressing him publicly, or in speaking of him.

Thus it was that the poet, who was already enlisted in favour of high sentiments and classical attainments, acquired a redoubled disgust for the more accurate and logical sciences. Mathematics were ever afterwards the bugbears of his educational catalogue.

His love of society and convivial pleasure added to this distaste for rigid science; and he appears to have firmly persuaded himself that learning of that description was one of the saving clauses of dulness alone; whilst genius was ever more brilliant when unfettered by rule and discipline.

The death of his father in the beginning of 1748, by stripping of his already scanty resources, left him in the greatest difficulty and embarrassment. The generosity of his uncle Contarine alone sustained him at the university; and even with the assistance of that constant friend, and the additional mites occasionally obtained of other friends and companions, he was more than once driven to the extremity of pawning his books, or of writing street ballads, to realize a few shillings for his subsistence.

This was, perhaps, the earliest form of publication afforded to the effusions of one of the most admirable of British Bards; and it is related of him, that he would frequently stroll about the streets to hear his own productions sung, and to revel in the applause which they drew from a casual audience.

It is, perhaps, in the midst of these straits that the merits of his character are most conspicuously manifested. For his

own calamities, far from rendering him obdurate to the cry of misery in others, awaked all his sympathies for the unfortunate, and aroused to activity the hearty yet reckless generosity for which he was so remarkable. It is related of him, that on one occasion, being close to the college entrance, he was accosted by a mendicant in the most deplorable condition. The poor man told his tale of misery to no listless or uncompassionate ears; amongst other things he pointed to his feet, which were bare, and lacerated with a long journey over rough and stony roads. "Wait awhile outside here," exclaimed Oliver at last, "whilst I fetch you some boots." Whereupon the poet, who could muster but one pair of his own, hastened to his apartment, took them off, and flung them from the window to the beggar.

On another occasion he was engaged to breakfast with a friend, but the appointed hour had long elapsed without the appearance of the guest. His friend at length, wearied with waiting, proceeded to the poet's apartment to ascertain the cause of his absence, when, to his amazement, he emerged from the midst of the feathers in his bed. It appeared that, on the previous evening, he had been accosted by a poor woman, who had five children with her in a state of destitution. Her husband, as she said, was in the hospital, and she was a stranger and penniless in the town. Oliver was no richer in money than herself, but he quickly gathered together some clothes for her to sell, and stripped his bed of the blankets and coverings for the protection of the children. The consequence was, that he found himself extremely cold, and as an only resource, he had ripped up the bedding, and buried himself amongst the feathers for warmth.

It was on the 27th of February, 1750, that Oliver Goldsmith took his degree; and that once more set free from the bondage of scholastic discipline, and exempted from the odious tyranny of the Tutor Wilder, he found himself master of himself and of his vicissitudes. But the affairs of his family had been entirely changed since the death of his father. None of his immediate relations had the means of sustaining him: and, disappointed with his obscure career at the university, they appear to have received him somewhat coolly.

Mr. Contarine alone continued to treat him with the same constant kindness. His advice to the poet was, to prepare without delay for holy orders. Oliver, however, entertained a strong and rooted repugnance for the church, more, as it would seem, from a whimsical distaste for the discipline of dress, than on more serious grounds. Yielding, nevertheless, to the urgent solicitations of his kindest friend, he assented to become a candidate for the ministry. At this period he had only attained the age of twenty-one, so that he had an interval of two years of indolence before him. During this time he was alternately the inmate of his brother's house, or the guest of his brother-in-law, or enjoying the unfailing hospitality of Mr. Contarine, or



occasionally on a visit to his cousin and fellow collegian, Robert Bryanton, at Ballymahon, where he became the leading wit of a tavern club. To the reminiscences of the society which was gathered together at this club, have been attributed the characters of "Tony Lumpkin," "Jack Slang the horse doctor," "Little Aminidab, that grinds the music-box," and "Tom Twist, who spins the pewter platter," as well as "Tony's drinking song at the 'Three Jolly Pigeons.'"

If he turned his attention to reading of any kind, it certainly was not of an ecclesiastical tendency. His literary repertory might be summed up in a catalogue of travels, adventures, biography, poetry, novels, plays, and the like; and his success in attaining the hood was proportionate to the pains which he took to secure it.

No sooner had the period of his maturity arrived, than he offered himself as a candidate for holy orders before the Bishop of Elin: and, whether it was that he was found wanting in the sacred lore, or owing to the irregularity of his life, or, as has been authentically asserted, that, in his absolute repugnance to the set habit of the office, he appeared before the prelate in scarlet breeches, and in the gaudy variety of colours which pleased him in his apparel, certain it is that he was rejected. Thus, once more, did he find himself without any positive pursuit, to meet the vexation and disappointment of his friends, who were daily losing confidence in their bright anticipations of his career. According to his own account, "his friends were now perfectly satisfied that he was undone: and yet they thought it a pity for one that had not the least harm in him, and was so very good-natured."

The constant friendship of Mr. Contarine alone remained unshaken, though it must be confessed, that his hopes were somewhat weakened. He contrived to place the poet in the capacity of tutor in the family of a Mr. Flinn. He was not without his comforts in this situation, but revolted from the servility of his position; he gradually grew less deferential and considerate towards the members of his patron's family, and ended by charging one of them with cheating at cards, and by throwing up his situation in disgust.

Upon receiving his stipend, he found himself in possession of the inordinate sum of more than thirty pounds, and prompted by his love of adventure, instead of returning amongst his friends, he purchased a horse, and set forth upon a journey, in which he appears to have had no distinct and positive object. According to his subsequent account of the matter, there is reason to believe that he was bent upon sailing for America. With this design he proceeded to Cork, and there secured a berth, and paid for his passage, to the material detriment of his small resources. Without further forethought, he abandoned himself to his greatest luxury of convivial society; and whilst he was in the midst of his thoughtless carousals, the vessel in which he



was to have sailed weighed anchor without him. Finding himself in the lurch, with but a trifle left wherewithal to continue his own maintenance, he determined upon selling his horse, and substituting a jaded pony in its stead, and thus realizing the difference of value. But he had not long been re-supplied with the small store thus acquired, before he was overcome by the aspect of misery, and parted with all save half-a-crown. It was thus that he reached the house of an inhospitable acquaintance, and thence the dwelling of a more hospitable neighbour, with whose assistance he contrived to make his way to his own family totally destitute, but as reckless as ever.

Once more disappointed in the issue of Oliver's undertakings, and foiled in their attempts to make a provision for him, his family were for a time at a loss how to act, and many amongst them were loth to act at all. Mr. Contarine, however, again came forward to suggest a field, and to furnish the means to embark him in a new career. It was resolved that he should enter the profession of the law, and his worthy and too accommodating relative actually provided him with fifty pounds, as a first instalment, and despatched him, as he thought, to London, to become a student in the Temple. But Oliver did not succeed in getting further than Dublin, on his new expedition. There he accidentally met with a casual acquaintance, who contrived to strip him of his funds, and left him to return once more amongst his friends, as forlorn and destitute of means, as he had been on the occasion of his last re-appearance. Thoroughly ashamed of his own folly, however, he did not venture to return at first; and it was not until some time had elapsed, that his friends became acquainted with his circumstances, and took the initiative in inducing his return. His mother, although she forgave his indiscretions, was deeply chagrined by his repeated failures, which belied her high opinion of his merits. Mr. Contarine indulgently overlooked all the trespasses upon his good nature, but almost abandoned the hope he had so long entertained of Oliver's forthcoming success; and his brother Henry was so mortified at the last, and most foolish of all his errors, that a dispute arose between them of so serious a character, as for a time to cut off all communication between them.

At Mr. Contarine's, however, he still found a hearty welcome, and a happy, comfortable home. Judging from the tenor of some verses attributable to this period, it might be inferred that he formed a tender attachment for his cousin Jane, so long since his playmate and companion. But it is evident, at all events, that the conditions of the affectionate regard entertained for one another were not analogous, from the fact, that his cousin was married shortly afterwards, to a certain Mr. Lawder. This event would necessarily have put a period to Oliver's pretensions, had he ventured to such an aspiration.

It was during the time in which Oliver was an inmate of his uncle's house, under the circumstances just related, that Mr.

Contarine was honoured with a visit from a member of the family of Goldsmith, who was dean of Cloyne. This worthy, whose dictum was a species of bye-law in his district, and whose every enunciation was an oracle, graciously condescended to pronounce that the poet certainly possessed some qualifications for distinction, and recommended that he should attempt another of the learned professions, by entering upon the study of medicine. His advice was gratuitously afforded, but was unaccompanied by any more substantial aid. And Mr. Contarine was once more called upon to provide the principal share of the funds requisite for a course of study at Edinburgh. Goldsmith's brother and sister contributed, in proportion to their means, towards the attainment of this object.

Towards the close of the year 1752, the poet accordingly reached Edinburgh. His first introduction to the future scene of his learned pursuits, was accompanied by one of those casualties so frequently recorded in the course of his eventful history. He had, from sheer indolence, appropriated the first lodgings he could find; but without troubling himself concerning the street, or number, in which he had established his quarters. This done, he lost no time in strolling out to gratify his curiosity; and, but for having accidentally met with the porter to whom he was indebted for the previous carriage of his effects, he would have been sorely puzzled to have ascertained his own address. Goldsmith has given a quaint account of the thrifty contrivances of his landlady, in fulfilling her contract to supply board and lodging on the most reasonable terms; and it appears that he was soon disgusted with the multifiform appearance of the same joint, and was not long in seeking a more congenial retreat.

In pursuance of the new career which had been marked out for him, the poet now attended medical lectures, and became a member of an association called the Medical Society. But it does not transpire that he was betrayed into any excess of earnestness in his scientific studies. He found no difficulty in joining the circle of a number of Irish fellow-students, whose habits and inclinations were akin to his own, and in becoming the principal wag of their tavern assemblies. His accomplishment at an Irish drinking song, or marvellous story, had gradually been perfected since the day of his instruction by Paddy Byrne, and of the Ballymahon club, and he was soon voted a right jolly companion.

The lack of funds, which were but scantily and irregularly supplied by his friends from Ireland, never appears to have damped his buoyant spirits, or to have checked either his love of enjoyment, or his profuse and reckless generosity. He gave away, or lavished, whatever he could command, apparently without a thought of the expedient which should extricate him from the dilemma in which he was involved by his improvidence.

Entirely engrossed by the peculiar pleasures of a student's life, especially at Edinburgh, in the middle of the last century, Goldsmith seems, for a time, even to have cast aside all thoughts of rhyming. One thing, at all events, is certain; that nothing worthy of notice which can be attributed to that date, has been left amongst his works.

During one interval in his course of medical study, he spent a month in wandering through the Highlands, in conformity with the perpetual hankering for change of scene, which appears to have formed so striking a feature in his character.

Notwithstanding his very unprepossessing appearance, to which there will presently be occasion to return at greater length, Oliver Goldsmith secured the patronage of many of the most distinguished families in Edinburgh, by his eminent conversational qualifications. He might doubtless have secured more material advantages at a later period, from introductions of this kind, had it not been that his sense of dignity was soon offended at the idea of being a kind of servile flatterer of the great.

After spending two winters in Edinburgh, the poet projected an expedition to the continent, on the pretext of perfecting his medical studies, under Farheim, Petit, and Du Hammel de Mongeau at Paris, where he proposed to spend the spring and summer, and under Albinus at Leyden, where he intended to pass the ensuing winter. Mr. Contarine was once more prepared to furnish the funds for this continental excursion. Provided with funds at his own estimate, amounting to thirty-three pounds, and a good supply of clothes, and, above all, with the former companion of cousin Jane's harpsichord, his flute, he set out on his journey. But, slight as was the provision for a year's cruise amongst total strangers, it was rendered yet more slender by his utter absence of experience to eke it out. And if it be added to this, that his constitutional improvidence was by no means moderated, the reader will be able to form a tolerably accurate idea of the extent to which the student's means were likely to hold out.

Goldsmith's first step was strikingly characteristic. His plan was to have secured a passage for Holland, but happening to meet a merry crew of carousers at a tavern, who were about to sail for Bordeaux, he promptly altered his course, engaged his berth, and was soon on his way to the south of France. Fortunately, or unfortunately, however, for the poet, the ship was compelled to seek refuge in the port of Newcastle-on-Tyne by stress of weather; and here Goldsmith and his merry companions went ashore for relaxation, when the whole of them were unceremoniously seized by a serjeant and his grenadiers. It turned out that Oliver's new acquaintances were Scotchmen in the French service, who had lately been to Scotland to gather recruits, and it was in vain that the poet protested his innocence. He did not regain his liberty without considerable trouble, or

before he had been detained for ten days a close prisoner, when he congratulated himself upon the imprisonment, on the ground that the ship, in which he was to have proceeded to Bordeaux, was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and all hands lost.

Temporarily cured, at length, of any inclinations to deviate from a prescribed course, he now took his passage direct to Rotterdam, and thence proceeded, without any serious accident, to Leyden, where, during the lapse of about a year's residence, he pursued his studies under Gaubius in chemistry, and Albinus in anatomy.

Not but that it must, in candour, be confessed, that general literature occupied far more of his time and attention than either of these sciences.

As may be readily imagined, his thirty-three pounds were soon exhausted, and he was again exposed to all the inconveniences and embarrassments of want, pending the casual remittances from home. Had it not been for a countryman and fellow-student of the name of Ellis, who afterwards attained considerable eminence in his profession, poor Goldsmith would have been compelled to abandon his studies more abruptly. But Ellis's disinterested kindness materially relieved him; and, with the addition of a few small gains derived from teaching English, under the very awkward circumstance of absolute ignorance of Dutch, he contrived to drag on. His dangerous love of play, however, soon compelled him, at the earnest instance of Ellis, to quit Holland, where gaming was at that period sadly prevalent. Nor was he loth to wander further in the gratification of a curiosity, which had assumed a somewhat philosophical turn; so that he readily assented to Ellis's proposition, that he should at once proceed to Paris. Goldsmith's friend backed his advice by furnishing the means requisite for the journey; but our hero was no sooner provided with funds than he was thoroughly himself again. The Dutch tulip mania was, at that time, at its height; and, happening to stroll through some gardens, recollecting at the same time that his kind uncle Countarine was a fancier of those flowers, Oliver at once purchased a packet, and despatched a selection of bulbs, to the utter expenditure of the funds which had been generously furnished by Ellis.

He was resolved, nevertheless, not to abandon the project of his journey; and, being ashamed to appeal to his friend so soon, he determined to set forth on foot with the store of one spare shirt, about a guinea in money, and his flute, and to trust to chance and expedients for his sustenance and progress. Such was his departure from Leyden, in the month of February, 1756.

The sturdiness of his constitution enabled him to bear fatigue without suffering, and that happy carelessness for the future, which formed the salient trait of his character, left his spirits unsubdued for whatever privations he might have to sustain. Thus it was that, with the aid of his flute and his voice, he



contrived to pay his way through Flanders, and the north of France, to Paris.

Arrived at the French capital, he attended the lectures of Rouelle on chemistry, and gratified his love of the stage, in his admiration for the leading actress, Mademoiselle Clarion. That he had become a shrewd and philosophical observer of society, is evinced in his accurate forecast of the fate of the old Bourbon government.

Goldsmith, during his residence in Paris, formed an acquaintance with Voltaire, Fontenelle, Diderot, and others, amongst the most eminent literary men of the day. But after remaining some time in the midst of the brilliant, but corrupt society of the French capital, the poet once more set out on a philosophical excursion into Germany and Switzerland. At Geneva, he became a kind of travelling tutor to a wealthy young Englishman, whose despicable niggardliness, however, so thoroughly disgusted him, that after continuing to attend him but a short time, they parted at Marseilles. Furnished with a small fund, however, for his services, Goldsmith now recommenced his independent pedestrian journey into Piedmont, and through that and others of the states of Italy. In this land of song, his flute and voice failed to procure him bread; for according to himself, every peasant was a more proficient musician than himself. But he now found another resource, that of disputation at the monasteries, convents, and other learned or religious establishments. A strange method, certainly, of securing food and shelter from place to place.

He remained some time at Padua, where he is said to have graduated in medicine. It was thither that the melancholy tidings of Mr. Contarine's death were conveyed to him. And it was then, that the casual remittances from Ireland absolutely ceased. He wrote, indeed, to his friends, and especially to his brother-in-law, urgently representing his forlorn and destitute condition. And it would seem, moreover, that Mr. Hodson made strenuous efforts in his behalf. But no further contributions could be obtained from his relations, who had ceased to believe in the talent of which they once had seen such promise, and who were loud in condemning the reckless extravagance, and love of vagabondism, to which he owed his situation. Strongly as the traditions of Rome, and the charms of Naples, tempted him to proceed further to the southward, he was compelled to re-commence his homeward way, and once in France, to re-adapt his faithful flute as the contributor to his necessities. At length, in the beginning of the year 1757, he landed at Dover, after a ramble of two years. But it was on British soil that he was to be made most sensible of his destitution. The utter neglect of his friends, who did not even reply to his letters, exposed him to a sense akin to desolation. And as he set forward on his short but difficult journey from the coast to the metropolis, he was without a penny to help himself withal. The flute and his



scholarship were alike valueless amongst the equally boorish peasantry or clergy of Great Britain; and, it is but too true, that learning and attainments, unsustained by position or influence, are the most profitless of commodities, in this part of the island especially. It was in vain that, with the fund of medical and chemical knowledge, he endeavoured to obtain a mere dispensing employment behind the counter of a country apothecary. And all his talents did not render his theatrical performances, at a fair in Kent, the more acceptable to his coarse and ignorant audience. No better was his situation when, at length, he reached London, with a few pieces of copper at the utmost, to wander houseless, wearied, hungry, and destitute, through the pitiless streets, throughout a long and chilly night in the month of February.

The first regular employment which he obtained upon his return, appears to have been in the capacity of usher to a school; which, however, was ill calculated to suit his disposition, and which he retained but a very short time.

He next obtained a situation as sub-assistant in the laboratory of a chemist, in the neighbourhood of Fish-street hill, where he continued for some months. It was during this period, that he accidentally heard that Dr. Sleigh, who had been his companion at Edinburgh, was in London. Delighted at the idea of meeting with an acquaintance, where all else were strangers, he called upon the Doctor, who was at a loss to identify him, at first, but who treated him with great kindness and consideration, when he had recognised him. Through the instrumentality of this old fellow-student, Goldsmith was established in a small way of practice in Bankside, Southwark, where, however, his gains, scanty as they were, were but ill, and irregularly paid; so that he was compelled to turn his attention to any straggling literary employment, to render his means more adequate to his wants. It was whilst at Bankside, that he accidentally met his old school and college companion, Beattie. Goldsmith, on this occasion, was arrayed to his fancy, in a tawdry suit of green and gold, and affected better circumstances then were indicated by the tarnished appearance of his apparel.

It happened about this period, that one of his patients, a journeyman printer in the employment of the novelist, bookseller and publisher, Richardson, struck with his talents and classical acquirements, introduced him to his employer, and obtained employment for him as a reader and corrector for the press. At Richardson's, he met with the then fashionable poet, Dr. Young, and with Dr. Farr, who, having formerly been a fellow-student of Goldsmith's at Edinburgh, was engaged in completing his medical studies in London. In the meanwhile, Goldsmith had been persuaded to cast aside the green and gold for a more sober and professional suit of black, to which were added the indispensable wig, cocked hat, and stick. His coat.

however, was but of a well-worn velvet, with a patch on the left side, which exposed him to many ludicrous casualties in his efforts to conceal the rent by means of his hat. Dr. Farr speaks of a tragedy by the pen of Goldsmith, on which the poet canvassed his opinion; but no further mention of this dramatic production was ever after made; and he seems to have been diverted by some wild project of proceeding to decipher the inscriptions on the "*written mountains*," wholly forgetting that he was as ignorant of Arabic as of Chinese. The temptation of the three hundred pounds which were offered for this object did not, however, render the project productive of any effects.

It was indeed fortunate for the luckless poet, that he should have chanced to meet so many of his former fellow students of Edinburgh, at this period. Amongst these was the son of a Dr. Milner, a dissenting minister, who kept a very considerable school, at Peckham. The Doctor, happening to fall seriously ill, young Milner persuaded Goldsmith, whose talents he recognized, to assume the temporary management of the school. Here he was treated with great kindness and consideration by the family, and became a thorough favourite amongst the pupils, with whom he would readily enter into their extra-scholastic sports. Thus, what with lavishing his small means in distributing dainties amongst the boys, and endowing every beggar to profusion, he contrived, as usual, to forestal his salary.

Dr. Milner was himself engaged in literary pursuits, and was an occasional contributor to the "*Monthly Review*,"—a Whig periodical, of which Griffiths, the bookseller and publisher, was proprietor. But about this period, a very formidable adversary was produced by Archibald Hamilton, entitled the "*Critical Review*," under the auspices, and with the powerful contributions of Smollett, and Griffiths was compelled to recruit his list of writers. The proprietor of the "*Monthly*" happened one day to meet with Goldsmith at the table of Dr. Milner, and was so charmed with his conversational talents, that he promptly engaged him upon a small salary, besides board and lodging, to assist in the editorial duties: and the poet accordingly removed to his new quarters, at the sign of the Dunciad, in Paternoster-row, in the month of April, 1757.

Little did he foresee the irksome nature of his duties. But he was soon convinced of the inaptness of his situation. He was a mere literary clerk, with given hours to write in regularly, in or out of the vein, and prescribed subjects to dilate upon; treated to niggardly fare by the thrifty housewife, and kept to regular time-work by the calculating employer. But, to add to the degradation of his literary position, his productions were exposed to the adaptation, interpolation, or erasure, of Mrs. Griffiths and her husband. At the end of five months, he threw up his employment, accused of idleness by Griffiths, and accusing Griffiths in his turn of being an exacting taskmaster, and his wife of mutilating his work.

Goldsmith had, however, gained an introduction into the world of letters, or rather, the narrow circle of booksellers, by means of his connection with the "Monthly," and he found it less difficult to obtain casual employment from different sources. He was occasionally engaged in contributing to the "Literary Magazine," a periodical set on foot by Newbery, of St. Paul's Church-yard. Newbery, whose celebrity was chiefly confined to infant literature, appears to have made a kindly impression upon Goldsmith. The publisher of the "Literary Magazine" was, in fact, a kind-hearted and well-disposed person, who was not loth to lend his aid to impoverished writers; but who was cautious enough to secure the value of his advances three-fold in matter.

Like most persons who, in those days, had no presentable habitation, Goldsmith began to frequent coffee houses, where he was in the habit of "hailing," as it was termed; or, in other words, of maintaining a species of address, or place of reference. It was in such places that the generality of men of letters and wits were in the habit of meeting; and the poet of Ballymahon soon numbered many eminent men amongst the list of his acquaintances.

Although Goldsmith, who was now thirty years of age, had given no work to the world on which any reputation as a writer could have been founded, the account of the illustrious personages with whom he began to associate, magnified in its progress across St George's Channel, reached the ears of his astonished family, and gave rise to a multitude of surmises and conjectures. Goldsmith, himself, would have been surprised at the figure which he was supposed to be making, had he heard the flattering rumours which circulated amongst his friends. To such an extent were his relations persuaded of the powerful patronage which his talent had at length secured, that his younger brother, Charles, with the characteristic heedlessness of his family, actually hastened to London, to be put forward in the way to promotion and fortune, by the supposed man of influence; whilst the poet, who was the centre of such lofty aspirations, was actually scribbling for bread, lodging in a wretched garret, and catering with the greatest difficulty for his commonest necessities. Charles Goldsmith, equally surprised and disappointed at the situation in which he found his brother Oliver, quietly left him, to search for other sources of livelihood, and proceeded in quest of fortune to the West Indies, where he was not heard more of for thirty years by his family.

Up to this time, Oliver Goldsmith had continued merely to contribute desultory pieces for the reviews and periodicals of the day. Every production which emanated from his pen was anonymously published, and therefore his claims to authorship were but little known abroad. Nor did he produce anything of particularly striking merits; his papers being attractive, more owing to the genial sensibility, the quiet vein of humour, and

the natural images and diction which distinguished them. The hope of preferment in another direction, furnished the incentive to Goldsmith's first integral and acknowledged work, entitled "An Inquiry into the present state of Polite Learning in Europe."

It happened that Dr. Milner, being once more unable to attend to his duties, owing to illness, Goldsmith a second time undertook the temporary direction of his establishment. In requital, Dr. Milner exercised his influence with one of his friends, a director at the India House, to procure a medical appointment in the East for the poet. As there was but little doubt of success, it became a question how the necessary outfit should be provided, and Goldsmith resolved to publish the work in question for that purpose. He therefore wrote a multitude of letters to his friends in Ireland, canvassing subscriptions, to be paid in advance, to a Mr Bradley, a bookseller in Dublin, who was to be responsible for the delivery of the books.

Before this treatise was completed, the appointment promised by Dr. Milner, had actually been obtained. Goldsmith was named Physician and Surgeon to one of the Company's establishments on the coast of Coromandel. The poet flushed with the glowing anticipations of the rapid fortune which should be realised in the East, now, for the first time announced his new destination to his friends, entreating them to press up all the subscriptions they could for the "Inquiry," towards defraying the expences which must be incurred, to take advantage of his good fortune. The fees for the appointment-warrant, however, amounted to ten pounds, and he was compelled to canvass the booksellers for a job, by which he could realize such an amount. Archibald Hamilton readily advanced the money for three articles, which should be furnished to the "Critical Review." Thus supplied, the warrant fees were paid, and his garret exchanged for a dark, wretched, and gloomy first-floor in Green-Arbour court, between the Old Bailey and Fleet-market. But whilst Goldsmith was making preparations for his departure, he suddenly found himself superseded in his office, in the month of November, 1758. The cause of this disappointment does not transpire, but it is probable, that the want of sufficient means prevented him from sailing within the time prescribed by the Regulations. He now resolved to stand an examination at the College of Surgeons, to qualify him for the inadequate office of Hospital Mate. And, as it was necessary to appear in decent apparel, he was compelled to induce Griffiths to become security to a tailor for a suit of clothes, in consideration of four articles in the "Monthly," and on condition that, as the clothes were only required for one occasion, they should either be returned or paid for. The books which he had engaged to review were accordingly lent to him. But on the 21st of December, 1758, Goldsmith proceeded to be examined at the College, and was rejected; and, to add to his disasters, his landlord being arrested for debt, his landlady became urgent for the payment of his



arrears. Poor Goldsmith was himself penniless, disheartened, and dejected. But he could not help feeling more keenly for the situation of his landlord than for his own; and, in the distress of the moment, he pawned the suit of clothes (obtained with Griffiths guarantee) for a sufficient sum to liquidate his own debt, and clear his landlord. He, moreover, borrowed a trifling sum of a neighbour, upon the security of the books lent him for review. And this was no sooner done than Griffiths, who had heard of his doings, wrote an angry and peremptory letter to him, in which he branded him with such terms as "sharper," demanding the immediate return of the books and clothes, or payment of the tailor's bill. To the threats of prosecution uttered by Griffiths, poor Goldsmith wrote a very contrite and desponding reply. This dispute, although matters were afterwards partially arranged, appears to have exposed Goldsmith to the constant spleen of Griffiths; for the poet's works were always harshly and unfairly handled in the "Monthly," after that time.

Number 12, in Green-Arbour court, the situation of the poet's lodgings at the period of which we are speaking, a region which has since been obliterated, was the scene of many like distresses, and one in which, as in all others, he manifested the goodness of his disposition. He was long remembered with regret by the neighbours, and by those who had been his contemporaries thereabouts. We have a quaint anecdote of his style of living, from the pen of Thomas Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, who visited Goldsmith in Green-Arbour court, in the month of March, 1759, with the introduction of Grainger. Hence it was that the poet wrote a long letter to his brother Henry, in which he speaks of an heroic-comical poem, of which specimens are furnished, but which never appears to have been completed or printed. He also alludes to a life of Voltaire, which was to have been attached to Purdon's Translation of the "Henriade," but which was published in the "Monthly." From these little details, contained in his correspondence, we are therefore able to fix the date of his works in order, as they were undertaken.

It was towards the close of the month of March, 1760, that the treatise, in the success of which poor Goldsmith had entertained such implicit confidence, emerged from the press. At the period at which it appeared, this work abounded in novel information, which, added to the charm of simplicity, candour, good nature, and good faith, attached to every thing which emanated from his pen, secured for it a ready sale, and for the author a higher cast of reputation. Although Goldsmith was desirous of enjoying the applause which his new work had secured for him, "The Inquiry" was first published anonymously—not but that he was readily identified as the author. The "Monthly Review," prompted by the mean and despicable spite of Griffiths, undertook to wither this production.



But not content with the most wretched attempt to depreciate the literary merit of the work, the article in that periodical wandered into the coarsest and most malignant calumnies against Goldsmith.

Our author was now more regularly and lucratively engaged on many of the crowd of periodicals, to which the taste of the day, and the example of Dr. Johnson, had given birth. He wrote, amongst others, for the "Bee," the "Busy Body," and the "Lady's Magazine;" and though his productions were not savoured at first, and did not make any positive hit, the lurking merit which identified them, was slowly yet surely discovered, and they gradually assumed a kind of stand and position in the casual pages which they filled.

"The Inquiry" contained a very severe and well-merited censure, pointed at the dramatical autocracy of David Garrick, and at his exclusive management of the stage to its great detriment. But, true as was the criticism, it was but the more calculated to give offence to Garrick; and Goldsmith was not long in being convinced that his strictures had been keenly felt. Shortly afterwards, perfectly unconscious of having affronted the manager, Goldsmith waited upon him to solicit his support as a candidate to the vacant secretaryship of the Society of Arts. Garrick, who had assumed personally all the censure which was directed against the stage management generally, refused his support upon that ground:—and Goldsmith did not attempt to do more than to deprecate any intended personal attack, and lost the appointment which he was seeking.

It was about this time that Goldsmith was retained by Dr. Smollett, for his new literary speculation, the "British Magazine." Newbery also became the employer of the poet, for essays to be furnished to the "Public Ledger" newspaper, which appeared on the 12th of January, 1761. It was in this publication that Goldsmith issued the papers, entitled "The Chinese Letters," which were greatly admired at the time, and which were reprinted in a variety of forms. In the meanwhile, the amelioration of his circumstances had induced him to relinquish his gloomy retreat in Green-Arbour court, for a far more comfortable domicile in Wine-office court, Fleet-street. It was about this period also, that the poet joined the Robin Hood Debating Club, which held its meetings near Temple Bar, and at which Burke was frequently present, whilst yet a student in the Temple.

Once installed in his new apartments, Goldsmith began to return the hospitality of those who had hitherto been only his entertainers. His literary circle was considerably extended and comprised many men of eminent and acknowledged merit—such as Guthrie, Murphy, Smart, and Bickerstaff. Besides guests of this cast, like most men who are supposed to have gained a step towards fortune, he was infested with an ample swarm of creatures, that trusted to his proverbial generosity, to share the

proceeds of his labour. Of such men as these, the pure-hearted poet was the constant dupe; for, if he chanced to be the possessor of a spare guinea, it was inevitably begged or borrowed of him.

It was, also, about this period, that he added Dr. Johnson to the list of his acquaintances. Their dispositions were anything but assimilating, Johnson being of a strikingly melancholy and gloomy turn, though sternly resolute of purpose. Yet, notwithstanding the discrepancy of character, there were circumstances in the history of both which drew their sympathies together. Any event which forms an era in the history of two such men as Goldsmith and Johnson, has its importance in the eye of the biographer; and, therefore, we would crave pardon for recording, with some particular notice, that it was on the 31st of May, 1761, that Dr. Johnson was first numbered amongst the guests, at Goldsmith's literary supper, in Wine-office court. Subsequently to this introduction, an intimacy was quickly formed between them. They were accustomed to meet very frequently at the favourite literary lounge of Dr. Johnson and his coterie; this was the shop of Thomas Davies, a bookseller, in Russell-street, Covent-garden. Mrs. Davies, a remarkably pretty and fascinating woman, was said to be Johnson's attraction; the rest probably assembled there to meet Johnson. From the shop, the private parlour, and tea-table of the mistress, became the haunt of this literary clique.

Bennet Langton, Warburton, George Stephens, Dr. Percy, and Foote, were amongst the circle of Mrs. Davies's assembly.

Notwithstanding his promotion, however, Goldsmith, with characteristic restlessness, was dissatisfied with his literary pursuits. He was projecting some wild and adventurous expedition of discovery and science into the interior of Asia, with, it must be confessed, but very imperfect and vague ideas of the geography of that part of the world.

Upon this fantastic project, he drew up an elaborate memorial, addressed to Lord Bute, who assumed the administration at the accession of George the Third, in 1761. But, not content with the introduction of his project, he had put out a feeler in the "Public Ledger" previously, in an article which had the merit, certainly, of being very ingenious. This prospect failing for want of notice in any quarter, especially from the Government, the poet next devised the scheme of an expedition to Aleppo, for scientific and philosophical purposes. The utter contempt with which Johnson listened to these schemes, had, perhaps, some share in their expulsion from Goldsmith's mind, or in lessening the ardour with which he pursued them.

Towards the end of the year 1762, Goldsmith, whose constant application and close confinement had naturally impaired his health, removed from his lodgings in Wine-office court to Islington, then a rural village, for the advantage of country air.

Another object which prompted this change was, that of being within reach of his principal employer, Newbery, who resided at Canonbury House. An amusing story is told of poor Oliver, which should be dated about this period. The Gardens of White Conduit House were then in their palmy days of splendour and luxury. Thither, one evening, Goldsmith chanced to ramble, and there he met three ladies, daughters of a respectable tradesman to whom he owed much obligation. Thinking himself called upon, therefore, to behave with marked civility to these acquaintances, he undertook the office of their cavalier, and without dreaming of his disposable funds, regaled them with all the dainties which were to be procured. When, however, the reckoning was presented, he found himself in one of his common dilemmas, doubly confused at the presence of the fair objects of his gallantry. But this was not all; for, to complete his discomfiture, an acquaintance with whom he was anxious to maintain appearances, presented himself at the height of the altercation with the waiter. Others who knew him gradually drew round, and, enjoying his perplexity for a long time, protested their inability to assist him. At length, however, he was relieved from the jeering impertinence of the waiter, and the awkward predicament in which he had involved his female companions, by the opportune advance of the requisite sum.

It was about this period, that, amongst other literary jobs, he undertook the "History of England in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son," which consisted of a digest from Hume, Rapin, Carte, and others. This was an elegant compendium, which was justly admired by the abler critics of the day, and which was successively attributed to Lord Chesterfield, Lord Orrery, and Lord Lyttleton. It was published anonymously.

About the beginning of the year 1763, Goldsmith became acquainted with Boswell, whose quaint ambition appears to have been to push himself into the intimacy of Dr. Johnson, as the lion of literary circles. This impudent gossip, for even as a writer he is no better, soon secured the aim of his pursuits, and has ventured to write, and speak, slightly of Oliver Goldsmith, in his determined exaltation of Johnson, although he is compelled to admit the rising merit of the poor essayist, and to record traits which redound to his credit, and exemplify not only his talents, but his essential goodness.

Amongst other acquaintances who were added to Goldsmith's circle about this time, and who paid him occasional visits at Islington, was Hogarth, then far advanced in years, but yet an active, sturdy, bustling, little man. The essayist had noticed him very favourably in the "Public Ledger," and this first introduced them personally to each other.

There is yet extant a memento of the intimacy between the great painter of life and character, and the philosophic essayist, in the shape of a small sketch, called "Goldsmith's Hostess."

This picture is said to have been painted for and presented to the poet, as the means of liquidating his arrears of debt.

Approximately, from the same period may be dated the yet more congenial intimacy which sprung up between the poet and Mr. Reynolds, afterwards better known as Sir Joshua Reynolds. The thorough warmth and benevolence of Reynolds's character, the high and generous cast of his portraiture of mankind, and all the other distinctive traits in his disposition, were closely akin to those of Oliver Goldsmith; so that the friendship between the latter and the portrait painter was likely to become closer, and of a loftier tone of sentiment. Reynolds was a few years older than the poet, being then about forty.

At the house of the famous artist, whose reputation had already secured him ample means, and a high and extended connexion, Goldsmith was in the habit of meeting persons of greater consequence, and a more refined order of society. But, unfortunately, his fame was not yet sufficiently established to redeem his unprepossessing appearance; and it is related, that Miss Reynolds being called upon, at a large supper party, to give as a toast, the ugliest man she knew, proposed the health of Dr. Goldsmith; whereupon, a lady who was sitting opposite to her, and whom she had never met before, extended her hand, and expressed a hope that they might become better acquainted. Miss Reynolds is said to have constantly inveighed against the awkwardness and ungainliness of the poet.

The casual parties at Reynolds's gave rise to an association of authors, statesmen, scholars, and wits, which acquired considerable celebrity under the name of the Literary Club. It was first proposed by Sir Joshua, who was readily seconded by Dr. Johnson; whilst the latter undertook to organize the club upon the model of one which he had many years before established in Ivy-lane, but which was then extinct. The number of members was limited to nine. They met for supper once a-week, at the Turk's Head, Gerard-street, Soho; and two members constituted a meeting. This club was fully organized as early as 1764, although the name was of subsequent assumption.

This club originally comprised Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Topham Beauclerc, Bennet Langton, Dr. Nugent, Chamier, Goldsmith, and Hawkins. It must be confessed that, at the first outset, the whole of the members did not compose the best assorted party. Two were aristocrats of lofty pretensions, but certainly, it would appear, of amiable dispositions, and of wonderful admiration for Dr. Johnson; Hawkins was penurious and mean to a degree, and, moreover, of so coarse a disposition, that he was barely received into the club before he was as much as elbowed out of it.

Poor Goldsmith, who was certainly in the rank of the most meritorious, retained for some time but a very equivocal footing in the club. Hawkins superciliously affected to treat him as nothing better than a bookseller's hack. Johnson, Reynolds,



and even Burke, indeed, knew and recognized his merit; but his ungainly person rendered him but half-presentable, and even they for some time failed in affording him a worthy introduction, and in pushing him into the notice which he deserved. Come we now to the period in the life of Oliver Goldsmith, when he first started forward, and identified himself with the most distinguished members of the literary circles of his day.

It was not very long after his introduction to the club at the Turk's Head, that he suddenly found himself arrested by his landlady for rent, and wrote to Johnson, who was his most experienced adviser, and whose friendship he could rely upon as on the trustiest, begging him to come quickly, as he was in great distress, and could not wait upon the Doctor himself. Johnson gives the following account of the affair:—

“I received, one morning, a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion: I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired that he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller's, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.”

This novel, mentioned by Johnson, has since been circulated amongst the most popular standard works of our literature. It was the “Vicar of Wakefield,” and was sold to Francis Newbery, the nephew of the well-known John Newbery. But although it was purchased and paid for, and that its merit has since been recognized throughout Europe, it remained unpublished for nearly two years.

Hitherto, Goldsmith had produced nothing in verse of any consequence, and the only piece of which a fragment has been retained and admired, or which could lay claim to any distinction as a poem, was an Oratorio called the “Captivity.” The greater part of the Oratorio has long been forgotten and unnoticed, and one or two admirable and characteristic songs, alone remain to record its existence.

Nor had the author of the “Vicar of Wakefield” even, at this period, much confidence in his own powers as a poet, nor indeed in the public taste in favour of verse. He constantly deplored that he had been cast into a literary career at an epoch subsequent to that of Pope and his contemporaries, and he more than once expresses his opinion, that the most futile ambition was



that which sought to secure a high poetical reputation in his day.

At the very time, he had already written his poem, entitled the "Traveller." As early as the date of his vagrant ramble in Switzerland, the outlines of this work had been conceived, and much of it already executed. It had then been laid aside unfinished, and had for many years escaped notice altogether. Subsequently, a few occasional touches had been added to it. Much more had been retrenched, pruned, or erased altogether; and it was not until it had undergone another very severe scrutiny, that Goldsmith ventured to submit it to the critical acumen of Dr. Johnson. The latter, however, no sooner saw it than he frankly expressed the greatest admiration for it; and after a few lines of his own had been added to perfect it, it was put to press at his instance, and under his auspices.

An amusing anecdote is told by Sir Joshua Reynolds, relating to the following distich in this poem:—

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;  
The sports of children satisfy the child."—

It seems, that, whilst Goldsmith was occupied in completing the work, Sir Joshua Reynolds casually called upon him one day, and opening the door without summons, warranted by the familiar intimacy which existed between them, he found the poet partly glancing at the papers on his desk, and partly busied in teaching his pet dog to sit upright. The two lines in question were still wet when Sir Joshua entered, and Goldsmith joined heartily in laughing at the fitness of the syllogism to the second occupation in which he was absorbed.

It was on the 19th of December, 1764, that the publication of the "Traveller" took place. It had been undertaken by Newbery, and was the first work from the pen of our author to which his name was publicly attached. The original edition appeared in a quarto form, and was dedicated to Henry Goldsmith.

Notwithstanding the affected indifference regarding the success of this poem, which is professed in the original dedication, Oliver was really at the pitch of anxious excitement. He had ever yearned after poetical distinction. Dr. Johnson lost no time in supporting it by a very favourable notice in the "Critical Review." Other notices appeared in different quarters, equally favourable. And, although according to the poet's friends, they had reason to be dissatisfied that the work did not immediately produce a sudden, electric, and transcendent effect, they had no reason to complain very long of the deafness or indifference of the public. The poem gradually, yet rapidly, won favour in all directions: the third month after its first appearance was ushered in with a second edition: the demand increased with the supply: a third and fourth edition very shortly followed: and before the expiration of a year, OLIVER GOLDSMITH was deservedly acknowledged as the first poet of his time.

The author's position in public estimation, and in society, was thus suddenly altered. He was, for the first time, avowed, known, and admired as a writer.

At the club in which, notwithstanding the favour of Johnson and Reynolds, he had hitherto been treated as a mere patch-work jobber, there was one universal expression of astonishment. According to Hawkins, no one could understand how so awkward, prattling, and clownish a subject could have produced so charming a work.

On the very night on which the publication was first announced at the club-meeting, Goldsmith left early, after rattling on in his usual merry, convivial manner; and the remainder of the evening was spent by those who remained, in various speculations on this unintelligible being.

At the next meeting of the club, Chamier, who was, or pretended to be, suspicious of the authorship of the "Traveller," questioned Goldsmith on the subject; and asked of him, amongst other things, what he meant by the word "*slow*" in the first line:—

"Remote, unfriended, solitary, '*slow*?' "

And whether he meant *slow* in the sense of physical motion?

Goldsmith, who was thinking of something else at the time, answered in the affirmative; but Johnson, who was jealous of his reputation, took him up quickly, and said: "No, sir, you did not mean tardiness of locomotion, you meant that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." "Ah!" exclaimed the author, "*that was* what I meant." This was sufficient for his jealous contemporaries; a rumour was quickly spread abroad in literary circles, that Johnson was really the author of all the finest passages. But the latter was too true in his friendship to allow his own warmth, and his very defence, to furnish weapons against the fair fame of the poor, deserving poet; and with the most honourable candour, he publicly announced what lines *were* of his insertion, and from his pen. These are only nine, which are at the close of the poem, and are by no means worthy of any dispute as to parentship. Johnson concluded, by pronouncing it the finest poem which had appeared since the time of Pope.

But, perhaps, the most gratifying testimony of admiration for the poor, slighted, uncouth, and ungainly author, must have been that afforded by Miss Reynolds.

Johnson read it from end to end in her presence, when she exclaimed, "I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly!"

Langton and Charles Fox were amongst the admirers who contributed their meed of praise to this charming and admirable work. But, although during the first year, several editions had been loudly called for in succession, and Newbery had derived an immense beneficial interest from its publication, he never could be even shamed into rewarding the writer with more than

an aggregate sum of twenty guineas, which was squeezed from him by dribblets.

Finding himself now in a higher walk of life, Goldsmith determined to abandon his obscure retreat in Wine-office court, and to seek refuge in that oasis of learning, wit, and dandyism, the Temple. He procured some very indifferent rooms on the library staircase, as it then was; and shortly after this change of residence, Dr. Johnson, in paying him a visit, was scrutinizing every nook in the room with the closest accuracy. Goldsmith, somewhat disconcerted, interrupted his tacit survey by saying, as he thrust both his hands in his pockets, "I shall soon be in better chambers than these;" to which Johnson, desirous of recalling him to a just sense of his own dignity and distinction, calmly replied, "Nay, sir, never mind that: *Nil te quæsiveris extra.*" A hint, which it would have been well if the poet had strictly acted upon.

Meanwhile, the circulation of the "Traveller" was heightening his reputation day by day, and was awakening the literary world to the merits of his hitherto obscure pieces. Amongst other persons of distinction, whose admiration and esteem was gained by this poem, was the Earl afterwards Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. That nobleman, hearing that Goldsmith was by birth an Irishman, was desirous of distinguishing him with some favour, and mentioned the matter to Dr. Percy, by whom the poet was prevailed upon to wait upon the Lord Lieutenant at Northumberland House. The poet gives an amusing account of the blunders and awkwardness of his audience, in which he contrived, only, to hint that he had a brother, a clergyman in Ireland whose means were very limited. But he was very far from wanting favours for himself. Subsequently, however, Dr. Percy introduced the poet to his own relative, the Countess of Northumberland, and it was for her that Goldsmith wrote, and first printed the popular ballad of the "Hermit," under the original title of "Edwin and Angelina." It was suggested by an old ballad, entitled the "Gentle Herdsman," which Dr. Percy had shown to the poet, amongst his valuable collection of "Ancient English Poetry."

But, although these introductions, and the publication of poems under such auspices, might contribute to render his name familiar in the high circles of fashion, Goldsmith found no delight in the haughty and chilling society of Northumberland House. Not so, however, was it with the noble seat of his fellow-countryman and kindred spirit, Robert Nugent, at Gosford. Even after the elevation of that gentleman to the peerage, with the titles of Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare, Goldsmith continued to enjoy the roistering hospitality of Gosford, regardless of the rank of his host, which had left his hearty, convivial good-fellowship unchanged.

The poet, encouraged by the reputation which the "Traveller"

had secured for him, now ventured to collect his casual essays and other pieces, many of which had been deliberately appropriated by various jobbers for periodicals. The whole were published in one volume, which had a very good circulation, but by which he did not realize more than twenty pounds. And, what between his own extravagance and recklessness, and the immense numbers of poor authors, or penniless fellow countrymen, who assailed him for assistance, his funds were often completely exhausted, and he himself was in extreme embarrassment.

It was for this reason, that he was ever busied with booksellers' jobs; and there is every reason to believe, that the nursery story of "Goody Two Shoes," which was published by Newbery in 1765, emanated from his pen.

Following the advice of some of his friends, the poet now turned his attention once more to his profession. It was thought that the very extensive connexion and circle of acquaintance which had been secured for him by his literary reputation, would ensure him a remunerative practice. He therefore embarked in appropriate style in this speculation. A man-servant was engaged—the indispensable wig and cane procured, and purple silk breeches, with a scarlet roquelaure, added to complete the equipment. But he was not long in growing tired of the restraint imposed upon him by the gravity of his professional character. It occurred, at last, that whilst he was attending a lady of his acquaintance of the name of Sidebotham, an apothecary ventured to question his prescription. The patient took the apothecary's part, regardless of the professional dignity of the doctor, and Goldsmith left the house in a passion. In mentioning the circumstance to Beauclerc, he expressed a determination to abstain in future from prescribing for friends. "Do so, my dear doctor," was the reply; "whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies."

Thus terminated the medical career of the poetical physician.

Hitherto, as has been before stated, the "Vicar of Wakefield" had remained unpublished. This backwardness in Francis Newbery to avail himself of his purchase, has never been accounted for. Suffice it to say, that nearly two years having now elapsed since it was sold to him, it made its appearance, to be signalised with the most immediate and complete success recorded of any work in the annals of our literature. Perhaps the reputation secured for the author by his first avowed work, combined with the paramount merits of this tale itself, tended materially to afford it so prompt a circulation. The "Vicar of Wakefield" first appeared on the 27th of March, 1776. In the course of the month of May, a second Edition was called for and issued. Before the expiration of three months, a third was demanded; and thus month after month did its well merited popularity extend its circulation. It was not long before it had been translated and published throughout Europe; and Goethe has recorded his tribute of admiration and gratitude to the pure



and simple goodness of the author. But such success called forth the jealousies of the pettifoggers of the press, and a communication was published in the "St. James's Chronicle," which has been attributed to Kenrick, charging Goldsmith with having pirated a ballad called the "Friar of Orders Gray," which appeared in Percy's "Reliques," in the reproduction of his own ballad of the "Hermit," which was introduced into the "Vicar of Wakefield." To this attack, Goldsmith published a simple reply to the effect, that Dr. Percy himself would readily acknowledge his own ballad to have been borrowed from the "Hermit," which he had seen some years before—if indeed it could be said that either was a copy of the other.

Poor Goldsmith, in the midst of his pecuniary difficulties, saw the publisher realizing a fortune upon each successive edition of his novel, without deriving any interest himself. It must be confessed, that, in this, he was sadly disappointed. Even a small draft for fifteen pounds, which he ventured to direct to Mr. Newbery, was returned dishonoured, and he was compelled to pursue with redoubled vigour his tedious work of "book-building." It was by this species of manufacture that he could alone depend upon certain sources of income, and his leisure, only, was left him to be devoted to labours of a higher and more creditable order. About this time, however, the success of a new comedy diverted his attention to a branch of literature which he had ever held in high favour, but in which, under the auspices of the Garrick school, and in the prevalence of the spurious species of sentimental comedy then in vogue, he had never ventured to embark.

The simultaneous appearance and success of the "Clandestine Marriage" re-assured him. This piece, which was suggested by the real-life portraiture of Hogarth's pencil in the "Marriage à la Mode," was the joint production of Colman and Garrick. Goldsmith was struck and surprised with its genuine real-life incidents, and with the truer tone of sentiment which it contained; and, encouraged by the success of one piece, fashioned according to his ideas after a good model, he resolved to turn his attention to dramatic writing, and set about employing his leisure time upon a comedy, to be entitled the "Good-Natured Man."

It will here be necessary for us to digress, for a few instants, from the direct thread of our narrative. For, inasmuch as we are gradually entering the circles of polished society with our poor, and hitherto vagrant and excluded hero, it is requisite that we should give some idea of his qualifications or disqualifications for society, in person, manners, and conversation. All three are essentials in the drawing rooms of the wealthy. Oliver Goldsmith was beneath the middle height, according to the standard of this country. He measured from five feet five inches to five feet six: he was strong and robust in frame, but not heavy: his complexion was fair: his hair brown, though little of that could be seen from beneath the wigs which were in vogue at the time.



His features were very plain, but improved upon acquaintance, and grew less repulsive as more was known of him. His manners were very simple, natural, unaffected, and tolerably easy amongst his habitual companions: but awkward in the presence of strangers, or ladies. His spirits, in the society of men, were exuberant, and his conversation was animated, full of lively and quaint description, character, and anecdote. Even in the presence of ladies, after a little encouragement, he became equally talkative. With such qualifications as these, he had suddenly sprung from the company of coffee-houses, or from being the tolerated member of a tavern club, to be one of the chief "*lions*" of society. But his credentials were abroad in the world. The "Traveller," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," had ushered him into the most sumptuous drawing rooms, as into the remotest corners of social retirement. He had had but little opportunity of preparing himself for his new sphere. Neither his Irish comrades, his fellow collegians, nor his medical associates, still less his rambling, vagrant, destitute, and unsettled career, had constituted the education of a man of fashion, or of polished accomplishment.

It is not surprising, then, that he should have been ill calculated to bear a comparison with the polished scholar of the day; and that, being constantly thrown into juxta-position with Doctor Johnson in society, he should have appeared at a seeming disadvantage. Johnson was acknowledged by all his contemporaries, to be the most thorough master of the arts of conversation. He possessed the advantage of a surprising memory, furnished with ample materials by close and astute study, and had fashioned himself for the purposes of reasoning and disputation. Yet was he overbearing, when fairly beaten, and accustomed to brow-beat when he would have failed to convince; and Goldsmith, who was timid, and conscious of his inferiority in the necessary qualifications, shrunk from the unjust and severe strictures which he would unsparingly bestow on any competitors. His mean adulator, Boswell, makes but a poor case out in contending for his universal superiority over Goldsmith; and the latter was always fair, and frequently generous, in defence of Johnson.

From the saloons of the great, and the learned discussions of the lexicographer and his circle, the poet would often gladly retreat to the more congenial kind of society which he had frequented in former days. One of his resorts was a shilling whist club, held at the Devil Tavern, near Temple-bar. Here the most roistering merriment, questionable wit, and practical jokes, were not only tolerated, but held in high estimation; and the poet, himself, was not exempt from the casualty of being subjected to the devices of one wag for the amusement of others.

One night, he arrived at the club in a hackney-coach, and discovered, upon entering the room, that he had given the coachman a guinea, instead of a shilling; saying, at the same time, that there was no chance of one of that fraternity having

the honesty to return it. The next time he attended, he was summoned to the door, where, it was alleged, some one wished to speak with him. He accordingly went out, and a person, pretending to be the coachman of the preceding night, returned the supposed guinea. Goldsmith, generously bent upon rewarding such honesty, raised a subscription in the room, to which he added a handsome share, and presented the gratuity to the coachman. Some one in the room now questioned the whole affair, and requested to see the recovered guinea, when it was manifested a counterfeit. An overwhelming burst of laughter assailed the poet, who readily discovered the trick which had been played upon him, and left the club considerably disconcerted.

Another of these resorts was the Globe Tavern, in Fleet-street, at which a party of merry fellows were in the habit of meeting every Wednesday night for songs and jests, burlesque and dramatic imitations, and the like. Tom King, the comedian, whose performance of Lord Ogleby, in the "Clandestine Marriage," had recently secured him some reputation, was of the party. Another worthy of this club was Hugh Kelly, a fellow-countryman of Goldsmith's, who, from being apprenticed to a stay-maker, in Dublin, had been articled to an attorney in London, and had subsequently become a Grub-street bookseller's hack. His most recent performances had been produced in a paper called the "Thespis," in which he had distributed his censure amongst the actors, carefully paying his court to Garrick, who had accordingly taken him by the hand. Another Irishman, who was a frequenter of the Globe, and attached to Goldsmith for what he could get, was a man of the name of Glover. It would appear that the poet frequented these retreats, as much for the study of character, more especially as he was about to embark into dramatic writing, as for amusement. Indeed, it is evident enough, that these assemblies very frequently had the effect of depressing his spirits rather than of exhilarating him. Toil and time had taught him to think, may-be, more seriously than of yore.

From these haunts, in which he had gleaned fresh traits of character and life, and new suggestions for his quiet vein of humour, the poet would retire to his chambers, to add touches to the dramatical writing, with which the moments which he could spare from booksellers' jobs were engrossed. Thus the comedy of the "Good-Natured Man" was completed early in 1767. It was submitted to those members of the Literary Club in whom he had most confidence; and to Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, in particular. Johnson at once pronounced it the best comedy written since the "Provoked Husband," and undertook to furnish the prologue. This promise was a matter of great importance to the new dramatist; Johnson's reputation was first in the ranks of the critics, and his participation in the production of the piece, was an immense accession of strength in its favour.

But, in the meanwhile, the mighty man of letters was diverted from thoughts of Goldsmith's play, by the smile of royalty. As he was reading in the queen's library, at Buckingham House, the king, George the Third, then quite a young man, had interrupted him with the avowed object of conversing with him. And this conversation with a monarch completely absorbed all his thoughts for some time afterwards.

All his conversation turned upon the details of the king's questions, and his own replies. On one occasion, when he was relating, most circumstantially, what had transpired at the palace, Goldsmith remained apart, and wholly abstracted until he had finished, when he suddenly started up, and exclaimed: "Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it." He then went on to explain that he had been pondering upon the probable fate of his play, and upon the promised prologue, all thought of which had apparently been banished by the king's condescension. Boswell, with characteristic meanness, takes occasion to attribute this little circumstance, on which he enlarges, to jealousy of Johnson's ascendancy and distinction. Surely, Goldsmith, if he was not too good and too tolerant, was too great to be jealous of a pedant.

It now became a question how to introduce the comedy upon the stage. Covent Garden had been the intended place of performance. But Rich, the late manager, being recently dead, the affairs of that theatre were in utter confusion.

Drury Lane was under the direction of Garrick, who still nursed his ancient pique against Goldsmith. But yet, Garrick was a "lion" hunter in his way, and it was a very different thing to deal with the author of the "Inquiry," obscure, unknown, penniless, and with the author of the "Traveller," and the "Vicar of Wakefield." Reynolds set about negotiating a meeting between the manager and the writer, which actually took place at the artist's own house in Leicester-square. Garrick was not unwilling to produce the play, but wished to stand in the light of a patron, and to be wooed to condescension and favour. Goldsmith was far from stooping to ask as a favour to himself, what offered equal advantages to both. They parted, however, upon the understanding that the comedy should be produced. Garrick, nevertheless, did not fulfil his engagement, and evaded after enquiries. Another misunderstanding was generated between them, and thus the season passed away.

Goldsmith's purse was absolutely empty, and having suffered chiefly by the delay of the manager, he thought himself justified in requesting an advance of forty pounds of Garrick upon Newbery's Note. Garrick first assented, and then required certain alterations in the play. Failing in this, he desired that the questioned passages should be submitted to the arbitration and censorship of the Laureate, Whitehead. Goldsmith was only

exasperated by the request. A violent altercation took place, which was calmed only by the intervention of Reynolds and Burke.

Just at this juncture, Colman, who had separated from Garrick in the management of Drury Lane, undertook the direction of Covent Garden, in opposition. The new comedy was offered to him, and readily accepted. Goldsmith wrote civilly to Garrick, who was then at Lichfield, to that effect, and received a civil reply; and thus the "Good-Natured Man" was in a fair way of being played. But, in the meanwhile, the summer had to be got through. The comedy could not appear before Christmas; and poor Goldsmith was compelled to return to his literary drudgery, to earn small sums for present exigencies.

He received ten pounds for an Historical Compilation, from John Newbery, who was shortly seized with a dangerous illness, and obliged to entrust the entire direction of his business to his nephew, Francis.

Tom Davies also engaged Goldsmith to write a popular History of Rome, which was to be completed in two years, and for which he undertook to pay two hundred and fifty guineas. Goldsmith, accordingly, set himself to this work, with the utmost diligence; and, for the benefit of country air and quiet, he retired to Islington, for the summer season. He took apartments in Canonbury House, the customary retreat of writers, publishers, and men engaged in the pursuits of literature.

Political circles were, at this period, in a state of complete ferment. The question of American taxation was at its height. Lord North's administration had just opened with these auspices. Junius, Wilkes, and others, were writing powerfully against the ministry, and it was sought to retain some venal pens, on the side of the cabinet. A Dr. Scott, chaplain to Lord Sandwich, was accordingly despatched to Goldsmith, to negotiate with him, and to promise ample reward. But the poet, with haughty and stainless independence, replied, that his free labour was sufficient to supply his wants, without becoming the hireling of a party.

The reverend pastor, who was himself rewarded for his services to the state—or to the cabinet—with two fat livings, expresses the most holy astonishment and horror, at the foolish obstinacy of a poor poet in a garret.

Whilst the author was being tempted, his constant, though niggardly employer, sunk under the effects of his malady; and, however poorly he had been paid, Goldsmith had reason to deplore the death of Newbery.

In the meanwhile, the poet's first comedy had yet to be checked by crosses of every kind. Garrick's long-standing pique must needs be gratified. He therefore suscitated Hugh Kelly as a rival for Goldsmith, and raked up a comedy by that writer, entitled "False Delicacy," which he took pains to extol



beyond measure. Every preparation was made to ensure transcendant success. The scenic arrangements were disposed in the most approved manner; the underlings of the press were suborned; strong bodies of supporters were secured to applaud; and so on. The wily manager had, moreover, compromised his dispute with Colman, upon condition that Goldsmith's play should be delayed until after Kelly's had been produced.

On the 23rd of January 1798, accordingly, the comedy of "False Delicacy" was produced at Drury Lane.—The "Good-Natured man" was still only in tardy and imperfect rehearsal at Covent Garden. The venal applause in the house and the press hailed Kelly's production as a master-piece. The ardour of the Covent Garden company was damped:—most of the players, Ned Shuter and Miss Walford, excepted, were dissatisfied with their parts. The manager and his confederates were hopeless of its success, and Goldsmith began to despond. Johnson, however, came to his aid; furnished his prologue; encouraged every body; and did every thing in his power. The poet revived, and prepared for the great occasion. A new suit, at a cost of £8. 2s. 7d., was procured from Mr. William Filby, his tailor. And the play was at last produced. Johnson's prologue was heavy and monotonous, and more so was the lugubrious diction and delivery of Brinsley, who spoke it. The applause during the piece was occasional, and interspersed with symptoms of disapprobation. Goldsmith was on tenter hooks until the fourth act, when Ned Shuter, as Croaker, redeemed the whole piece by his masterly acting. Shouts of applause testified the gratification of the house, and the author went down to receive and thank him upon his leaving the stage.

The piece was, however, looked upon as a failure by his friends, and the disappointed author left the theatre in great chagrin, and with his lofty hopes severely abased. He tried amongst his associates, however, to conceal his vexation. But, when he found himself alone with his great adviser, Dr. Johnson, he threw off all restraint, and indulged in a burst of uncontrollable grief. His monitor reproved him severely, and recalled him to a sense of his own dignity.

Shortly afterwards, the author of the unhappy play began to consider the events, expectations, and sorrows of the evening, as a capital joke, or rather, a rare feature in the course of ambitious pretensions. He entertained his friends vastly with a frank description of his own sensations throughout the performance of his pet comedy, much to the astonishment of Johnson, who had been hitherto the repository of the whole story, as a profound secret.

The "Good-Natured Man" was reproduced ten nights in succession, of which the third, sixth, and ninth nights were for the author's benefit. The fifth night it was played at the command of the Court. After this brief run, it was only reproduced at intervals, but continued to be read with pleasure.



Goldsmith's enemies, especially his jealous competitors of former days in the periodical scribbling, have attempted to show that he harboured a lurking animosity against Kelly, and envy for the success of his comedy. So mean a censure needs no comment. Certain it is, that Kelly, on the contrary, never forgave him his immense superiority, and resorted to the most dastardly means to disparage him, that of anonymous and scurrilous attacks in the public prints.

Meanwhile, the "Good-Natured Man," failure as it was, had realised for its author the incalculable sum of five hundred pounds, about four hundred of which were cleared from his benefits, and the other hundred paid by the publisher. What boundless wealth for Goldsmith! No wonder, if he imagined himself of a sudden possessed of inexhaustible treasure by some good wizard's enchantment! No wonder, if a generous, heedless, improvident creature such as he, who had been accustomed at the utmost to deal with twenty or thirty pounds, should have been overwhelmed by the prospect of disposing of five hundred. The first purpose to which this sudden accession of funds was appropriated was, to subscribe ten pounds for a box for Ned Shuter's benefit, when the "Good-Natured Man" was to be played.

His shabby rooms, on the library staircase, were abandoned for three rooms on the second floor, at Number 2, Brick-court, Middle Temple, overlooking the Temple Garden. Four hundred pounds was the price paid for the lease: and the furniture was to be of the most sumptuous and costly kind.

His person was destined to be decked out by the exemplary Mr. Filby, in a style appropriate to his new circumstances, and his new abode. The most aristocratic acquaintances were invited to his table. Johnson, Reynolds, Percy, Bickerstaff, and others, were his constant guests. Juvenile parties, composed of young persons of both sexes, were assembled, that he might join in their romps and gambols. And all this to the extreme annoyance of Blackstone, who, in chambers beneath Goldsmith's, was plodding laboriously at his legal compilations.

Occasionally, the poet would collect together a few of his boon companions, for what he called a "Shoemaker's holiday." The first part of this species of entertainment, consisted in a hearty and substantial breakfast at his chambers: then a stroll out into the country to Blackheath, Wandsworth, Chelsea, Hampton Court, Highgate, or some other pleasant suburban spot. At noon, the party would sit down to dinner at a country inn: and then a stroll homeward, or to tea at White Conduit House Gardens, or occasionally, even, to supper at the Grecian, Temple, or Exchange Coffee House, or at the Globe Tavern. Four or five shillings would cover all expenses; and the "Shoemaker's holiday" would certainly afford far more real gratification than any more costly entertainment.

But the relaxations of society, such as this, as well as the more

aristocratic repasts at the Temple Chambers, were destined to be brought to a close by the utter dissipation of the treasure produced by the "Good-Natured Man." Poor Goldsmith was once more driven back upon the drudgery of task-writing, and returned to the compilation of his "History of Rome."

As usual, he sought a country retreat, in which he might toil, without interruption, during the summer. But the sudden supplies, drawn from the publication and performance of his comedy, had been the cause of difficulties, from which he never succeeded in extricating himself: for he had acquired a habit of borrowing of his friends, or of drawing heavily in advance of booksellers, in confident anticipation of another lucky hit.

The summer of 1768 was spent at a cottage, on the Edgeware-road, which he hired jointly with a Mr. Botts, a barrister and man of letters, who occupied chambers on the same landing with his in the Temple.

This cottage belonged to a wealthy shoemaker in Piccadilly, and was encircled by a few acres of garden, laid out with all the fantastic taste of a man of little judgment in such matters. Hence, it was named the "Shoemaker's Paradise" by the poet. Here, Goldsmith would alternately ramble in the fields to gather images from nature, or shut himself up in close application to his hackneyed labour, or occasionally accompany his fellow occupant to town in his gig, to spend the day as convivially as he might. But his own troubles, vexations, or pleasures, were interrupted by a source of overwhelming sorrow. The intelligence here reached him of the death of his brother Henry, at the age of forty-five years. It was in the melancholy reflections suggested by this event, and in remembrance of the domestic and pastoral virtues of his brother, and of his father before him, that the finest passages of the "Deserted Village" were composed.

From his solitary meditations and labours in the country, he returned to London, in the month of October. It was remarked by his friends, that the additional care bestowed upon his dress, which became gradually more apparent in his better fortune, was now more particularly distinguishable than ever. In truth, his tailor's bill exhibited a very severe account for the year. But his biographers appear to think, that they have discovered an especial reason for this lavish expenditure on apparel, just about this period. He had lately become acquainted with a family from Devonshire, whom he met at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. These new acquaintances consisted of a Mrs. Horneck, the widow of a certain captain of that name, her two daughters, seventeen and nineteen years of age, both strikingly beautiful and highly gifted, and her son Charles Horneck, who was nicknamed by his sisters *the Captain in Lace*, because he had recently joined the guards. The eldest daughter, Catherine, was already betrothed. Her familiar designation of *Little Comedy* is indicative of her disposition. Whilst her

sister, who was disengaged, bore the inappropriate sobriquet of the *Jessamy Bride*. Regardless of his exterior, the Horneck's very soon learnt to appreciate the merits of the poet; and, for the first time in his life, he found himself quite at ease in polite society, and even in that of the fair sex. A familiar intimacy sprung up amongst them. And it is even intimated, that poor Goldsmith, now considerably advanced in years, had allowed his tenderness to be gained over by the charms and wit of the lovely "Jessamy Bride." Hence, the particular attention to the additions of dress; hence, the care with which he adorned, or sought to conceal, the defects which he had been taught to feel had stamped him with repulsiveness, from his earliest infancy. It is hardly fair—yet some of his contemporaries, who were fond of exposing his foibles, readily discovered in his personal vanity, the origin of the extravagances in his dress. It is hardly fair—because if there were really any sentiment beyond that of friendship for appreciating beauty in the heart of poor Oliver, it should be told in gentleness, and writ as the saddest page in his story.

These intervals of bright visions—but if hopes at all, mere fantasmal anticipations—were soon to cede to the renewed toil and weary monotony of compilation. During the winter of 1768-9, Goldsmith applied himself assiduously to the "History of Rome," which grew slowly under his hand. At times, indeed, these labours were relieved by the society of old and new acquaintances; and amongst others, of Judge Day and Grattan, then both of them young men, and students at the Temple. The Grecian Coffee House was a favourite place of resort, but Goldsmith also frequently entertained them at chambers, varying his recreations between his flute and whist, at neither of which, according to Day, was the poet very proficient.

In the middle of May, 1769, the "Roman History" appeared, in two volumes of five hundred pages each, and although dictated by necessity, rather than prompted by the bias of the writer, it certainly was worthy of Johnson's high encomium. Goldsmith's style was ever sufficient to redeem the most dreary task which was imposed upon him. No sooner was this work out of his hands, than he was engaged by Griffin to produce a book on Natural History, and acquitted of his "History of Rome," he turned to his "History of Animated Nature." His original intention had been to translate Pliny, accompanying the remarks of the ancient writer with a popular commentary of his own. But this design was superseded by the appearance of Buffon's comprehensive work, which Goldsmith now turned to his own advantage.

Many of the poet's friends considered this task as wholly out of his line; and many contended that he was absolutely wanting in the necessary observation and acumen, to qualify him for an original production of the kind, or to render him competent to adapt the information of others. Anecdotes are related, illustra-

tive of this assertion, by his contemporaries. For instance; it is related, that, on one occasion, the custom of eating dogs was suscitated in company, when Goldsmith observed, that the same custom prevailed in China: adding, that a dog-butcher was as common there as any other butcher, and that when he went out, all the dogs attacked him. "That," answered Johnson, "is not because the dogs are killed: I recollect, sir, a butcher at Lichfield, who was always attacked by a dog belonging to the house in which I was staying. It is the smell of carnage which provokes this, no matter of what species be the animals which have been killed." "Yes;" resumed Goldsmith, "there is a general abhorrence in animals at the signs of massacre. If you place a pail full of blood in a stable, the horses are likely to go mad." "I doubt that," returned Johnson. "Nay, sir," resumed the poet, "it is a well-authenticated fact." "You had better prove it," interposed Thrale, "before you put it into your book on Natural History; you are welcome to make the experiment in my stable." Thus, it was urged, the poet was thoroughly imbued with old wives' tales on these subjects. But no one who reads his book will now, for a moment, doubt that he was a very close and scrutinizing observer of everything in nature which came under his immediate notice. It certainly turned out a charming and entertaining production, and full of the gentle and winning morality of the author.

The preceding year, 1768, had been rendered memorable in the annals of Art, by the institution of the Royal Academy, under the presidency of Reynolds, then created a knight, and the patronage of the Crown. At Sir Joshua's instance, upon the nomination to professorships, which, after all, were merely honorary distinctions, his two friends, Johnson and Goldsmith, were severally appointed to those of Ancient Literature and of History.

Upon this occasion, the poet wrote a letter to his younger brother Maurice, in which the just pride of having distinguished his family—poor as he might have found and left them—oozes out, in the glee with which he promises to send over to his friends some mezzotint prints from Sir Joshua's picture, in which he figures with all the men of genius of his day. In this letter, he abandons a legacy of fifteen pounds bequeathed to him by Mr Contarine, to his equally poor and heedless family, to be made the most or the least of, as the case might be.

All this while, when he was issuing compilations after compilations, it was growing more and more a matter of surprise abroad, that the success of the "Traveller" had not induced him to follow up his reputation with a second poetical production. His reply to Lord Lisburn and others, was always the same, that he needs must have meat, lodging, and raiment.

In the meanwhile, however, his summer rambles in the meadows had assisted his young and yet freshening memory of Lissoy, and the haunts of his boyhood, in furnishing matter for



the "Deserted Village," which, accordingly, appeared on the 26th of May, 1770. The fame of the author of the "Traveller," seconded by the eminent merit of the work, secured an instantaneous and astonishing sale. Two or three days sufficed to exhaust the first edition. A second followed; and was succeeded by a third, fourth, and fifth, by the 16th of August. A characteristic story is told of the poet, relating to this work. It appears that he had received, beforehand, a note for one hundred guineas from the publisher, as the price of the poem. A friend casually met him one day, to whom he mentioned the amount; and this person, judging of the value of a literary production rather by bulk than quality, protested that so large a price for so small a work must ensure a loss to the bookseller. "In truth," said Goldsmith, "I think so, too. It is much more than the honest man can afford, or the piece is worth. I have not been easy since I received it." Whereupon, he actually returned the note, desiring that the publisher should pay him fairly, as he was able, and as the progress of the work warranted him in paying. The author was not without receiving the same amount as before.

The charming pathos of this perfect poem had shed a second veil over the plainness of his features in the ladies' eyes. Illustrated by the additional laurels won for him by the "Deserted Village," and still more distinguished for the amiable traits of his character than ever, he was not only tolerated, but almost admired and courted in ladies' society, and gradually grew more at ease amongst them. Most especially was this the case in the circle of the Hornecks, where, perhaps, he was best pleased to win favour, and in the estimation of the lovely "Jessamy Bride," herself. A few weeks only after the appearance of the "Deserted Village,"—in the month of July,—he set out on a short excursion to Paris, with Mrs. Horneck and her two daughters, having first been duly registered in the books of Mr. Pilby, for another new gala suit. And this, too, perhaps, might fairly be charged to the attractions of the fair Mary Horneck. Goldsmith's first duty on arriving at Calais and Paris, was to write a letter from each place to Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom he was indebted for his introduction to his beautiful and fascinating companions. It is amusing to contrast, in these letters, the affected fastidiousness of Oliver Goldsmith, travelling in the style of a man of rank, wealth, and fashion, with the Horneck's, and Oliver Goldsmith of years gone by, trudging along on foot, and charmed with the coarsest meal earned for him by his flute and his good humour. But the fastidiousness which he assumes, in his sketches transmitted to Sir Joshua Reynolds, is that of his companions, not his own. Besides, there were two little circumstances which conspired to vex him: first that his purse was well nigh exhausted: secondly, that an English attorney of the name of Hickey, had continued to thrust himself into the party at Paris, and to assume the duties and offices of cicerone to the ladies.



On his return from this tour, which, on the whole, does not seem to have been a source of the purest gratification, he received the sad tidings of his mother's death. Of late years, he had contributed towards her maintainance out of his fitful and hard earned resources; and, although his literary reputation had not, as it would seem, been sufficient to accomplish the full measure of his worthy parent's anticipations, he was ever true to his nature, and nourished the tenderest affection for her. Her death, even at an advanced age, was therefore a keen affliction to his sensitive heart.

In the midst of this sorrow, he was doomed to return to his irksome task-work, to replenish his exhausted resources. Amongst other jobs which he undertook, was a biographical sketch of Parnell, which in itself was meagre enough, and worthy of the disapprobation of Dr. Johnson, but which was redeemed by the introduction by which it was presented to the world. From this trifling work, the poet turned his attention to the abridgement of his "History of Rome," which Davies now sought to republish in one volume duodecimo. The same publisher also engaged Goldsmith to furnish a prefatory life of Lord Bolingbroke, for his reprint of that nobleman's Dissertation on Parties. It is one of the striking characteristics of Goldsmith's writings, that in the midst of the angry turmoil of party contention, he succeeded in avoiding the slightest tinge of partisanship, even whilst discoursing on subjects in which the bitterest rancour of faction would have found a place. Thus there is the charm of pure diction, true narrative, and of the most impartial statement of facts, about his brief life of Lord Bolingbroke.

It was whilst he was engaged on this work, that he was summoned to Gosford, to condole with his friend Lord Clare on the loss of his son, Colonel Nugent, and that he was piqued at the negligence with which Lord Camden affected to treat him. He had, of late, been accustomed to receive the most distinguished attention from the great, and was, perhaps, on that account, nettled by the slighting indifference of that nobleman. With his usual candour, he was relating the circumstance afterwards amongst his friends, when he added, with his usual simplicity, and to the infinite amusement of the Johnsonian toady, Boswell, that "Lord Camden took no more notice of him than if he had been an ordinary man." Johnson, who reserved to himself the sole right of questioning Goldsmith's sayings and doings, alone appreciating the poet's real meaning, rallied Boswell somewhat sharply, however, in his merriment. On his return to town, the poet received a present of game, from his friend, Lord Clare, which he has immortalized in the well known verses, entitled "The Haunch of Venison."

An amusing anecdote is told of one of Goldsmith's peculiar blunders, upon the occasion of a subsequent visit to Lord Clare at Bath. It appears that Lord Clare, and the Duke of Northumberland, occupied two adjacent and similar houses. Gold-

smith having strolled abroad one morning before breakfast, in his usual abstracted way, inadvertently made his way into the duke's house, instead of Lord Clare's, upon his return. He entered the dining room in which the duke and duchess were about to sit down to breakfast, without, however, offering any further sign of acknowledgment than a slight inclination to them. He then flung himself listlessly upon the sofa, and was wholly unconscious of his mistake, until the duchess invited him to join the duke and herself at breakfast. The truth now suddenly flashed upon him, for hitherto he had imagined that they were Lord Clare's guests. He thereupon started up, and attempted to stammer out some apology or explanation. But the duke and duchess re-assured him, by treating the matter as a lucky accident, which had contributed greatly to their gratification, by securing his company unexpectedly.

It was on St. George's Day, in the same year, 1771, that the first annual banquet of the Royal Academy took place, in the exhibition room, under the presidency of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith attended in their official capacities. On this occasion, the latter entered into a controversy with many of the literary men of the day, and with Horace Walpole, in particular, respecting the poems recently edited, or more properly written, by the gifted but unhappy Chatterton. Horace Walpole was pleased to rally Goldsmith on his obstinate defence of the poems in question, as genuine relics of antiquity, discovered, as alleged by the young author, in the tower of Redcliffe church, at Bristol. But the raillery of the finished *virtuoso* somewhat recoiled upon himself.

Not long after this festival, in the month of August, appeared the "History of England," upon which Goldsmith had been for some length of time engaged. Like all his historical and biographical compilations, it was remarkable for the true, simple, and ungarbled narrative, and for the unimpeachable impartiality with which recent and present political questions were handled. Notwithstanding this avoidance of any bias, the work was angrily attacked by the political essayists of the day, and was as zealously defended by the publisher, Tom Davies, himself, in an elaborate article thrust into the "Public Advertiser." It secured a tolerably remunerative sale, and has ever since been held in high estimation, as the most concise and elegant epitome of English story extant. The necessity of applying himself without interruption to his task labours, compelled Goldsmith to postpone a long promised visit, in company with Sir J. Reynolds, to Bennet Langton, who, since his marriage to the Dowager Countess of Rothes, had settled down into domestic life in Lincolnshire. Poor Goldsmith was now entangled in heaps of prospective work, upon which his improvidence and necessities had compelled him to draw largely, if not fully, in advance. He was equally overwhelmed with debts, and disturbed by the vexatious calls of creditors on every

side. His accounts with Newbery were in sad confusion, and heavily against him. Yet, in the midst of all these perplexities, which had induced him to decline the Lincolnshire trip, he was weaned away from his toil, by an invitation which his utmost resolution could not resist; and Newbery himself was induced to furnish fresh advances, upon the promise of a second tale, after the method of the "Vicar of Wakefield," of which the poet produced a few sketches. This call, to which all was to yield, was no less than a pressing invitation from Mrs. Bunbury, formerly Catherine Horneck, or "Little Comedy," to pay her and her bridegroom a visit, at their seat at Barton, in Suffolk. The "Jessamy Bride" would, doubtless, be of the party, and Goldsmith, having restocked his wardrobe, hastened to Barton without delay. Here he met Garrick, who was on intimate terms with Mr. Bunbury, and with whom he himself was now perfectly reconciled. His own playful good humour, amusing manners, and thorough earnestness in the amusements of every one, soon made him the favorite of the house. Romps, cards, and practical jokes, were in the ascendant, the last being equally practised by and against him; and on some occasions to the serious detriment of the toilet, so carefully cultivated in honour of the "Jessamy Bride," to whom we are indebted for the transactions of this delightful visit. Amongst other circumstances which Mary Horneck has recorded, of the poet's entertainment at Barton, she mentions his having read portions of a new novel which was in progress, and which was full of his genial vein of feeling and morality, uttered with his natural purity of diction. This, it would seem, was the identical tale upon which Newbery had made recent advances; but before it was completed, that astute critic, who had previously kept the manuscript of the "Vicar of Wakefield" two years in his desk, raised some notable objection to it, and Goldsmith, once put out of conceit of his work, cast it aside, and it was never more heard of.

It was about this period, that Goldsmith became acquainted with Mr. Joseph Cradock, a young and amiable man of fortune, whose chief hobby was to dabble in literature, and, more especially, the drama. He had a passion for plays, and players, and theatres, and had recently come to London to secure a representation of his own translation of the tragedy of "Zobeide," by Voltaire. Furnished with letters of introduction to many persons of influence amongst the managers and actors, and having ample means to secure the obsequious attention of all of whom he sought an obligation, he had no great difficulty in putting his tragedy into rehearsal. Goldsmith first met him at the house of Yates, the actor, and finding he was on terms of friendship with Lord Clare, his own patron and friend, the poet quickly grew intimate with him. A similarity of tastes and dispositions contributed to cement this new friendship, especially as they contrived to be useful to each other. Goldsmith wrote an epilogue for Cradock's tragedy; and Cradock, who was an accomplished

amateur musician, arranged the music for Goldsmith's "*Threnodia Augustalis*," a lament on the death of the Princess Dowager of Wales, written at the instance of Lord Clare. The tragedy was played with some success at Covent Garden, and the lament was recited and sung at Mrs. Cornely's rooms,—then a fashionable resort,—in Soho square. It was in caricature of these popular assemblies, that the poet dubbed the motley parties at his own apartments, "*little Cornelys*." It was not publicly known that Goldsmith was the author of the "*Threnodia Augustalis*," until several years later. Unlike many others amongst the associates of the poet, Cradock never betrayed the least inclination to sport with his eccentricities. He rather sympathised in the sensibilities, and humoured the peculiarities of the poor and struggling author. He never omitted an opportunity of visiting poor Goldsmith when he chanced to be in town, and not unfrequently induced the poet to join him at his country-seat. Goldsmith, in the fulness of his heart, could not help envying the ease of his friend's literary pursuits, whilst he himself was toiling in the midst of penury, the harassing perplexities of pecuniary embarrassments, and the alternate vexations to be sustained from impatient booksellers or more impatient creditors. It was on one occasion, that the poor poet was remarking the time and care which Cradock was enabled to bestow upon a single manuscript, that he exclaimed, with somewhat keener emphasis than was his wont, "Oh! Mr. Cradock, think of me, that must write a volume every month!"

About the same period (1772), Goldsmith made another acquaintance. But in this instance, he was the patron, not the client. A needy and friendless fellow-countryman, of the name of M'Donnell, who has himself recorded his grateful recollection of the poet, accidentally met the latter in the Temple Gardens. Finding himself in London, on his way to Ireland, without any resources, or a single friend, M'Donnell chanced to stroll into the Temple Gardens, where, in utter despondency, he flung himself upon one of the seats, and, by way of occupying his mind, began to con over the pages of a volume of Boileau, which he had about him. Goldsmith, happening to pass by casually, fell into conversation with him, and finding him well-informed, a thorough master of French, and no indifferent classical scholar, soon took an interest in his story, induced him to relate all his difficulties, and prevailed upon him to promise an early visit to his quarters. It was then that M'Donnell, to his surprise and delight, first knew to whom he was indebted for so much sympathy and goodness. M'Donnell did not omit to avail himself of so flattering an invitation, and the poet then explained to him that pecuniary assistance was out of the question, but encouraged him with the hope of lucrative employment; whilst at the same time, he offered him an engagement as Amanuensis, with just a sufficiency, pending the opportunity for a more desirable and profitable occupation. M'Donnell



readily assented, and continued to act in that capacity for the poet for some time. His chief occupation was to translate passages from the Natural History of Buffon, which Goldsmith abridged or adapted to his own "History of Animated Nature." In truth, the poor task-writer was sadly in need of some assistance of the kind. His undertakings, upon many of which he had drawn freely enough, were accumulating on every side; five volumes of the "History of Animated Nature" had already been paid for by Griffin, and the greater part of the work was to be done. Yet, although some of Goldsmith's critics or biographers have accused him of growing testy and irritable with the increase of his troubles, M'Donnell protests, that he always found him the same gentle, kind-hearted creature—too solicitous of the sufferings of others to contrive the diminution of his own.

It was to escape from the annoyances which were constantly besetting him in London, and to apply himself with less interruption, and in perfect quiet to his labours, that Goldsmith took up his summer abode, this year, at a farm-house, six miles from the metropolis, on the Edgeware-road. To this retreat he conveyed the whole of his books in two return post-chaises. Here he was familiarly known to the people of the establishment as "the Gentleman," and was evidently looked upon as a strange being. Boswell accompanied Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, to pay a visit to the poet, at his suburban residence. Goldsmith was not at home when they came; but curious to scan his apartment, they nevertheless went in, and Boswell relates that they were struck by finding scraps of descriptions of animals scribbled in every direction over the wall. Books, papers, toilet and other appurtenances, were piled or tossed about the room in admirable confusion. It is not authenticated how long the poet's autograph remained unobliterated on the walls, but certain it is, that the room in which he wrote was long illustrated as the corner from whence "*She Stoops to Conquer*" was issued to the stage and the world. According to the traditions handed down to us by the family of the worthy farmer, Goldsmith had most of his meals sent up to him in his room, although he had contracted to board with the household. But, buried in the midst of his accumulated work, carelessly arrayed, or disarrayed, with his shirt-collar open, he was generally, if at home, too intensely busied with his writing to give up any time to dress, and consequently remained secluded even to his hasty meals. It is also told of him, that he would not unfrequently ramble into the kitchen in abstracted thoughtfulness, and stand pondering with his back to the fire, until he suddenly hurried back to his own room, without taking the slightest notice of what was passing around him. Occasionally, he would stroll abroad in the fields, and along the hedges, reading or wholly occupied with thought. He was often restless at night, and would then read in bed, or, at all events,



leave the candle burning, in case he should require it. If it stood beyond his reach, and he wished to put it out, he would fling his slipper at it. His charitable disposition became proverbial here as elsewhere.

He had the use of the best parlour to receive or entertain visitors, amongst whom, the most frequent were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hugh Boyd, the supposed author of the *Letters of "Junius,"* and Sir Wm. Chambers. Sometimes he entertained his friends by giving a dinner party; and, on one such occasion, —his guests, having been detained by a thunder-storm,—he got up a dance, which was continued until very late.

Not far from the farm-house in which Goldsmith was lodging, was the country residence of a Mr. Seguin, an Irish merchant, and a man of considerable literary taste. There the poet was always welcome: and, not the least so, amongst the children, with whom he would play, or chatter, or dance, or romp, to their heart's content. It is in speaking of his flute-playing on one of these occasions, that a biographer has related the following anecdote, illustrative of his proficiency in music. The truth is, in fact, that he played entirely by ear. Roubillac, the statuary, one day pretended to take down an air as the poet was playing it. He accordingly marked an indiscriminate number of notes, in chance as to time, tune, and every thing else. No sooner had Goldsmith done playing, than he cast his eye over the pretended transcript, and pronounced it correct. So much for his musical attainments.

But neither his laborious retreat, nor the hospitality of Mr. Seguin, entirely pre-occupied him; for several weeks were whiled away in agreeable visits to Mr. Cradock, Lord Clare, and Mr. Langton, at their respective country-seats. He would also, not unfrequently, give up some hours to London and its public amusements. On one occasion of the kind, he accompanied Edmund Burke to see the Italian Fantocini, in Panton-street.

On the whole, nevertheless, he had led far too sedentary and confined a life, since his retirement to the summer retreat. So much so, indeed, that his health had been seriously impaired by it, and that he had suffered from a very severe attack of illness. Nor was his return to town, late in the autumn of the year 1772, destined to restore his health, or freshen his constitution. The allurements of jovial pleasures soon drew him into dissipation. Dinners and suppers, clubs, routs, and theatres, were his perpetual haunts. The state of his affairs, daily more and more complicated, was entirely neglected, until the vexatious and harassing demand of booksellers or creditors, on all sides, became too repeated and too pressing to escape his attention. His mind, overdone with toil, was now racked with distress and difficulty, and his health became more and more affected.

The "*Animated Nature*" had been fully paid for, but was not completed. Garrick's advance on Newbery's note, stood as a claim against him. The tale, on account of which Newbery

had furnished between two and three hundred pounds, was a failure, and Goldsmith had nothing to offer in compensation save the copyright of the new play; whilst, at the same time, he added, "To tell you the truth, Frank, there are great doubts of its success."

Newbery, nevertheless, accepted the substitute, to his immense profit.

Elsewhere, the poet was equally in arrears, and was drawing the proceeds of his toil in advance, to sink them in the liquidation of past extravagances. Racked by this complication of difficulties and troubles, and kept in a constant state of feverish excitement, which was not a little heightened by the additional labour which was necessarily devoted to the satisfaction of the most urgent demands, poor Goldsmith added another mischief to the many ills which were sapping his frame. He acquired a habit of drugging himself with James's Powders, then the popular panacea of the day—the Holloway's Pills of the past century.

To turn to matter illustrative of the poet's character, amongst other foibles with which he has been charged, he is accused of remarkable vanity. We cannot help observing, of the anecdotes related in support of their accusation, that they tend to prove that his vanity, if there were such, was of the most amiable kind, and accompanied with a guilelessness and simplicity, which rendered it rather pleasing than repulsive. One of these tales has been perpetuated in Garrick's play of "the Irish Widow."

It would seem that Edmund Burke, taking advantage of his privileges as a fellow countryman and fellow student, delighted in practising upon this attributed weakness. The plot of the "Irish Widow," is founded on a joke played off by him upon Goldsmith; and, on another occasion, the following trick was also played by the great orator on the simple and unsuspecting poet.

Colonel O'Moore and Burke were passing through Leicester-square on their way to a dinner-party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, when they observed the poet surveying a crowd which was gathered about the front of an hotel, staring and shouting at some foreign ladies. Goldsmith was, also, on his way to the artist's; and upon his appearance, Burke affected great coldness towards him. Upon being pressed for an explanation by the poet, he replied: "Really I am ashamed to keep company with a person who could act as you have just done in the square." Goldsmith, quite unconscious of the wrong of which he had been guilty, pressed for further explanation, and Burke added: "Did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those *painted Jezebels*, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?" "Surely, surely, my dear friend," cried Goldsmith, "I did not say so?" "Nay," resumed his malicious friend, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?" "That's true," replied the poet, musing;

"I am very sorry," he added, with energy, "it was very foolish: I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my head, but I did not think I had uttered it."

Every jack-a-dandy, who wished to be thought a wag, appears to have indulged his humour in manufacturing tales of blunders and absurdities committed by Goldsmith, whose peculiarities, unfortunately, rendered any stretch of the imagination credible and probable: at least, the majority of his associates were always willing to have it thought so, that they might the more freely laugh at his expence. But there is one story on record, in which Goldsmith is said to have raised the laugh against one of his companions; and notably, the unimpeachable Dr. Johnson himself. They were supping together one night at a tavern in Dean-street, Soho, kept by Jack Roberts, a favorite of Garrick's, and one of the singers at Drury Lane. Johnson was in the midst of a savoury plate full of rumps and kidneys, when in the fulness of his approval and gratified appetite, he observed: "These are pretty little things; but a man must eat a great many of them before he is filled." "Aye; but how many of them would reach the moon?" enquired the poet, with feigned simplicity. "To the moon! Ah sir, that I fear exceeds your calculation," was the reply. "Not at all, sir," retorted Goldsmith, "I think I could tell." "Pray then, sir, let us hear," exclaimed Johnson, suddenly dropping his knife and fork, and looking up as if in expectation of something to dispute about. "Why, Sir," replied the poet, *one, if it were long enough.*" Johnson growled in token of his discomfiture, and resumed his meal considerably nettled.

Side by side with this anecdote, which we cannot help reading with a slight sensation of triumph, we find one which elicits a more honourable admiration. It is indicative of the goodness of heart, awakened by the acute sensibility for which Goldsmith was so much distinguished, and which rendered him so amiable. One evening, at the house of Sir William Chambers, in Berners-street, he was apparently absorbed in a game of whist with Sir William and Lady Chambers and Baretti, when he suddenly flung down his cards, and rushed unceremoniously out of the room, and into the street. He instantly returned, however, and pursued the game. Upon being asked whether he had been overcome by the heat of the room, he replied: "Not at all: but, in truth, I could not bear to hear that poor woman in the street, half singing, half sobbing, for such notes could only arise from the extremity of distress: her voice grated painfully upon my ear, and jarred my frame, so that I could not rest until I had sent her away." There had, in fact, been a ballad-singer under the windows, whom all in the room had heard, but whose accents of suffering had been unheeded, save by the too sensitive and generous poet.

When in search of public entertainments, in default of the theatre, Goldsmith was in the habit of attending Ranelagh, at

that period a place of very general resort. Johnson was not an unfrequent visitor there; "for," he used to say, "I am a great friend to public amusements, for they keep people from vice." Goldsmith was particularly fond of entering into the masquerades, which were then exceedingly popular, and very magnificently got up at Ranelagh. Sir Joshua Reynolds would often accompany him, and sometimes he would go alone, when his peculiar figure invariably betrayed him to the swarm of wags who were constant attendants at these entertainments, and who were always more effectively disguised than himself. Thus he became the butt of an infinite variety of facetious devices, contrived to raise a laugh against him.

His name having once appeared in the newspapers, as amongst the persons of distinction who honoured the masquerades with their presence, his venemous and spiteful enemy, Kendrick, seized the occasion to apostrophise him in an anonymous copy of verses. Goldsmith, who was keenly alive to any attack upon his moral character, afterwards met Kendrick at the Chapter Coffee House, and called him to account for his calumnies, threatening to administer corporal chastisement if the offence were repeated. The craven-coward feigned the deepest contrition in the poet's presence; but quickly wreaked his revenge, by circulating a variety of scurrilous libels against his more noble antagonist.

Somewhat vexed that he should have exposed himself to give a colour to such obscene attacks, he was found one day by Sir Joshua Reynolds, kicking a bundle about his room. This turned out to be an expensive masquerading dress. "As I have been fool enough to purchase this trumpery," said he, in reply to Sir Joshua's enquiry, "and as there appears to be no other way of turning my outlay to account, I am endeavouring to take it out in exercise!"

In the the midst of these unsatisfactory and satiating rounds of dissipation, Goldsmith received a summons from Mrs. Bunbury, to spend the Christmas holidays at Barton with her family circle, and the "Jessamy Bride" amongst others. It was a charming variation for poor Goldsmith, and he replied to the humorous and sprightly letter of "Little Comedy," with an eagerness equalled only by the strain of natural wit which filled his own epistle. The invitation was resistless: it was accepted; but there is no record of his sayings and doings during this seasonable holiday.

Of late Goldsmith, had hurried into the whirl of public and private society, with a kind of morbid anxiety to escape from himself, and not with his original hearty enjoyment. He felt that the natural buoyancy of his spirits was rapidly giving way under the pressure of mental and bodily suffering. The malady which had now for some time afflicted him, was fast gaining upon the sturdy vigour of his constitution, and was becoming aggravated by the intense study which beset him



by night and by day, and by the repulsive task-labour to which he was compelled to apply himself, in spite of the restless state of his mind, and the feverish irritation of his body. Thus, even from the refreshing visit to the Hornecks, he returned to feel but more keenly the deplorable condition of his affairs, and to be troubled by new complications and new difficulties. In toil, or in relaxation, he was no longer the same being. The zest of his life was fast abandoning him. He wrote with thoughts engrossed upon matters irrelevant of his work, and often writhing with bodily pain. In rest, he was troubled by reflections on his gloomy prospect, and disturbed by the twinges of ascendant disease. In relaxation, he no longer found the same utter abandonment to pleasure. The thoughts of other things would perversely crowd upon him. Yet from labour, or rest, he would rush to dissipation, and from dissipation to rest, or labour, for relief, equally in vain.

Whilst pecuniary embarrassments were thickening about him, he was submitted to additional vexation in the delays which detained the progress of his new play. The agreement entered into with Newbery, was fast arriving at the period of its issue, and the new comedy, some time since completed, and placed in the hands of Colman at Covent Garden, was yet no further forward. Thus the whole of the year 1772 had been frittered away, without its being produced. A long negotiation was carried on between the manager and the author. Colman retained the manuscript until the month of January, 1773, without deciding upon any course, and when, at last, pressed by an anxious and urgent letter from Goldsmith, he returned it, covered with objections, suggestions, projects of alteration, and the like, intimating, nevertheless, that he would produce the play. The remarks and suggestions for alteration, when submitted to the ablest judges amongst the author's friends, were pronounced as puerile, and trifling. Goldsmith's supporters suspected Colman of jealousy and rivalry, and delivered it as their opinion, that he purposely threw difficulties in the way of the new comedy. Goldsmith, wearied, anxious, and nettled at this trifling, forwarded the manuscript, with Colman's remarks, to Garrick; but had no sooner done so, than he sent for it again, upon the interference of Dr. Johnson, who pledged himself to prevail with Colman. Johnson kept his promise; but still the manager persisted in disparaging the play amongst the actors, who were to appear in it. And to such effect, that the two principal performers, Woodward, (as Tony Lumpkin,) and Gentleman Smith, (as Young Marlow,) refused to play. Quick and Lee Lewis were selected to replace them, and the cast was at length completed. In the meanwhile, Goldsmith's friends were preparing to sustain him with energy and effect. Johnson, Cradock, Murphy, Reynolds, with his sister, and the "Jessamy Bride," with the whole of the Horneck family circle, attended the rehearsals. The applause elicited by the piece in this stage



was perhaps no criterion of its after success. At all events, Colman sedulously persisted in prophecying its failure, and in attributing the admiration which signalized the rehearsals, to the officious zeal of the author's friends.

Then came another perplexity. The comedy had hitherto been without a name. But Johnson, who was ever earnest and zealous in the cause of Goldsmith, was at hand to suggest and to correct. A variety of names were successively proposed and rejected, until at last, that of "*The Mistakes of a Night*," was agreed to. To this, the author prefixed the title of "*She stoops to Conquer*."

Whilst these useless difficulties were thrown in the way of Goldsmith's play, Foote had produced his *Primitive Puppet-show*, called the *Handsome Housemaid, or Piety in Pattens, at the Haymarket*. This production, which was a facetious burlesque on the Italian Fantocini, was no sooner announced, than it became the rage of the whole town. High and low crowded to the Haymarket, and sentimental comedy was at an end. Even Garrick abandoned it, and actually furnished an humorous prologue for Goldsmith's play, prompted, perhaps, by the genial intercourse to which both were indebted for their pleasant companionship at Barton. The 15th of March was now announced for the first appearance of "*She Stoops to Conquer*," and all those who had maintained the merit of the piece, determined to combine to give it a rapturous and triumphant reception, as much, perhaps, to controvert the manager's disparagement, as to befriend the author. A strong party of Goldsmith's supporters accordingly mustered on the eventful day for an early dinner, at the Shakspeare Tavern. Johnson presided, and never was he more redundant of conversation than on this occasion. Everything was animated, save poor Goldsmith himself, who sat moodily next to Johnson, barely able to utter a word, or to swallow a mouthful. Whilst the whole body of his friends proceeded to take their stations in different parts of the theatre, to commence or sustain the applause, the poor author rambled unconsciously into St. James's Park, pacing to and fro, now hither, now thither, in the most painful and restless agitation. But, during Goldsmith's absence, the play had been opened, and had proceeded, from scene to scene, amidst the most vociferous and rapturous applause. Its success had been signally decisive. And when, at length, the author was conducted to the theatre by an acquaintance, who accidentally met him, the fifth act was in progress of representation. One solitary hiss seems inopportune to have grated on his ears upon his first arrival, and distrustful of the assurance of his friends, he is said to have exclaimed in the utmost agitation, "What's that? what's that?" Nevertheless, the still perverse opposition of Colman, who was on the spot, did not long keep him on tenter hooks. He was soon

satisfied that it was no false, flattering tale of triumph, which had been told him.

Colman, whose constant reluctance to produce the comedy, was sedulously published by Goldsmith's friends, now became the butt of every description of ridicule from the public press. Epigrams, taunts, and criticism were levelled at him in every direction, and he was compelled to get the author himself to interfere in his behalf.

Johnson, who had been so instrumental in securing the performance and success of "*She Stoops to Conquer*," was now in ecstasies at the triumph. And Goldsmith was gladdened by testimonies of admiration from those who were less interested in his cause, and who were less critical judges of his composition. The comedy was immediately hurried through the press, and realized for the publisher an immense return, over and above his advances to Goldsmith on the copyright. It was gratefully dedicated to Dr. Johnson, in one of those simple and touching addresses which could have emanated from such a writer as Goldsmith alone. But the profits of the author's benefits, considerable as they might be, were far from sufficient to supply his urgent requirements; and whilst Newbery was realizing the proceeds of a profitable speculation, and his own friends were exulting, as they thought, *with* him in his achieved success, he, himself, was wrung with distress, of which he alone could estimate the intensity.

Moreover, his very success had aroused the utmost rancour and envy amongst the swarm of pretenders to literary distinction, and called down upon him the most unmeasured scurrility from the organs of some of these worthies. His person was made the object of ludicrous comparison; his most private affairs were laid bare before the public; he was charged with arrogance, vanity, and imposture; in short, his enemies had sedulously followed the exemplary rule:—

"To load with obloquy where facts are wanting,  
And help the lack of argument by canting."

Warmly excited by an article of the kind which appeared in the columns of the "*London Packet*," and yet more urged on by one of his fiery fellow-countrymen, he betook himself to the shop of Evans, the publisher of the paper, in Paternoster-row, and there deliberately administered a severe caning to that individual, who, however, being a strong and stalwart man, and having recovered from his first surprise, turned upon his assailant to resent the cudgelling. A scrambling struggle ensued between them. The chandelier of the shop was smashed in the contest, and the oil poured out upon the combatants, and things were coming to a serious pass, when Dr. Kenrick, who was in the next room, separated them, and accompanied Goldsmith to his chambers, affecting to enter into his feelings, and earnestly to condole with him; whereas

the doctor himself has since been suspected of having written the obnoxious paragraph.

Evans instituted proceedings against the poet for the assault, but was prevailed upon to forego further vindictive steps, upon Goldsmith's contributing fifty pounds to the Welsh Charity.

The public press had now new matter for comment, and every day ushered in some new squib relating to the affair. So much so, that the poet thought it necessary to publish a vindication in his own defence, and in that of true freedom of the press, against the licence of the worthless hands which polluted its sacred character.

Had Johnson seen this production before it appeared in print, it would, in all probability, have been destroyed in manuscript. Not but that it was admirably written; but that, as the great arbiter of literature asserted, it "was a foolish thing well done;" to which he added: "I suppose he has been so much elated with the success of his new comedy, that he has thought everything that concerned him must be of importance to the public."

From the combat and controversy, we must follow Goldsmith to the Literary Club. Johnson had, for a long time, obstinately persisted in maintaining the exclusiveness of this hole-and-corner assembly, whereas the poet, prompted by his good fellowship, and his love of variety, had been a constant advocate for the admission of additional members. At last, after much debate, at the earnest instance of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Goldsmith, Garrick, who had long been seeking this honour, was admitted as a member of the Turk's Head Club. Lord Charlemont, the friend and nominee of Beauclerc, was next elected; and then Mr. Jones, afterwards Sir William Jones, the celebrated orientalist. At last, Johnson, himself, proposed to add his subservient toady, Boswell, to their number. This was signified to Goldsmith in a friendly note on the 23rd of April, because the poet presided on that evening. And, according to the rules of the club, the 30th, the next day of meeting, was appointed for the ballot on Boswell's election. Great difference of opinion existed amongst the other members relative to Boswell. The greater part despised him, and were inclined to reject him. But Johnson persisted; and as much as promised to black-ball any one else who might be proposed, if he were not humoured in his present fancy. The last hint had, probably, the effect of deciding the waverers; and accordingly, on the 30th (a Friday), after having met to dinner at Beauclerc's, Burke, Garrick, Dr Nugent, Jones, Johnson, Goldsmith, and the rest, proceeded to the club to vote, and Boswell, who had remained at Beauclerc's until his fate was decided, was admitted and duly initiated in a long mock-serious lecture delivered by Dr. Johnson.

A few days after this scene had been enacted at the Turk's Head, we find Goldsmith, Johnson, and Boswell, dining at the Dillys, booksellers, in the Poultry. It would generally have been tedious to follow Boswell's discursive account of every conversa-

tion into which his great hero had entered, and in which Goldsmith is allowed to take an occasional part. But, as the present instance was the last occasion in which Johnson and Goldsmith met and conversed in society, we may venture to repeat some of the gossip of the pertinacious biographer. The conversation first turned upon the natural history of birds, in which, probably, Goldsmith had the mastery. Boswell next broached the subject of religious toleration, on which the debate became very warm and animated, because there were two dissenting clergymen and one member of the established church present. It was an ill-judged topic, therefore, and led to somewhat more of bitterness than was consistent with good breeding. Johnson, as usual, had all the say to himself, and abruptly silenced Goldsmith whenever he attempted to put in a word edgeways, till, at last, the poet was about leaving, when observing that some one else was attempting to offer an observation, he said to Johnson, who interposed with a growl, as if about to interrupt the speaker, "The gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour, pray allow us now to hear him." The rebuke was too severe to pass unnoticed, and in the first impulse of the moment, Johnson angrily replied: "Sir, I was not interrupting the gentleman: I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, *you are impertinent.*" The poet, too modest to raise an altercation on his own account, and too conscious of his own merit to offer any reply, remained silent, and shortly afterwards left the room.

In the course of the same evening, the select party met again at the club, and Johnson, seeing the poet setting moodily apart, and conscious of having exceeded the bounds of decorum, exclaimed: "Dr. Goldsmith, something passed to day where you and I dined.—*I ask your pardon.*" The first signal of pacification was ever enough for the good-hearted Goldsmith, and the whole affair was quickly forgotten in the animation of irrelevant conversation.

A few days after these conversations took place, Johnson called upon the poet, to take his leave before his departure for Scotland, accompanied by his bear-leader. So that we have recorded the last scenes in which OLIVER GOLDSMITH and SAMUEL JOHNSON were joint performers.

In the meantime, of the heaps of unfinished work with which his chambers were lumbered up, not one was unpaid for. He had long received, in full, the promised pittance which was to be given for each of them. He had even drawn in advance upon the productions of his pen, and had to commence many tasks which should yield him nothing more. He was sick at heart, and sinking. Hopelessness began to cloud his anticipations. He had barely courage to set about any work by which he might realize wherewithal to supply his immediate wants, much less to toil at unproductive labours. His health had become so deranged, as to incapacitate him very frequently from



writing at all: and his mind was so exhausted with the constant drain of compulsory composition, that he was almost at a loss to furnish a paragraph. Yet something must be done to provide for present and future necessities. With this view, he now proposed to undertake a work of very considerable compass: this was a Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences. Johnson readily promised to contribute an article on Ethics; Burke offered an epitome of his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, an Essay on the Berkleyan philosophy, and others on Political Science: Sir Joshua Reynolds was ready to provide a paper on Painting—Garrick had engaged Dr. Burney to contribute an article on Music, whilst he himself provided one on Actors and Acting.

In many respects, this project was most desirable for poor Goldsmith, who, with such powerful assistance, could not but have added a valuable store to the literature of the day; for, inasmuch as much of the material would be furnished to him, he would have been spared the necessity of constant application, and of taxing his own invention or reading. He, accordingly, drew up a prospectus of the proposed Dictionary. But, although he had suffered himself to attach great expectations once more to this undertaking, he was doomed to disappointment.

The booksellers were now too well acquainted with his dilatory habits, his proneness to abandon his occupations for social enjoyment, and to heap up undertaking upon undertaking, to have any faith in his qualifications for such a task; and he, accordingly, met with no encouragement whatever from the paymasters of learning. The carelessness with which he was known latterly to compile much of his work which required accuracy, tended considerably to discourage the traders in intelligence. Such anecdotes as the following had got abroad concerning him:—

On one occasion, whilst he was busily engaged upon his Natural History, he suddenly wrote to Dr. Percy and Mr. Cradock, entreating them to complete some unfinished pages which were on his table, inasmuch as he was unavoidably detained at Windsor. Percy and Cradock accordingly met, by appointment, at his chambers, and found every thing in characteristic confusion—proof sheets, corrected and uncorrected, memoranda, fresh copy, books and papers of all kinds, were tossing about in every direction. The subject in hand, and which the two amanuenses were called upon to complete, related to birds.—“Do you know any thing about birds?” enquired Dr. Percy with a smile. “Not an atom,” was the reply; “do you?” “Not I: I scarcely know a goose from a swan; however, let us to it, and try what we can do.” To work they went accordingly, and somehow or other succeeded in perfecting the sheets. Goldsmith’s paramount engagement at Windsor turned out to be a pleasure party with some literary ladies.



On another occasion, it was related of him that he was busied with a Grecian History in two volumes, both of which had been paid for in the month of June, but one only of which was completed. Whilst he was closely applying himself to the second volume, he received a visit from Gibbon, then the great authority in matters of history. "You are just the man," exclaimed the poet, "whom of all others I wish to see. Pray what was the name of the Indian King who gave Alexander the Great so much trouble?" "Montezuma," replied Gibbon, with a curl of the lip, which was unobserved by the plodding writer. Goldsmith was in the act of writing from Gibbon's information, when the latter, pretending to recollect himself, gave the right name, "Porus."

The failure of the great scheme of the Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, was a sore discouragement to the unfortunate and struggling poet. He was dejected in proportion to the importance of his discomfiture. His friends, however, interposed for the purpose of procuring for him a pension from the Crown. But his former haughty independence, in refusing the sop-money of Dr. Scott, was on record against him; and at the very moment when Beattie was loaded with scholastic honours, and rewarded with a pension for his Essay on Truth, one of the most vapid and servile productions which were ever the object of partial applause, poor Goldsmith, the immortal author of the "Deserted Village," was passed by unnoticed. And, to add to the mortification of this repulse, he was accused of an unworthy jealousy of Beattie's success and distinction, and exposed to the unjust raillery of Dr. Johnson, who would never lose the chance of saying a good thing even at the expense of truth and justice. "Here's such a stir," said the poet, one day, in the doctor's presence, "about a fellow who has written one book, and I have written so many." "Ah," retorted Johnson, "it wants two and forty sixpences, you know, to make up a guinea."

But Goldsmith, who felt how pointless this shaft was against him, was far more annoyed that his more congenial friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, should have condescended to pander to a proselytish rage in painting the portrait of Beattie, in his full robes, with the Essay on Truth under his arm, and the Angel of Truth by his side, whilst Voltaire was represented as the demon of darkness and falsehood in the back ground. "It is unworthy of you," said Goldsmith, one day, reproachfully to Sir Joshua, "to debase so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Beattie. Beattie and his book will be forgotten in ten years, while Voltaire's fame will last for ever. Take care it does not perpetuate this picture to the shame of such a man as you."

Doubly disappointed, poor Goldsmith returned to his hopeless toil to find it more irksome than ever. His thoughts were now so constantly distracted by the painful reflections on his condition, that he often abandoned his work in despair. Under the

double influence of mental distress and exacerbated disease, he grew, at times, almost peevish, fretful, and irritable. In society, he was no longer the loudest and merriest talker, as heretofore, on all occasions. Now moody and silent, and now bursting suddenly into forced and affectedly boisterous mirth, those who were not in the secrets of his state, mistook the effect of suffering for caprice. Too proud to solicit the assistance of his friends, and unwilling, perhaps, to reveal the whole truth of his embarrassments, he was never communicative except to a few chosen associates. Unlike the former summers, the season of 1773 was spent in London, and when the town was empty, he found himself abandoned by all his friends, except Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was often with him. On the fourth of August, they went to Vauxhall together. But the lively scene in which he had formerly forgotten all his grievances, was now powerless to rouse him from the gloom which was besetting him. Towards the autumn, Cradock came to town to secure for his wife the advice of an able dentist, and, of course, spent the greater part of his time with the poet. But he found him sorely altered; and after much reflection, suggested as an expedient, that he should republish an edition of the two poems, the "Traveller" and the "Deserted Village," with notes, by subscription, thus affording his wealthy and aristocratic admirers an opportunity of relieving him without the appearance of offering alms. Goldsmith readily gave up his private copies to his friend, bidding him do as he pleased. Flushed with a transient gleam of hope in this scheme, poor Goldsmith set about gathering up all the notes and memoranda which had been collected for his proposed Dictionary, and entertained the idea of adapting them for a work, entitled a "Survey of Experimental Philosophy." But, alas! the plan of the subscription fell to the ground, and with it the new undertaking, in which Goldsmith had only been sustained by this one expectation.

The last intercourse between Cradock and Goldsmith took place at the lodgings of the former in Norfolk-street, whither he had invited the poet to dine with him. The invitation was accepted on the special agreement that he should be humoured in eating or abstaining, according to the inclination of the moment. During the whole evening he was restless and uneasy, and having remained at Cradock's till midnight, his friend accompanied him as far as Temple Bar, and there parted with him for ever. The next morning, Cradock started for Leicestershire, and Goldsmith remained in London the whole of the autumn. On the 20th of November, at the opening of the Opera, Mrs. Yates, an actress who was held in high estimation by the poet, delivered an exordium in verse, which elicited great applause, and which was from his pen.

Thus the dreary autumn crawled along, until one more happy interval was to brighten up the closing scene of the poet's

career. Towards Christmas, he received the same kind invitation as on former years, to spend the holidays at Barton. But he had no friends to equip him, nor to defray the expenses of his journey. Yet the only redeeming forecast of his existence—the happy fireside of Barton in the place of the gloomy loneliness of the Temple—the bright smile of the “Jessamy Bride,” and all the thousand allurements of that brief prospect—could not be foregone at any cost. In this dilemma, he applied to Garrick, whose former advance of forty pounds was as yet unpaid, for a further supply of sixty pounds, in security for which, besides Newbery’s note, he offered to transfer the comedy of the “Good-Natured man,” with whatever alterations the manager should propose, to Drury Lane. Garrick evaded the proposal relatively to the transfer of the old play, but indicated significantly his expectation of a new one, of which Goldsmith had previously spoken, and ended by consenting to advance the sixty pounds on the poet’s own acceptance.

Overflowing with gratitude towards the considerate manager, the poet wrote to him in the warmest terms of acknowledgment, and started forthwith to forget, if he could once more, the vexations and desolation of his chambers, in the delightful society of the Hornecks.

It were well if we could close our story with this passage, and exclude the melancholy picture which followed it. For, from the brief interval of joy and relaxation at Barton, poor Goldsmith was soon constrained to return to his hopeless toil again. In the beginning of the year 1774, we find him completing his “History of Animated Nature,” preparing an abridged and condensed edition of the “History of England,” in one volume, for the use of schools, revising his “Inquiry into Polite Learning” for a paltry consideration of five pounds, arranging his survey of “Experimental Philosophy,” and translating the Comic Romance of Scarron. Suddenly starting from this depressive toil, we find him again rushing with morbid eagerness into dissipation, accompanied only by the sympathetic and devoted friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who alone knew how little he was really entering into the giddy whirl of gaiety. Then, as suddenly changing his method, we hear of sumptuous entertainments given by him to his friends and associates, Johnson and Reynolds in particular, at his chambers. To such an excess, indeed, on one occasion did he carry the extravagance of luxury at his table, that his best friends but reluctantly tasted the first course, and when the second was served, actually declined to partake of it. Unable to secure either mental or bodily ease in this reckless career of false gaiety, we next hear of him adopting the wholesome but tardy resolution of retiring from the bustle of London, to the quiet and retirement of country quarters at Hyde. Accordingly, in the month of March, he disposed of his lease of the chambers in the Temple, and removed to his new lodgings. It

was at this period, that an apparently trivial circumstance was productive of one of his most pointed and humorous of his productions, entitled the "Retaliation," which, however, was never completed. He was attached to a temporary association of men of talent, of whom many were members of the Literary Club, who occasionally met at the St. James's Coffee House, to dine together. True to his characteristic tardiness, he was usually the last to arrive. On one occasion, when he was very late, the members present took a fancy to indite epitaphs on him as "*The late Mr. Goldsmith,*" of which the only one which has been preserved emanated from Garrick. It was this:—

"Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,  
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor poll."

Alive to the sallies levelled at him, and to Garrick's in particular, but slow at repartee, he abstained from extemporaneous retort, but brooded over his recrimination. With this object, he determined to string together a series of epigrammatic sketches, to be gathered under one head and entitled the "Retaliation," in which he handled the foibles, or praised the merits of all his associates, with that humorous but kindly satire, and warm tone of admiration, by which his writing was ever distinguishable from the venomous sarcasms of ungenerous and caustic critics, and from the grovelling adulation of sycophants.

It was in the midst of his grateful testimony to the kindness, sympathy, and constant friendship of Reynolds, as to the many virtues and striking genius of the great artist, that his malady suddenly arrested his head and hand. An unexpected return of the local complaint with which he had long been affected, combined with the utter prostration of his frame and constitution, rendered it necessary that he should return to town for careful attendance. The local complaint, indeed, was subdued, but was succeeded by a low, nervous fever. So little was he aware of his dangerous condition, that he had appointed to meet Charles Fox and Sir Charles Bunbury (a connexion of his friends at Barton) at the Literary Club, on the 25th of March. In the afternoon of that day, he became so much worse as to be constrained to take to his bed. He never left it afterwards. For several days, hopes were entertained of his recovery; but in spite of the advice of his very able medical attendants, he persisted in the use of James's Powders. His appetite had completely failed him, and the harassing reflections which haunted him kept him sleepless. He rapidly sunk, his mind retaining its clearness to the last. In answer to a question put to him by one of his physicians, he admitted that his mind was ill at ease. It was the last time he spoke. From that moment he was too weak to talk, and he apparently took no notice of what was said to him. At last he sunk into a profound sleep, and hopes were entertained that his malady had taken a favorable turn; but he



awoke in violent convulsions, which finally ceased with his breath at five o'clock in the morning on the fourth of April, 1774.

Few of his friends or literary associates had felt how essential he was to their meetings and their society, until they had lost him. He was lamented throughout the world of letters, and his immediate friends were more afflicted at the loss than many would have been at the death of a near relation. Burke, on hearing the intelligence, burst into tears. Sir Joshua Reynolds cast aside his pencil, and grieved deeply and moodily. M'Donnell, whom he had erewhile employed as his amanuensis, wept bitterly; and Johnson pondered on the news in moody silence.

Even his tailor, Mr. Filby, evinced more genuine affliction at the news of the poet's death, than at the loss of his account. All his tradespeople, even those who were heavy and losing creditors, spoke of him with regret, and without a word of censure. But, of all the mourners, there was perhaps one, whose tender tribute of admiration would have more nearly and dearly touched the poet's heart could he have witnessed it, than the sincerest sorrows of all the rest. After the coffin had been screwed down, a lock of his hair was requested for a lady, a particular friend, who wished to preserve this memento of the poet. The petitioner was no less a person than the lovely and enchanting "Jessamy Bride" herself. The coffin was re-opened, and a lock cut off, to be treasured with the greatest care in the pride of youth and beauty, and through the distant years of a vigorous and verdant old age, until the day of her death:—and she outlived him full sixty years.

The first impulse of his friends was to have prepared a sumptuous funeral, to do honour to his ashes, and to furnish him with a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. But Deans and Chapters are not idolaters of genius: they pay more deference to gold than to intelligence; and as the poor poet had left no assets, save poetry and prose, and debts amounting to nearly two thousand pounds, it was impossible to buy the holy resting place, or the pompous obsequies, without taxing his friends and former companions. The pall bearers who had been so hastily named, viz. Lord Shelburne, Lord Lowth, Sir J. Reynolds, Beauclerc, Burke, and Garrick, had but a sinecure in their nomination. At five o'clock, therefore, on Saturday evening the 9th of April, he was privately buried in the ground attached to the Temple Church. The chief mourner was Palmer, afterwards Dean of Cashel, nephew of Sir J. Reynolds. But amongst those who wept most bitterly over his tomb, all were equally surprised to see his old persecutor and rival, Hugh Kelly. We pass with disdain over the scurrilous and monstrous epitaph issued by the coarse and cowardly Kenrick, to defame the deceased poet after his death; for it was not long before his former associates of the Literary Club, canvassed a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory in Poet's Corner.



The monument was executed by Nollekins, consisting simply of a bust in profile, in high relief upon a medallion. It was placed in the area of a pointed arch, over the south door, in Poet's Corner, between the tablets of Gay and the Duke of Argyle. Johnson wrote a Latin epitaph, which, after much discussion amongst his friends, and after a round-robin had been signed in support of an English inscription, was at length assented to, and was inscribed as follows on the white marble tablet beneath the bust:—

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH\*  
 Poetæ, Physici, Historici,  
 Qui nullum fere scribendi genus  
     Non tetigit,  
 Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:  
     Sive risus essent movendi,  
     Sive lacrymæ,  
 Affectuum potens at lenis dominator:  
 Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis.  
 Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus:  
 Hoc monumento memoriam coluit  
     Sodalium amor,  
     Amicorum fides,  
     Lectorum veneratio.  
 Natus in Hiberniâ Fornîæ Longfordiensis,  
     In loco cui nomen Pallas,  
     Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI;  
     Eblanæ literis institutus;  
     Obiit Londini,  
     April IV. MDCCCLXXIV.

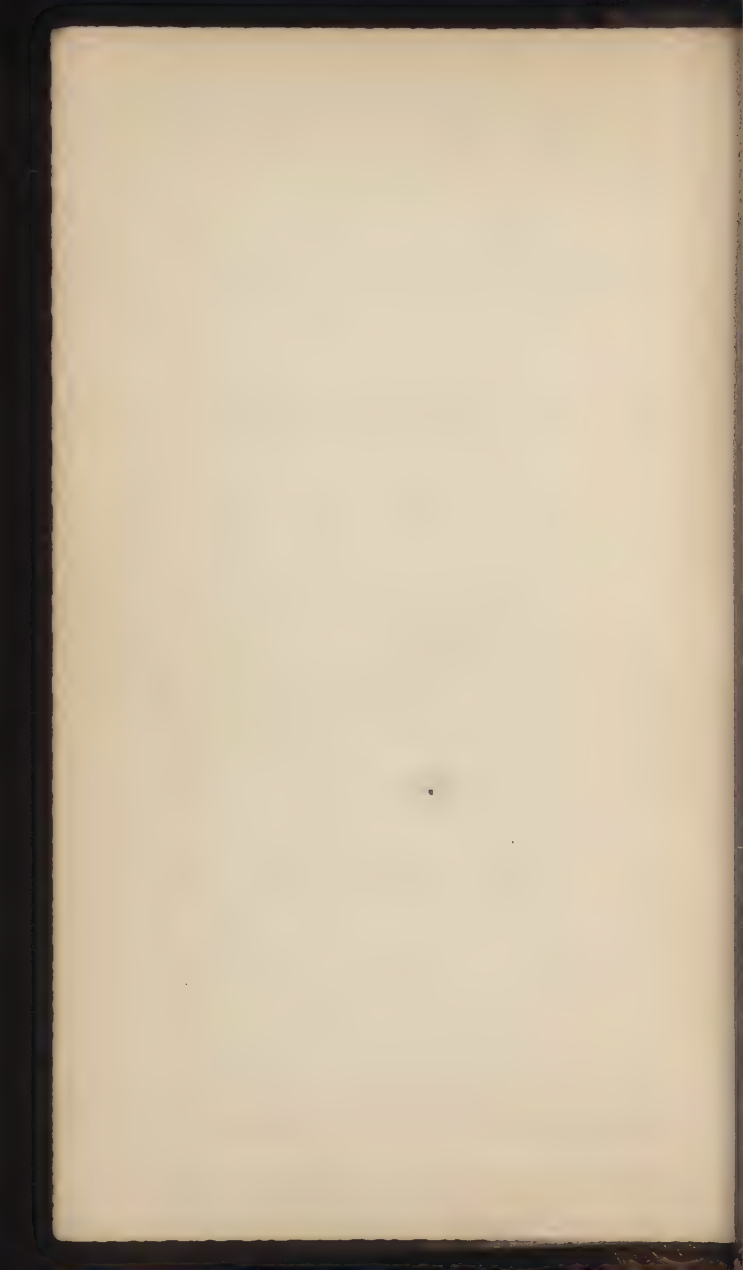
\* We add the following translation for the convenience of the reader.

OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH  
 Poet, Philosopher, Historian,  
 Who left scarcely any style  
     untouched,  
 And touched nothing without adorning;  
 Whether laughter was to be promoted,  
     Or tears drawn,  
 He was a potent yet tender ruler of the feelings,  
 In conception, sublime, vivid, versatile,  
     In diction, elevated, clear, elegant,  
     The love of companions,  
     The fidelity of friends,  
     And the veneration of readers,  
 Have in this monument recorded the memory.  
 Born in Ireland, at Forney, county of Longford,  
     At a place called Pallas,  
     Nov. 29, 1731.  
     Died in London,  
     April 4, 1774.

#### NOTICE.

The "LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH," by WASHINGTON IRVING, has been epitomised in the foregoing biographical sketch. Stripped of all the superfluous matter, it contains all that is of interest; and has been rendered only less bulky, less wearisome, and more convenient.

Poems.



# THE TRAVELLER;

OR,

## A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY:

A POEM.

(First printed in 1765.)

---

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH:

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity with an income of forty pounds a-year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting

and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests, and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



## THE TRAVELLER.\*

---

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;  
Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor  
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;  
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;  
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee ;  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;  
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire  
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;  
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;  
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent and care ;  
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;  
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;  
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;  
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,  
Look downward where a hundred realms appear ;  
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,  
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride

When thus Creation's charms around combine,  
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?

\* Printed from the last edition published in the life-time of the author.

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?  
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,  
 These little things are great to little man;  
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind  
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.  
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;  
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;  
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;  
 Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale;  
 For me your tributary stores combine:  
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;  
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;  
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
 Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies:  
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small;  
 And oft I wish amidst the scene, to find  
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,  
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,  
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below  
 Who can direct when all pretend to know?  
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone  
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own:  
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
 And his long nights of revelry and ease:  
 The naked negro, panting at the line,  
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
 Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,  
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.  
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,  
 His first, best country, ever is at home.  
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
 And estimate the blessings which they share,  
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind:  
 As different good, by art or nature given,  
 To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,  
 Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;  
 With food as well the peasant is supplied  
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;  
 And though the rocky-crested summits frown,  
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.  
 From art more various are the blessings sent;  
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.

Yet these each other's power so strong contest,  
 That either seems destructive of the rest.  
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails ;  
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.  
 Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,  
 Conforms and models life to that alone ;  
 Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,  
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;  
 Till, carried to excess in each domain,  
 This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,  
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies  
 Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,  
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,  
 Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,  
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,  
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;  
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;  
 While oft some temple's mouldering tops between  
 With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
 The sons of Italy were surely blest :  
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,  
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;  
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;  
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die :  
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,  
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;  
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,  
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,  
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.  
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear :  
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.  
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;  
 Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;  
 Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue :  
 And even in penance planning sins anew.  
 All evils here contaminate the mind,  
 That opulence departed leaves behind ;  
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date  
 When Commerce proudly flourish'd through the state ;  
 At her command the palace learnt to rise ;  
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;  
 The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm ;  
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form :

Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,  
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;  
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,  
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave ;  
And late the nation found with fruitless skill,  
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied  
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;  
From these the feeble heart, and long-fall'n mind,  
An easy compensation seem to find.  
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,  
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade ;  
Processions formed for piety and love,  
A mistress or a saint in every grove.  
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd ;  
The sports of children satisfy the child :  
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,  
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;  
While low delights succeeding fast behind,  
In happier meanness occupy the mind :  
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,  
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,  
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;  
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,  
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.  
My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey,  
Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;  
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,  
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.  
No product here the barren hills afford,  
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.  
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;  
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,  
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
To make him loath his vegetable meal :  
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.  
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;  
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep ;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,  
 And drags the struggling savage into day.  
 At night returning, every labour sped,  
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;  
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;  
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,  
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board,  
 And haply too some pilgrim thither led,  
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,  
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;  
 And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,  
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :  
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;  
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;  
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confined :  
 Yet let them only share the praises due ;  
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few :  
 For every want that stimulates the breast,  
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest,  
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,  
 That first excites desire and then supplies ;  
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,  
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;  
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,  
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.  
 Their level life is but a mouldering fire,  
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;  
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer  
 On some high festival of once a year,  
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,  
 Till buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;  
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;  
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son  
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run ;  
 And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart  
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.  
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast  
 May sit, like falcons, cowering on the nest ;  
 But all the gentler morals, such as play  
 Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,  
 These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,  
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.



To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,  
 I turn; and France displays her bright domain.  
 Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,  
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,  
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!  
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,  
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:  
 And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,  
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;  
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,  
 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.  
 Alike all ages; dames of ancient days  
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze;  
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,  
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display;  
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away:  
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,  
 For honour forms the social temper here.  
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,  
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,  
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,  
 In shifts, in splendid traffic, round his land.  
 From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,  
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;  
 They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem,  
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,  
 It gives their follies also room to rise;  
 For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,  
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;  
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
 Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry heart,  
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;  
 Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;  
 Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year;  
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,  
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.  
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,  
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.  
 Onward methinks, and diligently slow,  
 The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow:

Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,  
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :  
 While the pent Ocean rising o'er the pile,  
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;  
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,  
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
 A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil  
 Impels the native to repeated toil,  
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,  
 And industry begets a love of gain.  
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,  
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,  
 Are here display'd. The much lov'd wealth imparts  
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;  
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,  
 Even liberty itself is barter'd here.  
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,  
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys :  
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,  
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,  
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,  
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !  
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;  
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow.  
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,  
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;  
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,  
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.  
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
 There gentle music melts on every spray ;  
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,  
 Extremes are only in the master's mind.  
 Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,  
 With daring aims irregularly great.  
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
 I see the lords of human-kind pass by ;  
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,  
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
 True to imagin'd right, above control,  
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,  
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;  
 Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,  
 But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy ;

That independence Britons prize too high,  
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie.  
 The self-dependant lordlings stand alone,  
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;  
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,  
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd,  
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,  
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,  
 Till over-wrought the general system feels  
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,  
 As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,  
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,  
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.  
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,  
 And talent sinks and merit weeps unknown;  
 Till time may come, when stripp'd of all her charms,  
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,  
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,  
 Where king's have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,  
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,  
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,  
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.  
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,  
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire;  
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to fee,  
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;  
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone  
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun:  
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,  
 I only would repress them to secure;  
 For just experience tells, in every soil,  
 That those that think must govern those that toil;  
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,  
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.  
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,  
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,  
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires:  
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,  
 Except when fast approaching danger warms:  
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,  
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own;  
 When I behold a factious band agree  
 To call it freedom when themselves are free:  
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,  
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;  
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,  
 Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;

Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,  
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart :  
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour  
When first ambition struck at regal power ;  
And, thus polluting honour in its source.  
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.  
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,  
Her useless sons exchang'd for useless ore ;  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,  
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ;  
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,  
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
In barren solitary pomp repose ?  
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling long-frequented village fall !  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays  
Through tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways ;  
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim ;  
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find  
That bliss which only centres in the mind :  
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,  
To seek a good each government bestows ?  
In every government though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !  
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find :  
With secret course which no loud storms annoy,  
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.  
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.  
To men remote from power but rarely known,  
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

# THE DESERTED VILLAGE:

A POEM.

*(First printed in 1769.)*

---

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire: but I know you will object, (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion,) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here



attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room; and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head; and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to tastes by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

---

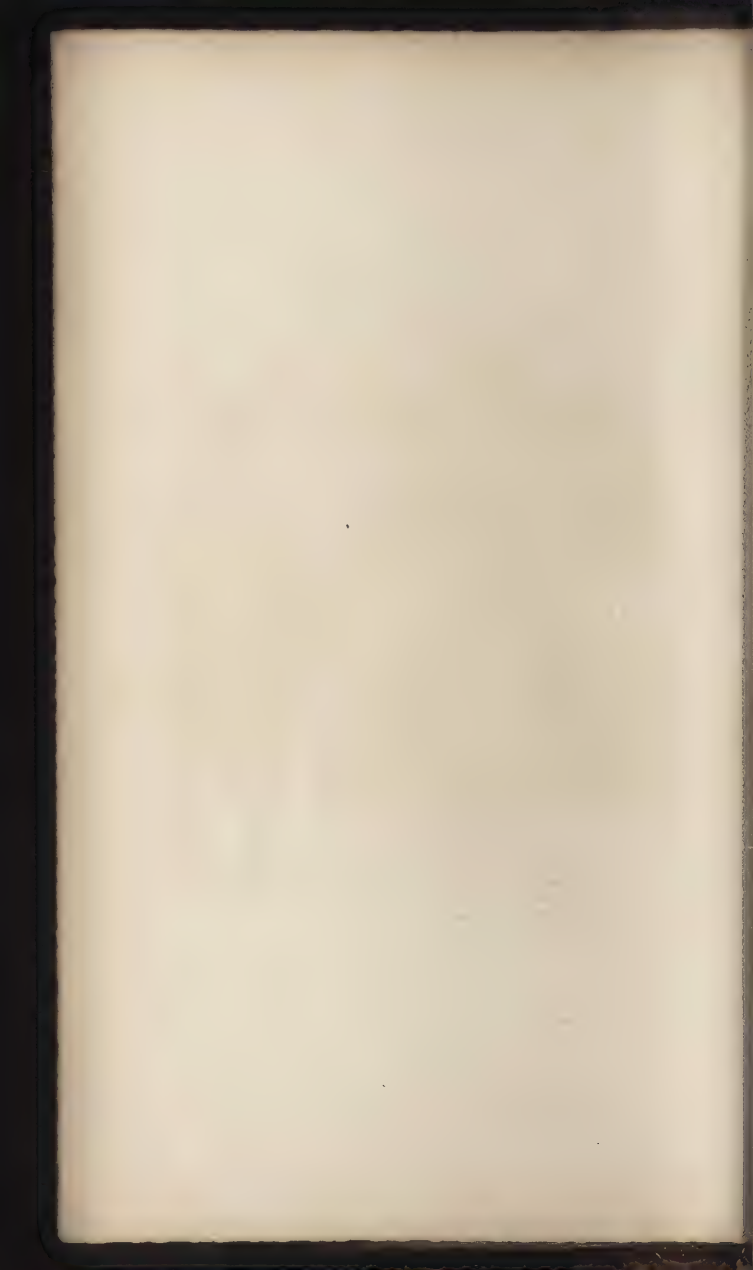
## THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

---

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd ;  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please ;  
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
While humble happiness endear'd each scene !  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent Church that topt the neighb'ring hill ;  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made !  
How often have I bless'd the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree !  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old survey'd ;  
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round ;  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd.  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
By holding out to tire each other down ;  
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,  
While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;  
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love ;  
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove ;  
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these  
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,  
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.  
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And Desolation saddens all thy green :



The Hawthorn bush, with roots beneath its shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made."



One only master grasps the whole domain,  
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;  
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;  
 Sunk are thy bowels in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;  
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.  
 A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
 When every rood of ground maintained its man;  
 For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,  
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:  
 His best companions innocence and health;  
 And his best riches ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train  
 Usurp the land, and disposses the swain;  
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
 Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;  
 And every want to luxury allied,  
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
 Those gentler hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,  
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,  
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;  
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,  
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,  
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings through this world of care,  
 In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—  
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flames from wasting by repose:



I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:  
 And, as a hare when hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

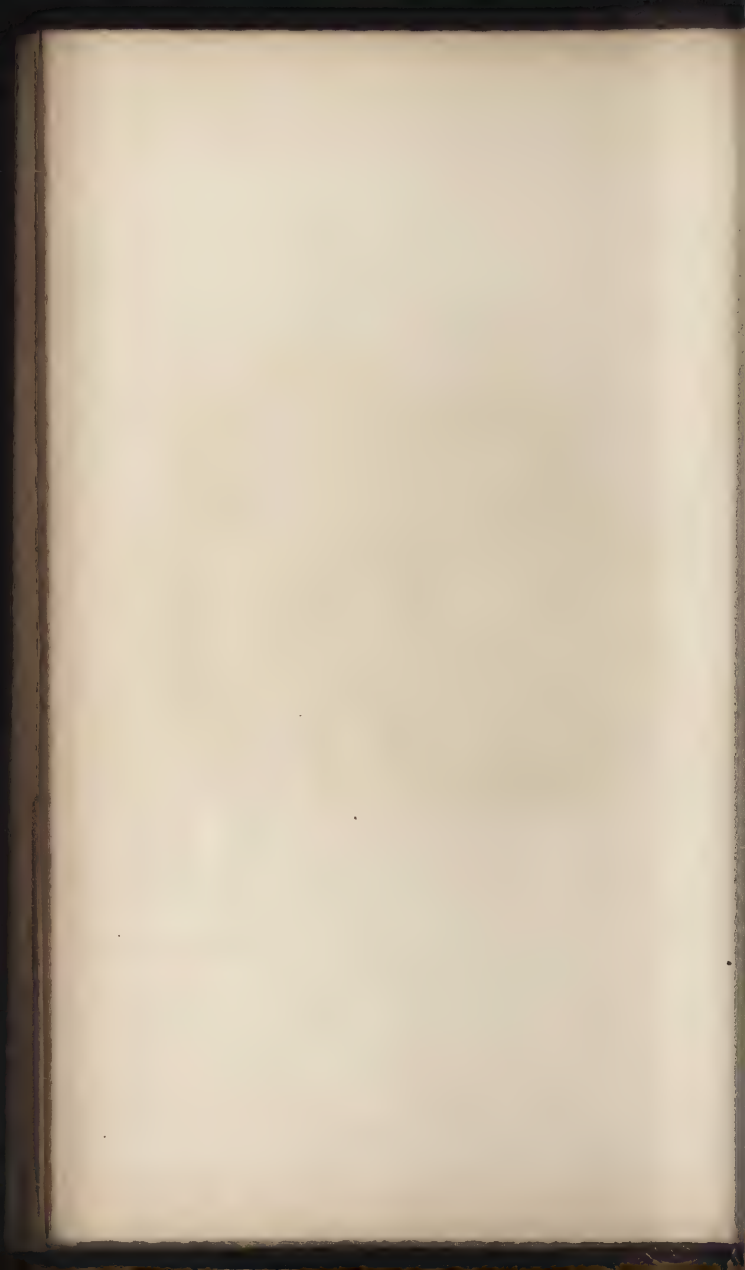
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreat from cares, that never must be mine,  
 How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,  
 A youth of labour with an age of ease:  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep!  
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way;  
 And, while his prospects bright'ning to the last,  
 His heav'n commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's close,  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingled notes came soften'd from below;  
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school,  
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whist'ring wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spake the vacant mind;  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.  
 But now the sound of population fail,  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,  
 But all the blooming flush of life is fled:  
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,  
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;  
 She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;  
 She only left of all the harmless train,  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild.



You widowd solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the splashy spring.



There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was, to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a-year,  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;  
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power  
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;  
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain:  
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
 The ruin'd spendthrift now no longer proud,  
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;  
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.  
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan.  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;  
 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies;  
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns dismay'd,  
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
 And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
 Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,  
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;  
 Their farewell pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd:  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school?  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew.  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laugh'd with counterfieted glee  
At all his jokes, for many a yoke had he:  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frowned:  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault:  
The village all declar'd how much he knew;  
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could gauge;  
In arguing too the parson owned his skill,  
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still;  
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,  
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,  
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head should carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,  
Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil, retir'd;  
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlour-splendours of that festive place;  
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnish'd clock, that click'd behind the door:  
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all  
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?



Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair,  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care :  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;  
 No more the smith his dusty brow shall clear,  
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.  
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;  
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd :  
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,  
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;  
 And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
 The art distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey  
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
 Between a splendid and a happy land.  
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;  
 Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish, abound,  
 And rich men flock from all the world around.  
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name  
 That leaves our useful products still the same.  
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride  
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;  
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;  
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken cloth,  
 Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth ;  
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;  
 Around the world each needful product flies,  
 For all the luxuries the world supplies ;  
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasures all,  
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,  
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,

Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,  
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;  
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,  
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
 In all the glaring impotence of dress :  
 Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd :  
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,  
 But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,  
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;  
 While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,  
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;  
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,  
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?  
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there ?  
 To see profusion that he must not share ;  
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd  
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind :  
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,  
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe ;  
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;  
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pouns display,  
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way :  
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,  
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;  
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
 Such scenes like these no trouble e'er annoy !  
 Sure these denote one universal joy !—  
 Are these thy serious thoughts ? ah, turn thine eyes  
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.  
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
 Has wept at tales of innocence distrest ;  
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.  
 Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,  
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,  
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,  
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?

Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.  
Far different there from all that charm'd before,  
The various terrors of that horrid shore;  
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day:  
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,  
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,  
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;  
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,  
And savage men more murd'rous still than they:  
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.  
Far different these from every former scene,  
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green;  
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,  
That call'd them from their native walks away;  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,  
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main;  
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,  
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!  
The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.  
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
The fond companion of his helpless years,  
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
And left a lover's for a father's arms.  
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;  
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
In all the silent manliness of grief.—  
O luxury; thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,  
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!  
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,  
Boast of a florid vigour not their own ;  
At every draught large and more large they grow,  
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe ;  
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,  
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done ;  
Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,  
I see the rural Virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail  
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,  
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there ;  
And Piety with wishes plac'd above,  
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.  
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;  
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride  
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;  
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !  
Farewell ; and oh ! where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;  
Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain ;  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;  
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest ;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;  
While self-dependant power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

---

## THE HAUNCH OF VENISON;

A POETICAL EPISTLE

TO LORD CLARE.

*(First printed in 1765.)*

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter  
 Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter ;  
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,  
 The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy ;  
 Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting  
 To spoil such a delicate picture by eating :  
 I had thoughts, in my chamber to place it in view,  
 To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtù ;  
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,  
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show ;  
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,  
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.  
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,  
 This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce ?  
 Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,  
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.  
 But, my lord, it's no bounce : I protest in my turn,  
 It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.\*  
 To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,  
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,  
 So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,  
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.  
 Of the neck and the breast, I had next to dispose ;  
 'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's ;  
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,  
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.  
 There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,  
 I think they love venison—I know they love beef.  
 There's my countryman Higgins—Oh ! let him alone,  
 For making a blunder, or picking a bone.  
 But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,  
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat ;

\* Lord Clare's nephew.



Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,  
 It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.  
 While thus I debated, in reverie centred,  
 An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, enter'd ;  
 An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,  
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the ven'son and me.  
 'What have we got here?—Why this is good eating !  
 Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting ?  
 'Why whose should it be ?' cried I, with a founce :  
 'I get these things often'—but that was a bounce :  
 'Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,  
 Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.'  
 'If that be the case then,' cried he, very gay,  
 'I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.  
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;  
 No words—I insist on't—precisely at three :  
 We'll have Johnson, and Burke, all the wits will be there ;  
 My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.  
 And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,  
 We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.  
 What say you ? a pasty, it shall and it must,  
 And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.  
 Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end :  
 No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend !'  
 Thus, snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,  
 And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.  
 Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,  
 And 'nobody with me at sea but myself ;'\*  
 Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,  
 Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,  
 Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,  
 Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.  
 So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,  
 I drove to his door, in my own hackney coach.  
 When come to the place where we all were to dine  
 (A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine),  
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,  
 With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come ;  
 'For I knew it,' he cried, 'both eternally fail,  
 The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale ;  
 But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,  
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.  
 The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,  
 They're both of them merry, and authors like you ;  
 The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge ;  
 Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.'  
 While thus he described them by trade and by name,  
 They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

\* See the letters between Henry Duke of Cumberland, and  
 Lady Grosvenor ; 12mo. 1769.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen ;  
 At the bottom was tripe in a swingeing tureen ;  
 At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot :  
 In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.  
 Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,  
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian.  
 So there I sat, stuck, like a horse in a pound,  
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round :  
 But what vexed me most, was that d—'d Scottish rogue,  
 With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue ;  
 And, 'Madam,' quoth he, 'may this bit be my poison,  
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;  
 Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst  
 But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.'  
 'The tripe,' quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek.  
 'I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week :  
 I like these here dinners so pretty and small :  
 But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all.'  
 'O ho !' quoth my friend, 'he'll come on in a trice,  
 He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :  
 'There's pasty.'—'A pasty !' repeated the Jew :  
 'I don't care if I keep a corner for't too.'  
 'What the de'il mon, a pasty ?' re-echoed the Scot ;  
 'Though splitting I'll still keep a corner for that.'  
 'We'll all keep a corner,' the lady cried out ;  
 'We'll all keep a corner,' was echoed about.  
 While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,  
 With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid ;  
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,  
 Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.  
 But we quickly found out (for who could mistake her ?)  
 That she came with some terrible news from the baker :  
 And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven  
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.  
 Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—  
 And now that I think on't, the story may stop.  
 To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour mispiac'd,  
 To send such good verses to one of your taste ;  
 You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—  
 A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;  
 At least, it's your temper as very well known,  
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own :  
 So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,  
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

---

# RETALIATION:

A POEM.

(First printed in 1774, after the Author's death.)

[Dr Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.]

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,  
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united:  
If our landlord\* supplies us with beef and with fish,  
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish.  
Our dean† shall be venison, just fresh from the plains,  
Our Burke‡ shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains,  
Our Will§ shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour,  
And Dick|| with his pepper shall heighten the savour:  
Our Cumberland's¶ sweet-bread its place shall obtain,  
And Douglas\*\* is pudding, substantial and plain:  
Our Garrick's†† a salad; for in him we see  
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:  
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,  
That Ridge‡‡ is anchovy, and Reynolds§§ is lamb;  
That Hickney's||| a capon, and by the same rule,  
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.

\* The master of St. James's coffee-house, where the doctor, and his friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.

† Doctor Bernard, dean of Derry, in Ireland.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke.

§ Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and Member for Bedwin.

|| Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Granada.

¶ Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

\*\* Doctor Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's *History of the Popes*.

†† David Garrick, Esq.

‡‡ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

§§ Sir Joshua Reynolds.

||| An eminent attorney.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,  
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last !  
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,  
 Till all my companions sink under the table ;  
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,  
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.  
 Here lies the good dean,\* re-united to earth,  
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth :  
 If he had any faults he has left us in doubt ;  
 At least, in six weeks I could not find e'm out ;  
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,  
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em,

Here lies our good Edmund,† whose genius was such,  
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much ;  
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,  
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ;  
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat  
 To persuade Tommy Townshend‡ to lend him a vote ;  
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining  
 And thought of convincing while they thought of dining ;  
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,  
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;  
 For a patriot, too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient ;  
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.  
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir  
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William,§ whose heart was a mint,  
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't ;  
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,  
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;  
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,  
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;  
 Would you ask for his merits ? alas ! he had none ;  
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at ;  
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !  
 What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim !  
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb ;||  
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball ;  
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all.  
 In short so provoking a devil was Dick,  
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old Nick ;  
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,  
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

\* Vide page 26.

+ Ibid.

‡ Mr. T. Townshend, Member for Whitchurch.

§ Vide page 26.

|| Mr. Richard Burke ; vide page 26. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor had rallied him on these accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Here Cumberland\* lies, having acted his parts,  
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;  
 A flattering painter, who made it his care  
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.  
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,  
 And Comedy wonders at being so fine :  
 Like a tragedy-queen he has dizen'd her out,  
 Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.  
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd  
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud ;  
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,  
 Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.  
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?  
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?  
 Say, was it that, vainly directing his view,  
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,  
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,  
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas† retires from his toils to relax,  
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks ;  
 Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,  
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines.  
 When satire and censure encircled his throne,  
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own :  
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,  
 Our Dodds‡ shall be pious, our Kenricks§ shall lecture  
 Macpherson|| write bombast, and call it a style,  
 Our Townshend¶ make speeches, and I shall compile ;  
 New Lauders and Bowers\*\* the Tweed shall cross over,  
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;  
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,  
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark

Here lies David Garrick,†† describe him who can,  
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;  
 As an actor confest without rival to shine  
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :  
 Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,  
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.  
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,  
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.  
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;  
 'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.  
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,  
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day ;

\* Vide page 26.

† Ibid.

‡ The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

§ Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil's Tavern, under the title of 'The School of Shakspeare.'

|| James Macpherson, Esq., who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

¶ Vide page 27.

\*\* Vide page 26.

†† Ibid.



Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick  
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :  
 He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack ;  
 For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.  
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,  
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;  
 'Till, his relish grown callous, almost to disease,  
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.  
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind :  
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.  
 Ye Kenricks,\* ye Kellys,† and Woodfalls,‡ so grave,  
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave !  
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,  
 While he was be-Roscius'd and you were be-prais'd !  
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,  
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies :  
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,  
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;  
 Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,  
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys§ above.

Here Hickey|| reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,  
 And slander itself must allow him good-nature :  
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper,  
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.  
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser :  
 I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.  
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?  
 His very worst foe, can't accuse him of that.  
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,  
 And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah no !  
 Then what was his failing ? come tell it, and burn ye,  
 He was—could he help it ?—a special attorney.

Here Reynolds¶ is laid, and, to tell you my mind,  
 He has not left a wiser, or better behind ;  
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;  
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;  
 Still born to improve us in every part,  
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :  
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering ;  
 When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of hearing  
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,  
 He shifted his trumpet,\*\* and only took snuff.

\* Vide page 28.

† Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.*

‡ Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

§ Vide above.

|| Vide page 27.

¶ Ibid.

\*\* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

## POSTSCRIPT.

[After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord,\* from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith.]

HERE Whitefoord reclines; and deny it who can,  
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave† man:  
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!  
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun,  
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;  
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;  
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;  
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill;  
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;  
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind  
Should so long be to newspaper-essays confin'd!  
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,  
Yet content 'if the table he set in a roar;  
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,  
Yet happy if Woodfall‡ confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper-witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!  
Who copied his squibs and re-echoed his jokes;  
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,  
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb;  
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,  
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;  
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)  
*Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press.*§

Merry Whitefoord farewell! for thy sake I admit  
That a Scot may have honour, I had almost said wit;  
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,  
'Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd muse.'

\* Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

† Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Dr. Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company without being infected with the itch of punning.

‡ Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

§ Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under these titles in the Public Advertiser.

## THE HERMIT:

A BALLAD.

*(First printed in 1765.)*

[The following Letter, addressed to the Printer of the 'St. James's Chronicle,' appeared in that Paper, in June, 1767.]

SIR,

As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing: and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## THE HERMIT.

'TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,  
And guide my lonely way,  
To where yon taper cheers the vale  
With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
With fainting steps and slow ;  
Where wilds immeasurably spread,  
Seem length'ning as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the Hermit cries,  
'To tempt the dangerous gloom,  
For yonder faithless phantom flies  
To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houseless child of want  
My door is open still ;  
And though my portion is but scant,  
I give it with good will.

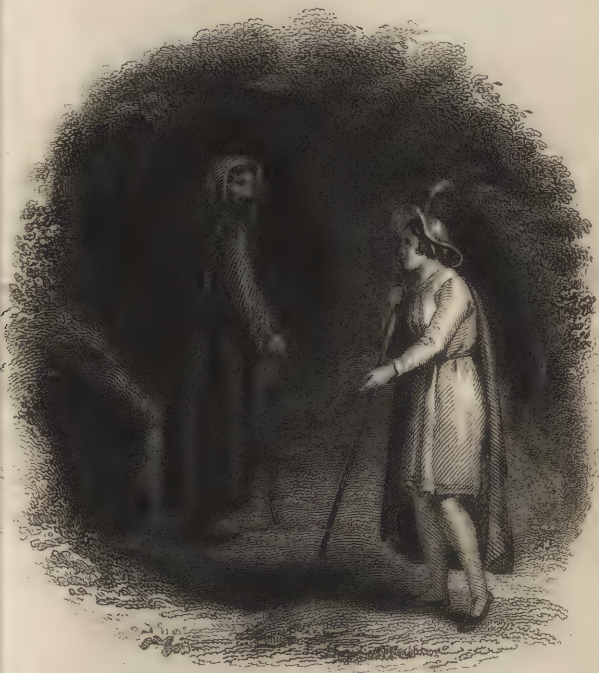
'Then turn to night, and freely share  
Whate'er my cell bestows ;  
My rushy couch and frugal fare  
My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free,  
To slaughter I condemn :  
Taught by that Power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them :

'But from the mountain's grassy side  
A guiltless feast I bring ;  
A scrip with fruits and herbs supplied,  
And water from the spring.

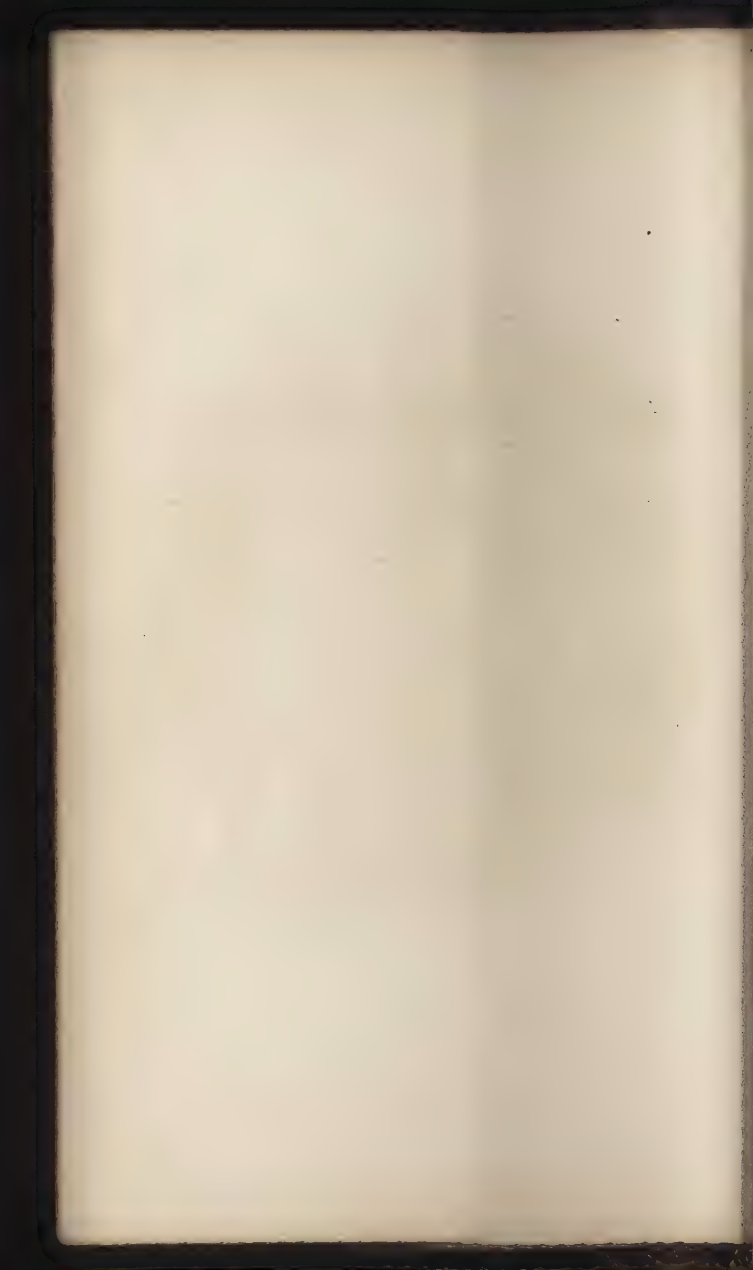
'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,  
All earth-born cares are wrong ;  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,  
His gentle accents fell :  
The modest stranger lowly bends,  
And follows to the cell.



Turn gentle Hermit of the dale,  
And guide my lonely way.





Far in a wilderness obscure,  
The lonely mansion lay ;  
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,  
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch,  
Requir'd a master's care ;  
The wicket op'ning with a latch,  
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire  
To take their evening rest,  
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,  
And gaily press'd and smil'd ;  
And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth  
Its tricks the kitten tries ;  
The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;  
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,  
To soothe the stranger's woe ;  
For grief was heavy at his heart,  
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,  
With answering care opprest :  
And, ' Whence, unhappy youth, ' he cried,  
' The sorrows of thy breast ?

' From better habitations spurn'd,  
Reluctant dost thou rove ;  
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
Or unregarded love ?

' Alas ! the joys that fortune brings  
Are trifling, and decay :  
And those who prize the paltry things,  
More trifling still than they.

' And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep ;  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep ;

'And love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest ;  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth ! thy sorrows hush,  
And spurn the sex,' he said :  
But while he spoke, a rising blush  
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,  
Swift mantling to the view ;  
Like colours o'er the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
Alternate spread alarms :  
The lovely stranger stands confest  
A maid in all her charms.

And, 'Ah, forgive a stranger rude,  
A wretch forlorn,' she cried ;  
'Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude  
Where heaven and you reside.

'But let a maid thy pity share,  
Whom love has taught to stray ;  
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
Companion of her way.

'My father liv'd beside the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he ;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,  
He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms,  
Unnumber'd suitors came ;  
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,  
And felt or feign'd a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd  
With richest proffers strove ;  
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,  
But never talk'd of love.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,  
No wealth or power had he ;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
But these were all to me.

'The blossom opening to the day,  
The dews of heav'n refin'd,  
Could nought of purity display,  
To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossoms of the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine ;  
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,  
Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain ;  
And, while his passion touch'd my heart,  
I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till, quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride ;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay :  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

'And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
I'll lay me down and die ;  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heaven !' the Hermit cried,  
And clasp'd her to his breast :  
The wandering fair-one turn'd to chide ;  
'Twas Edwin's self that prest !

'Turn Angelina, ever dear,  
My charmer, turn to see  
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
Restor'd to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
And every care resign :  
And shall we never, never part,  
My life—my all that's mine ?

'No, never from this hour to part,  
We'll live and love so true ;  
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,  
Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

## THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION:

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,  
 Jack Bookworm led a college life ;  
 A fellowship at twenty-five,  
 Made him the happiest man alive ;  
 He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,  
 And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,  
 Could any accident impair ?  
 Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix  
 Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six ?  
 O had the archer ne'er come down  
 To ravage in a country town,  
 Or Flavia had been content to stop  
 At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop !  
 O had her eyes forgot to blaze,  
 Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze !  
 O !——But let exclamation cease.  
 Her presence banish'd all his peace :  
 So, with decorum all things carried,  
 Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight  
 The raptures of the bridal night ?  
 Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,  
 Or draw the curtains clos'd around ?  
 Let it suffice, that each had charms :  
 He clasp'd a goddess in his arms ;  
 And, though she felt his usage rough,  
 Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew :  
 The second brought its transports too.  
 A third, a fourth, were not amiss,  
 The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss :  
 But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,  
 Jack found his goddess made of clay :  
 Found half the charms that deck'd her face  
 Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;  
 But still the worst remain'd behind,  
 That very face had robb'd her mind.



Skill'd in no other arts was she,  
 But dressing, patching, repartee ;  
 And, just as humour rose or fell,  
 By turns a slattern, or a belle ;  
 'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,  
 Half naked at a ball or race ;  
 But when at home, at board or bed,  
 Five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.  
 Could so much beauty condescend  
 To be a dull domestic friend ?  
 Could any curtain-lectures bring  
 To decency so fine a thing ?  
 In short, by night 'twas fits or fretting ;  
 By day 'twas gadding or coquetting.  
 Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy  
 Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee :  
 The 'squire and captain took their stations,  
 And twenty other near relations ;  
 Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke  
 A sigh in suffocating smoke ;  
 While all their hours were past between  
 Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,  
 He thinks her features coarser grown :  
 He fancies every vice she shews,  
 Or thins her lip, or points her nose :  
 Whenever rage or envy rise,  
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !  
 He knows not how, but so it is,  
 Her face is grown a knowing phiz ;  
 And, though her fops are wondrous civil,  
 He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,  
 As each a different way pursues,  
 While sullen or loquacious strife  
 Promised to hold them on for life,  
 That dire disease, whose ruthless power  
 Withers the beauty's transient flower,  
 Lo ! the small pox, whose horrid glare  
 Levell'd its terrors at the fair ;  
 And, rifling every youthful grace,  
 Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass grown hateful to her sight,  
 Reflected now a perfect fright ;  
 Each former art she vainly tries,  
 To bring back lustre to her eyes.  
 In vain she tries her paste and creams,  
 To smooth her skin, or hide its seams ;  
 Her country beaux and city cousins,  
 Lovers no more, flew off by dozens ;

The 'squire himself was seen to yield,  
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now, condemned to hack  
The rest of life with anxious Jack,  
Perceiving others fairly flown,  
Attempted pleasing him alone.  
Jack soon was dazzled to behold  
Her present face surpass the old;  
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,  
Humility displaces pride;  
For tawdry finery, is seen  
A person ever neatly clean;  
No more presuming on her sway,  
She learns good-nature every day:  
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,  
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty,

---

## THE GIFT:

TO IRIS,

IN BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

---

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,  
Dear mercenary beauty,  
What annual off'ring shall I make,  
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,  
Should I at once deliver,  
Say, would the angry fair-one prize  
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,  
My rivals give—and let 'em:  
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,  
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll, give—but not the full-blown rose,  
Or rose-bud more in fashion;  
Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose  
A transitory passion:

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,  
Not less sincere than civil:  
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,  
I'll give thee—to the devil.

## THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

(In imitation of Dean Swift.)

---

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd  
As rational the human mind :  
Reason, they say, belongs to man ;  
But let them prove it if they can.  
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,  
By ratiocinations specious,  
Have strove to prove with great precision,  
With definition and division,  
*Homo est ratione præditum* ;  
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,  
And must in spite of them maintain,  
That man and all his ways are vain ;  
And that this boasted lord of nature,  
Is both a weak and erring creature ;  
That instinct is a surer guide,  
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride ;  
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,  
*Deus est anima brutorum.*  
Who ever knew an honest brute  
At law his neighbour prosecute,  
Bring action for assault and battery,  
Or friends beguile with lies and flattery ?  
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,  
No politics disturb their mind ;  
They eat their meals, and take their sport,  
Nor know who's in or out at court.  
They never to the levee go,  
To treat as dearest friend a foe :  
They never importune his grace,  
Nor ever cringe to men in place ;  
Nor undertake a dirty job,  
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.  
Fraught with invective they ne'er go,  
To folks at Paternoster row :  
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,  
No pickpockets, or poetasters,  
Are known to honest quadrupeds ;  
No single brute his fellow leads.

Brutes never meet in bloody fray,  
 Nor cut each other's throats for pay.  
 Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape  
 Comes nearest us in human shape  
 Like man he imitates each fashion,  
 And malice is his ruling passion :  
 But both in malice and grimaces,  
 A courtier any ape surpasses.  
 Behold him, humbly, cringing wait  
 Upon the minister of state :  
 View him soon after to inferiors  
 Aping the conduct of superiors :  
 He promises with equal air,  
 And to perform takes equal care.  
 He in his turn finds imitators :  
 At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,  
 Their masters' manners still contract,  
 And footmen, lords, and dukes can act.  
 Thus at the court, both great and small  
 Behave alike, for all ape all.

---

ON A  
 BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND BY  
 LIGHTNING.

*(Imitated from the Spanish.)*

---

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,  
 Rather in pity than in hate,  
 That he should be, like Cupid blind,  
 To save him from Narcissus' fate.

---

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
 And finds too late that men betray,  
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
 To hide her shame from every eye,  
 To give repentance to her lover,  
 And wring his bosom—is to die.

## A NEW SIMILE.

*(In the manner of Swift.)*

LONG had I sought in vain to find  
 A likeness for the scribbling kind ;  
 The modern scribbling kind, who write  
 In wit, and sense, and nature's spite :  
 'Till reading, I forgot what day on,  
 A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,  
 I think I met with something there,  
 To suit my purpose to a hair.  
 But let us not proceed too furious :  
 First please to turn to god Mercurius :  
 You'll find him pictur'd at full length  
 In book the second, page the tenth :  
 The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,  
 And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,  
 Wings upon either side—mark that.  
 Well ! what is it from thence we gather ?  
 Why, these denote a brain of feather.  
 A brain of feather ! very right,  
 With wit that's flighty, learning light ;  
 Such as to modern bards decreed.  
 A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,  
 Wings grow again from both his shoes ;  
 Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,  
 And waft his godship through the air :  
 And here my simile unites,  
 For, in a modern poet's flights,  
 I'm sure it may be justly said,  
 His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,  
 Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand :  
 By classic authors term'd Caduceus,  
 And highly fam'd for several uses.  
 To wit most wondrously endu'd,  
 No poppy water half so good :



For, let folks only get a touch,  
 Its soporific virtue's such,  
 Though ne'er so much awake before.  
 That quickly they begin to snore :  
 Add too, what certain writers tell,  
 With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then :  
 His wand's a modern author's pen ;  
 The serpents round about it twin'd,  
 Denote him of the reptile kind ;  
 Denote the rage with which he writes,  
 His frothy slaver, venom'd bites ;  
 An equal semblance still to keep,  
 Alike, too, both conduce to sleep.  
 This difference only : as the god  
 Drove soul to Tartarus with his rod,  
 With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,  
 Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,  
 Yet grant a word by way of postscript.  
 Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing ;  
 Well ! what of that ? out with it—Stealing  
 In which all modern bards agree,  
 Being each as great a thief as he.  
 But e'en this deity's existence  
 Shall lend my simile assistance.  
 Our modern bards ! why, what a pox,  
 Are they but senseless stones and blocks ?

### THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROT was desired by two witty peers,  
 To tell them the reason why asses had ears.  
 'An't please you,' quoth John, 'I'm not given to letters,  
 Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters ;  
 Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,  
 As I hope to be sav'd, without thinking on asses.'

*Edinburgh, 1753.*

# AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

---

Good people all, of every sort,  
 Give ear unto my song ;  
 And if you find it wondrous short,  
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,  
 Of whom the world might say,  
 That still a godly race he ran,  
 Whene'er he went to pray,

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
 To comfort friends and foes ;  
 The naked every day he clad,  
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found.  
 As many dogs there be,  
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;  
 But when a pique began,  
 The dog, to gain his private ends,  
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,  
 The wondering neighbours ran,  
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad  
 To every Christian eye ;  
 And while they swore the dog was mad  
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
 That shew'd the rogues they lied ;  
 The man recover'd of the bite,  
 The dog it was that died.

---

## A LETTER.

SIR,

I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardeastle, in his admirable comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer;' but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sang it himself, in private companies, very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called 'The Humours of Balamagairy,' to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words: but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own hand-writing, with an affectionate care.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

## SONG,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF  
'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.'

AH me! when shall I marry me?  
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me,  
He, fond youth, that could carry me,  
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally and combat the ruiner:  
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover,  
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,  
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

## DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,  
 Invites each passing stranger that can pay ;  
 Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign,  
 Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury lane ;  
 There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,  
 The muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.  
 A window patch'd with paper lent a ray,  
 That dimly show'd the state in which he lay  
 The sandy floor that grits beneath the tread,  
 The humid wall with paltry pictures spread,  
 The royal game of goose was there in view,  
 And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew ;  
 The Seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,  
 And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black face.  
 The morn was cold, he views with keen desire  
 The rusty grate unconscious of a fire :  
 With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,  
 And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board ;  
 A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,  
 A cap by night—a stocking all the day !

---

## EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,  
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.  
 What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,  
 That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way !  
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid ;  
 And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.  
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,  
 The transitory breath of fame below :  
 More lasting raptures from his works shall rise.  
 While converts thank their poet in the skies.

## STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,  
 Which triumph forces from the patriot heart;  
 Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,  
 And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,  
 Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear,  
 Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,  
 While thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,  
 And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:  
 Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead;  
 Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

## A SONNET.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,  
 Lost to every gay delight;  
 Mira, too sincere for feigning,  
 Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,  
 Or dim thy beauty with a tear?  
 Had Mira follow'd my direction,  
 She Inog had wanted cause of fear.

## FROM THE ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY.

## A SONG.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,  
 Still, still on hopes relies;  
 And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way;  
 And still, as darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray.



AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,  
MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,  
Lament for Madam Blaize,  
Who never wanted a good word—  
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd the door,  
And always found her kind:  
She freely lent to all the poor—  
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,  
With manners wondrous winning;  
And never follow'd wicked ways—  
Unless when she was sinning.

At church in silks and satins new,  
With hoop of monstrous size;  
She never slumber'd in her pew—  
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,  
By twenty beaux and more;  
The king himself has follow'd her—  
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,  
Her hangers-on cut short all:  
The doctors found when she was dead—  
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,  
For Kent-street well may say,  
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—  
She had not died to-day.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.\*

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,  
Who long was a bookseller's hack:  
He led such a damnable life in this world,  
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

\* Educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but, having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot-soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's *Henriade*.

## SONG.

O MEMORY, thou fond deceiver,  
 Still importunate and vain,  
 To former joys, recurring ever,  
 And turning all the past to pain !

Thou, like the world, the opprest oppressing,  
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe ;  
 And he who wants each other blessing,  
 In thee must ever find a foe.

## A PROLOGUE

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON  
 THE STAGE.

*Preserved by Macrobius.\**

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,  
 And save from infamy my sinking age !  
 Scarce half-alive, oppress'd with many a year,  
 What in the name of dotage drives me here ?  
 A time there was, when glory was my guide,  
 Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside.  
 Unaw'd by power, and unappall'd by fear,  
 With honest thrift, I held my honour dear :  
 But this vile hour disperses all my store,  
 And all my hoard of honour is no more ;  
 For ah ! too partial to my life's decline,  
 Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine ;  
 Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,  
 Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.  
 Here then at once I welconfe every shame,  
 And cancel at threescore a life of fame ;  
 No more my titles shall my children tell,  
 'The old buffoon' will fit my name as well ;  
 This day beyond its term my fate extends,  
 For life is ended when our honour ends.

\* First printed in one of our Author's earliest works, 'The Present State of Learning in Europe,' 12mo, 1759.

## PROLOGUE TO 'ZOBEBIDE,'

A TRAGEDY.

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore  
 The distant climates, and the savage shore ;  
 When wise astronomers to India steer,  
 And quit for Venus many a brighter here ;  
 While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,  
 Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling ;  
 Our bard into the general spirit enters,  
 And fits his little frigate for adventures.  
 With Scythian stores and trinkets deeply laden,  
 He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading :  
 Yet, ere he lands, has order'd me before,  
 To make an observation on the shore.  
 Where are we driven ? our reckoning sure is lost !  
 This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.  
 Lord, what a sultry climate am I under !  
 Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder :

[ *Upper Gallery.*

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen 'em—

[ *Pit.*

Here trees of stately size, and billing turtles 'em—

[ *Balconies.*

Here ill-conditioned oranges abound—

[ *Stage.*

And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground : [ *Tasting them.*

The inhabitants are cannibals, I fear :

I heard a hissing—there are serpents here !

O there the people are—best keep my distance ;

Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance ;

Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her,

His honour is no mercenary trader.

This is his first adventure, lend him aid ;

And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.

His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,

Equally fit for gallantry and war,

What, no reply to promises so ample ?

—I'd best step back, and order up a sampie.

## EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWIS,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense?  
 I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.  
 My pride forbids it ever should be said,  
 My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;  
 That I found humour in a piebald vest,  
 Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[Takes off his mask.]

Whence and what art thou, visionary birth?  
 Nature disowns, and reason scorns, thy mirth;  
 In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,  
 The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.  
 How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,  
 Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!  
 Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses;  
 Whose only plot it is to break our noses;  
 Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,  
 And from above the dangling deities.  
 And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?  
 May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!  
 No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:  
 Shakspeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.  
 Off, off, vile trappings! a new passion reigns!  
 The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.  
 Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:  
 'Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—'twas  
 but a dream.'

Ay, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating:  
 If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.

'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,  
 Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,  
 Once on the margin of a fountain stood,  
 And cavill'd at his image in the flood.

'The deuce confound,' he cries, 'these drum-stick shanks,  
 They neither have my gratitude nor thanks:  
 They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!  
 But for a head—yes, yes, I have a head.

How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!  
 My horns! I'm told, horns are the fashion now.'  
 Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd, to his view,  
 Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew.

Hoicks ! hark forward ! came thundering from behind ;  
 He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind :  
 He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways ;  
 He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.  
 At length his silly head, so priz'd before,  
 Is taught his former folly to deplore ;  
 Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,  
 And at one bound he saves himself, like me.  
   [ *Taking a jump through the stage-doo*."

## EPILOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF 'THE SISTERS.'

WHAT ! five long acts—and all to make us wiser,  
 Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.  
 Had she consulted me, she should have made  
 Her moral play a speaking masquerade ;  
 Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage  
 Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.  
 My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking ;  
 Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.  
 Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,  
 What if I give a masquerade ?—I will.  
 But how ? ay, there's the rub ! [ *pausing* ]—I've got my cue :  
 The world's a masquerade : the masquers, you, you, you.

[ *To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*

Lud ! what a group the motley scene discloses !  
 False wit, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses !  
 Statesmen with bridles on ; and, close beside 'em,  
 Patriots in party-coloured suits that ride 'em.  
 There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more  
 To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.  
 These in their turn, with appetites as keen,  
 Deserting fifty fasten on fifteen.  
 Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,  
 Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman ;  
 The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure  
 And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.  
 Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care  
 Is, to seem every thing but what they are.

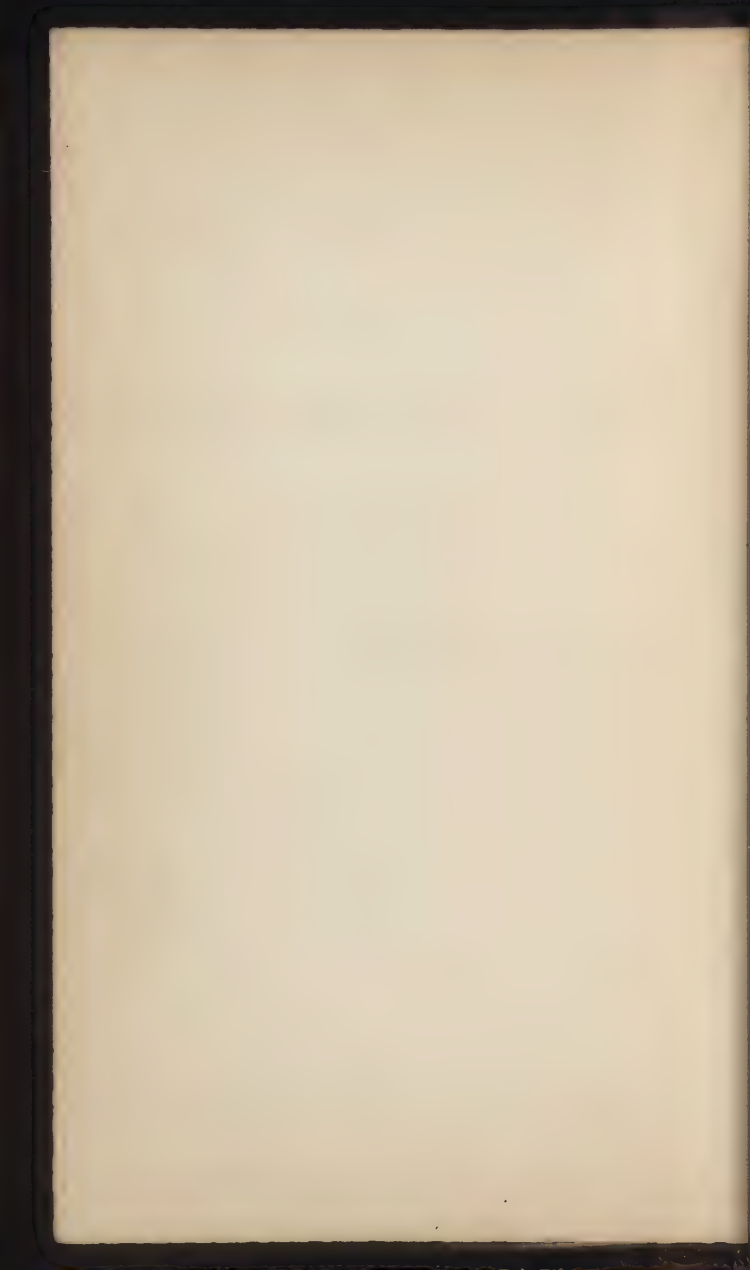


Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,  
Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion ;  
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,  
Looking, as who should say, Dam'me ! who's afraid ?

[*Mimicking.*

Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am,  
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.  
Yon politician, famous in debate,  
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state ;  
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,  
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.  
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,  
And seems to every gazer, all in white,  
If with a bribe his candour you attack,  
He bows, turns round, and, whip—the man's in black !  
Yon critic, too—but wither do I run ?  
If I proceed our bard will be undone.  
Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too :  
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

Comedies.



# THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

A COMEDY.

---

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

Mr. Honeywood.  
Croaker.  
Lofty.  
Sir W. Honeywood  
Leontine.  
Jarvis.  
Butler.  
Bailiff.  
Dubardieu.  
Postboy.

### WOMEN.

Miss Richland.  
Olivia.  
Mrs. Croaker.  
Garnet.  
Landlady.

Scene—*London*

## PREFACE.

WHEN I undertook to write a comedy, I confess I was strongly prepossessed in favour of the poets of the last age, and strove to imitate them. The term *genteel comedy*, was then unknown amongst us, and little more was desired by an audience, than nature and humour, in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous. The author of the following scenes never imagined that more would be expected of him, and therefore, to delineate character has been his principal aim. Those who know any thing of composition, are sensible that in pursuing humour, it will sometimes lead us into the recesses of the mean; I was even tempted to look for it in the master of a spunging-house: but, in deference to the public taste, grown of late, perhaps, too delicate, the scene of the bailiffs was retrenched in the representation. In deference also to the judgment of a few friends, who think in a particular way, the scene is here restored. The Author submits it to the reader in his closet; and hopes that too much refinement will not banish humour and character from ours, as it has already done from the French theatre. Indeed, the French comedy is now become so very elevated and sentimental, that it has not only banished humour and *Moliere* from the stage, but it has banished all spectators too.

Upon the whole, the Author returns his thanks to the public for the favourable reception which the Good-Natured Man has met with; and to Mr. Colman in particular, for his kindness to it. It may not also be improper to assure any who shall hereafter write for the theatre, that merit, or supposed merit, will ever be a sufficient passport to his protection.

---



## PROLOGUE, WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON.

SPOKEN BY MR. BENSLEY.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind  
 Surveys the general toil of human-kind ;  
 With cool submission joins the labouring train,  
 And social sorrow loses half its pain.  
 Our anxious bard, without complaint, may share  
 This bustling season's epidemic care ;  
 Like Cæsar's pilot, dignified by fate,  
 Tost in one common storm, with all the great ;  
 Distrest alike, the statesman and the wit,  
 When one a borough courts, and one the pit.  
 The busy candidates for power and fame  
 Have hopes and fears, and wishes, just the same :  
 Disabled both to combat, or to fly,  
 Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.  
 Uncheck'd, on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,  
 As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.  
 Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,  
 For that blest year when all that vote may rail ;  
 Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,  
 Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.  
 This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,  
 Says swelling Crispin, begg'd a cobbler's vote.  
 This night our wit, the pert apprentice cries,  
 Lies at my feet : I hiss him, and he dies.  
 The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe ;  
 The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.  
 Yet, judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,  
 He feels no want of ill-persuading gold ;  
 But, confident of praise, if praise be due,  
 Trusts, without fear, to merit and to you.

---

## THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

---

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in Young Honeywood's House.*

*Enter Sir William Honeywood, Jarvis.*

*Sir William.*

Good Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity, like yours, is the best excuse for every freedom.

*Jarvis.* I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of disinheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

*Sir Will.* Say rather, that he loves all the world; that is his fault.

*Jarvis.* I'm sure there is no part of it more dear to him than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

*Sir Will.* What signifies his affection to me? or how can I be proud of a place in a heart where every sharper and coxcomb find an easy entrance?

*Jarvis.* I grant that he's rather too good-natured; that he's too much every man's man; that he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another: but whose instruction may he thank for all this?

*Sir Will.* Not mine, sure! My letters to him, during my employment in Italy, taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend, his errors.

*Jarvis.* Faith, begging your honour's pardon, I'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all; it has only served to spoil him. This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an errant jade on a journey. For my own part, whenever I hear him mention the name on't, I'm always sure he's going to play the fool.

*Sir Will.* Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I entreat you. No Jarvis, his good nature arises rather from his fears of offending the importunate, than his desire of making the deserving happy.

*Jarvis.* What it arises from, I don't know. But, to be sure every body that asks it has it.

*Sir Will.* Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a concealed spectator of his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipations.

*Jarvis.* And, yet, faith, he hath some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance, generosity; and his trusting every body, universal benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of exalted mu—mu—nificence; ay, that was the name he gave it.

*Sir Will.* And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, though with very little hopes to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now, my intention is, to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has plunged himself into real calamity: to arrest him for that very debt, to clap an officer upon him, and then let him see which of his friends will come to his relief.

*Jarvis.* Well, if I could by any way see him thoroughly vexed, every groan of his would be music to me; yet faith, I believe it is impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years; but instead of being angry, he sits as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hairdresser.

*Sir Will.* We must try him once more, however, and I'll go this instant to put my scheme into execution: and I don't despair of succeeding, as, by your means, I can have frequent opportunities of being about him, without being known. What a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good-will to others should produce so much neglect of himself, as to require correction! Yet we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue. [*Exit.*]

*Jarvis.* Well go thy ways, Sir William Honeywood. It is not without reason the world allows thee to be the best of men. But here comes his hopeful nephew; the strange, good-natured, foolish, open-hearted—And yet, all his faults are such, that one loves him still the better for them.

*Enter Honeywood.*

*Honeyw.* Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning?

*Jarvis.* You have no friends.

*Honeyw.* Well; from my acquaintance then?

*Jarvis.* (*Pulling out bills.*) A few of our usual cards of compliment, that's all. This bill from your tailor; this from your mercer; and this from the little broker in Crooked-lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

*Honeyw.* That I don't know; but I'm sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it

*Jarvis.* He has lost all patience.

*Honeyw.* Then he has lost a very good thing.

*Jarvis.* There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth, for awhile at least.

*Honeyw.* Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the mean time? Must I be cruel because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his avarice, leave them to insupportable distress?

*Jarvis.* 'Sdeath, sir, the question now is, how to relieve yourself. Yourself—Hav'nt I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at sixes and sevens?

*Honeyw.* Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you'll allow, that I'm not quite unreasonable for continuing in mine.

*Jarvis.* You're the only man alive in your present situation that could do so—Everything upon the waste. There's Miss Richland and her fine fortune gone already, and upon the point of being given to your rival.

*Honeyw.* I'm no man's rival.

*Jarvis.* Your uncle in Italy preparing to disinherit you; your own fortune almost spent; and nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, and a pack of drunken servants, that your kindness has made unfit for any other family.

*Honeyw.* Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.

*Jarvis.* So! What will you have done with him that I caught stealing your plate in the pantry? In the fact: I caught him in the fact.

*Honeyw.* In the fact! If so, I really think that we should pay him his wages, and turn him off.

*Jarvis.* He shall be turned off at Tyburn, the dog; we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest of the family.

*Honeyw.* No, Jarvis: it's enough that we have lost what he has stolen, let us not add to it the loss of a fellow-creature.

*Jarvis.* Very fine; well, here was the footman just now to complain of the butler; he says he does most work, and ought to have most wages.

*Honeyw.* That's but just; though perhaps here comes the butler to complain of the footman.

*Jarvis.* Ay, it's the way with them all, from the scullion to the privy-counsellor. If they have a bad master, they keep quarrelling with him; if they have a good master they keep quarrelling with one another.

*Enter Butler, drunk.*

*Butler.* Sir, I'll not stay in the family with Jonathan: you must part with him or with me, that's the ex-exposition of the matter, sir.

*Honeyw.* Full and explicit enough. But what's his fault, good Philip?

*Butler.* Sir, he's given to drinking, sir, and I shall have my morals corrupted, by keeping such company.

*Honeyw.* Ha! ha! he has such a diverting way—

*Jarvis.* O! quite amusing.

*Butler.* I find my wines a-going, sir: and liquors don't go without mouths, sir; I hate a drunkard, sir.

*Honeyw.* Well, well, Philip, I'll hear you upon that another time, so go to bed now.

*Jarvis.* To bed! Let him go to the devil.

*Butler.* Begging your honour's pardon, and begging your pardon, master Jarvis, I'll not go to bed, nor to the devil neither. I have enough to do to mind my cellar. I fogot your honour, Mr. Croaker is below. I came on purpose to tell you.

*Honeyw.* Why didn't you shew him up, blockhead?

*Butler.* Shew him up sir? with all my heart, sir. Up or down, all's one to me.

*Jarvis.* Ay, we have one or other of that family in this house from morning till night. He comes on the old affair, I suppose; the match between his son, that's just returned from Paris, and Miss Richland, the young lady he's guardian to.

*Honeyw.* Perhaps so. Mr. Croaker, knowing my friendship for the young lady, has got it into his head that I can persuade her to what I please.

*Jarvis.* Ah! If you loved yourself but half as well as she loves you, we should soon see a marriage that would soon set all things to rights again.

*Honeyw.* Love me! Sure, Jarvis, you dream. No, no; her intimacy with me never amounted to more than friendship—mere friendship. That she is the most lovely woman that ever warmed the human heart with desire, I own; but never let me harbour a thought of making her unhappy, by a connexion with one so unworthy her merits as I am. No, Jarvis, it shall be my study to serve her, even in spite of my wishes! and to secure her happiness, though it destroys my own.

*Jarvis.* Was ever the like? I want patience.

*Honeyw.* Besides, Jarvis, though I could obtain Miss Richland's consent, do you think I could succeed with her guardian, or Mrs. Croaker, his wife; who, though both very fine in their way, are yet a little opposite in their dispositions you know?

*Jarvis.* Opposite enough, Heaven knows; the very reverse of each other; she all laugh and no joke, he always complaining, and never sorrowful; a fretful, poor soul, that has a new distress for every hour in the four-and-twenty—

*Honeyw.* Hush, hush, he's coming up, he'll hear you.

*Jarvis.* One whose voice is a passing-bell—

*Honeyw.* Well, well, go, do.

*Jarvis.* A raven that bodes nothing but mischief; a coffin and cross-bones; a bundle of rue; a sprig of deadly nightshade; a—(*Honeywood stopping his mouth, at last pushes him off.*)

[Exit Jarvis.]



*Honeyw.* I must own my old monitor is not entirely wrong. There is something in my friend Croaker's conversation that quite depresses me. His very mirth is an antidote to all gaiety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop.—Mr. Croaker, this is such a satisfaction.

*Enter Croaker.*

*Croaker.* A pleasant morning to Mr. Honeywood, and many of them. How is this? You look most shockingly to-day, my dear friend. I hope this weather does not affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather continues—I say nothing—but God send we be all better this day three months.

*Honeyw.* I heartily concur in the wish, though, I own, not in your apprehensions.

*Croaker.* May be not. Indeed, what signifies what weather we may have in a country going to ruin like our's? Taxes rising and trade falling. Money flying out of the kingdom, and Jesuits swarming into it. I know at this time no less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing-cross and Temple-bar.

*Honeyw.* The Jesuits will scarce pervert you or me, I should hope.

*Croaker.* May be not. Indeed, what signifies whom they pervert in a country that has scarce any religion to lose? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters.

*Honeyw.* I have no apprehensions for the ladies, I assure you.

*Croaker.* May be not. Indeed, what signifies whether they be perverted or not? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady dress from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly. But now-a-days, the devil a thing of their own manufacture's about them, except their faces.

*Honeyw.* But, however these faults may be practised abroad, you don't find them at home, either with Mrs. Croaker, Olivia, or Miss Richland.

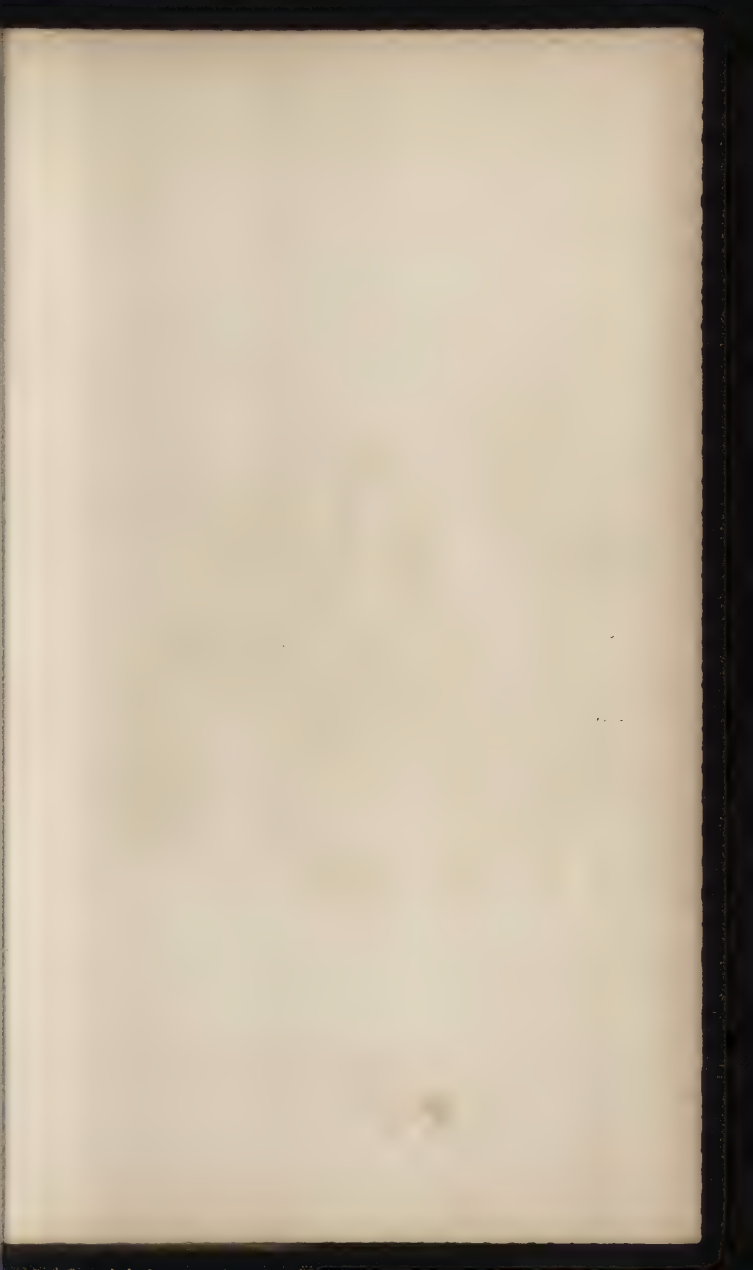
*Croaker.* The best of them will never be canonized for a saint when she's dead. By the by, my dear friend, I don't find this match between Miss Richland and my son much relished, either by one side or t'other.

*Honeyw.* I thought otherwise.

*Croaker.* Ah, Mr. Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far: I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

*Honeyw.* But would not that be usurping an authority that more properly belongs to yourself.

*Croaker.* My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon





He used to say that Croaker rhymed to  
joker, and so we used to laugh - Poor Dick

every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

*Honeyw.* But a little spirit exerted on your side might perhaps restore your authority.

*Croaker.* No, though I had the spirit of a lion. I do rouse sometimes. But what then! always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better, before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

*Honeyw.* It's a melancholy consideration, indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

*Croaker.* Ah, my dear friend, these were the very words of poor Dick Doleful to me not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. Ah! there was merit neglected, for you! and so true a friend: we loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

*Honeyw.* Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last?

*Croaker.* I don't know; some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me, because we used to meet now and then, and open our hearts to each other. To be sure I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk: poor dear Dick! he used to say that Croaker rhimed to joker; and so we used to laugh—Poor Dick! [Going to cry.]

*Honeyw.* His fate affects me.

*Croaker.* Ay, he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our sides, falls as fast asleep as we do.

*Honeyw.* To say truth, if we compare that part of life which is to come, by that which we have past, the prospect is hideous.

*Croaker.* Life at the greatest and best, is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

*Honeyw.* Very true, sir; nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We weep when we come into the world, and every day tells us why.

*Croaker.* Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't loose the benefit of such fine conversation, I'll just step home for him. I am willing to show him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself.—And what if I bring my last letter to the Gazetteer on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit. From London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Canary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again. [Exit.]

*Honeyw.* Poor Croaker! his situation deserves the utmost

pity. I shall scarce recover my spirits these three days. Sure, to live upon such terms is worse than death itself. And yet, when I consider my own situation, a broken fortune, a hopeless passion, friends in distress; the wish, but not the power to serve them—(*pausing and sighing.*)

*Enter Butler.*

*Butler.* More company below, sir; Mrs. Croaker and Miss Richland; shall I shew them up? But they are shewing up themselves. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Mrs. Croaker and Miss Richland*

*Miss Rich.* You're always in such spirits.

*Mrs. Croaker.* We have just come, my dear Honeywood, from the auction. There was the old deaf dowager, as usual, bidding like a fury against herself. And then so curious in antiques: herself the most genuine piece of antiquity in the whole collection.

*Honeyw.* Excuse me, ladies, if some uneasiness from friendship makes me unfit to share in this good-humour: I know you'll pardon me.

*Mrs. Croaker.* I vow, he seems as melancholy as if he had taken a dose of my husband this morning. Well, if Richland here can pardon you, I must.

*Miss Rich.* You would seem to insinuate, madam, that I have particular reasons for being disposed to refuse it.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Whatever I insinuate, my dear, don't be so ready to wish an explanation.

*Miss Rich.* I own, I should be sorry Mr. Honeywood's long friendship and mine should be misunderstood.

*Honeyw.* There's no answering for others, madam; but I hope you'll never find me presuming to offer more than the most delicate friendship may readily allow.

*Miss Rich.* And I shall be prouder of such a tribute from you, than the most passionate professions from others.

*Honeyw.* My own sentiments, madam: friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves.

*Miss Rich.* And, without a compliment, I know none more disinterested or more capable of friendship than Mr. Honeywood.

*Mrs. Croaker.* And indeed I know nobody that has more friends, at least among the ladies. Miss Fruzz, Miss Olbody, and Miss Winterbottom, praise him in all companies. As for Miss Biddy Bundle, she's his professed admirer.

*Miss Rich.* Indeed! an admirer! I did not know, sir, you were such a favourite there. But is she seriously so handsome? Is she the mighty thing talked of?

*Honeyw.* The town, madam, seldom begins to praise a lady's beauty, till she's beginning to lose it. [*Smiling.*]



*Mrs. Croaker.* But she's resolved never to lose it, it seems; for as her natural face decays, her skill improves in making the artificial one. Well, nothing diverts me more than one of those fine old dressy things, who thinks to conceal her age by every where exposing her person: sticking herself up in the front of a side-box; trailing through a minuet at Almack's; and then in the public gardens, looking for all the world like one of the painted ruins of the place.

*Honeyw.* Every age has its admirers, ladies. While you, perhaps, are trading among the warmer climates of youth, there ought to be some to carry on a useful commerce in the frozen latitudes beyond fifty.

*Miss Rich.* But then, the mortification they must suffer before they can be fitted out for traffic! I have seen one of them fret a whole morning at her hair-dresser, when all the fault was her face.

*Honeyw.* And yet, I'll engage, has carried that face at last to a very good market. This good-natured town, madam, has husbands, like spectacles, to fit every age, from fifteen to fourscore.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Well, you're a dear good-natured creature. But you know you're engaged with us this morning upon a strolling party. I want to show Olivia the town, and the things; I believe I shall have business for you for the whole day.

*Honeyw.* I am sorry, madam, I have an appointment with Mr. Croaker, which it is impossible to put off.

*Mrs. Croaker.* What! with my husband! Then I'm resolved to take no refusal. Nay, I protest you must. You know I never laugh so much as with you.

*Honeyw.* Why, if I must, I must. I'll swear, you have put me into such spirits. Well, do you find jest, and I'll find laugh, I promise you. We'll wait for the chariot in the next room. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Leontine and Olivia.*

*Leont.* There they go thoughtless and happy. My dearest Olivia, what would I give to see you capable of sharing in their amusements, and as cheerful as they are!

*Olivia.* How, my Leontine, how can I be cheerful, when I have so many terrors to oppress me? The fear of being detected by this family, and the apprehensions of a censuring world, when I must be detected—

*Leont.* The world! my love what can it say? At worst, it can only say that, being compelled by a mercenary guardian to embrace a life you disliked, you formed a resolution of flying with the man of your choice; that you confided in his honour, and took refuge in my father's house; the only one where your's could remain without censure.

*Olivia.* But consider, Leontine, your disobedience and my

indiscretion : your being sent to France to bring home a sister ; and, instead of a sister, bringing home—

*Leont.* One dearer than a thousand sisters ; one that I am convinced will be equally dear to the rest of the family, when she comes to be known.

*Olivia.* And that, I fear, will shortly be.

*Leont.* Impossible, till we ourselves think proper to make the discovery. My sister, you know, has been with her aunt, at Lyons, since she was a child ; and you find every creature in the family takes you for her.

*Olivia.* But mayn't she write ? mayn't her aunt write ?

*Leont.* Her aunt scarce ever writes, and all my sister's letters are directed to me.

*Olivia.* But don't your refusing Miss Richland, for whom you know the old gentleman intends you, create a suspicion ?

*Leont.* There, there's my master-stroke. I have resolved not to refuse her ; nay, an hour hence I have consented to go with my father, to make her an offer of my heart and fortune.

*Olivia.* Your heart and fortune !

*Leont.* Don't be alarmed, my dearest. Can Olivia think so meanly of my honour, or my love, as to suppose I could ever hope for happiness from any but her ? No, my Olivia, neither the force, nor, permit me to add, the delicacy of my passion, leave any room to suspect me. I only offer Miss Richland a heart, I am convinced she will refuse ; as I am confident, that, without knowing it, her affections are fixed upon Hr. Honeywood.

*Olivia.* Mr Honeywood ! you'll excuse my apprehensions ; but when your merits come to be put into the balance—

*Leont.* You view them with too much partiality. However, by making this offer, I show a seeming compliance with my father's commands ; and, perhaps upon her refusal, I may have his consent to choose for myself.

*Olivia.* Well, I submit. And yet, my Leontine, I own, I shall envy her even your pretended addresses. I consider every look, every expression of your esteem, as due only to me. This is folly, perhaps : I allow it ; but it is natural to suppose, that merit which has made an impression on one's own heart, may be powerful over that of another.

*Leont.* Don't, my life's treasure, don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter. At worst, you know, if Miss Richland should consent, or my father refuse his pardon, it can but end in a trip to Scotland ; and—

*Enter Croaker.*

*Croaker.* Where have you been, boy ? I have been seeking you. My friend Honeywood here has been saying such comfortable things. Ah ! he's an example indeed. Where is he ? I left him here.

*Leont.* Sir, I believe you may see him and hear him too, in the next room : he's preparing to go out with the ladies.

*Croaker.* Good gracious, can I believe my eyes or my ears? I'm struck dumb with his vivacity, and stunned with the loudness of his laugh. Was there ever such a transformation! (*A laugh behind the scenes, Croaker mimics it.*) Ha! ha! ha! there it goes: a plague take their balderdash; yet I could expect nothing less when my precious wife was of the party. On my conscience, I believe she could spread a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle.

*Leont.* Since you find so many objections to a wife, sir, how can you be so earnest in recommending one to me?

*Croaker.* I have told you, and tell you again, boy, that Miss Richland's fortune must not go out of the family; one may find comfort in the money, whatever one does in the wife.

*Leont.* But, sir, though in obedience to your desire, I am ready to marry her; it may be possible she has no inclination to me.

*Croaker.* I'll tell you once for all how it stands. A good part of Miss Richland's large fortune consists in a claim upon Government, which my good friend, Mr. Lofty, assures me the Treasury will allow. One half of this she is to forfeit, by her father's will, in case she refuses to marry you. So if she rejects you, we seize half her fortune; if she accepts you, we seize the whole, and a fine girl into the bargain.

*Leont.* But, sir, if you will but listen to reason—

*Croaker.* Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you I'm fixed, determined, so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined, I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.

*Leont.* You have alleged that a mutual choice was the first requisite in matrimonial happiness.

*Croaker.* Well, and you have both of you a mutual choice. She has her choice—to marry you, or lose half her fortune; and you have your choice—to marry her, or pack out of doors without any fortune at all.

*Leont.* An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.

*Croaker.* An only father, sir, might expect more obedience; besides, has not your sister here, that never disobliged me in her life, as good a right as you? He's a sad dog, Livy, my dear, and would take all from you. But he shan't, I tell you he shan't, for you shall have your share.

*Olivia.* Dear sir, I wish you'd be convinced that I can never be happy in any addition to my fortune which is taken from his.

*Croaker.* Well, well, it's a good child; so say no more, but come with me, and we shall see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure, I promise you: old Ruggins, the curry-comb-maker, lying in state; I'm told he makes a very handsome corpse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously. He was an intimate friend of mine, and these are friendly things we ought to do for each other.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE, *Croaker's House.**Miss Richland, Garnet.*

*Miss Rich.* Olivia not his sister? Olivia not Leontine's sister? You amaze me!

*Garnet.* No more his sister than I am: I had it all from his own servant; I can get anything from that quarter.

*Miss Rich.* But how? Tell me again, Garnet.

*Garnet.* Why, madam, as I told you before, instead of going to Lyons to bring home his sister, who has been there with her aunt these ten years, he never went farther than Paris: there he saw and fell in love with this young lady: by the by, of a prodigious family.

*Miss Rich.* And brought her home to my guardian as his daughter?

*Garnet.* Yes, and daughter she will be. If he don't consent to their marriage, they talk of trying what a Scotch parson can do.

*Miss Rich.* Well, I own they have deceived me.—And so demurely as Olivia carried it too!—Would you believe it, Garnet, I told her all my secrets; and yet the sly cheat concealed all this from me?

*Garnet.* And, upon my word, madam, I don't much blame her; she was loth to trust one with her secrets, that was so very bad at keeping her own.

*Miss Rich.* But, to add to their deceit, the young gentleman, it seems, pretends to make me serious proposals. My guardian and he are to be here presently to open the affair in form. You know I am to lose half my fortune if I refuse him.

*Garnet.* Yet what can you do? for being, as you are, in love with Mr. Honeywood, madam—

*Miss Rich.* How, idiot! what do you mean? In love with Mr. Honeywood! Is this to provoke me?

*Garnet.* That is, madam, in friendship with him; I meant nothing more than friendship, as I hope to be married; nothing more.

*Miss Rich.* Well, no more of this. As to my guardian and his son, they shall find me prepared to receive them: I'm resolved to accept their proposal with seeming pleasure, to mortify them by compliance, and so throw the refusal at last upon them.

*Garnet.* Delicious! and that will secure your whole fortune to yourself. Well, who could have thought so innocent a face could cover so much cuteness?

*Miss Rich.* Why, girl, I only oppose my prudence to their cunning, and practice a lesson they have taught me against themselves.

*Garnet.* Then you're likely not long to want employment; for here they come, and in close conference.

*Enter Croaker, Leontine.*

*Leont.* Excuse me, sir, if I seem to hesitate upon the point of putting to the lady so important a question.

*Croaker.* Lord, good sir! moderate your fears; you're so plaguy shy, that one would think you had changed sexes. I tell you, we must have the half or the whole. Come, let me see with what spirit you begin. Well, why don't you? Eh! What? Well then—I must, it seems. Miss Richland, my dear, I believe you guess at our business; an affair which my son here comes to open, that nearly concerns your happiness.

*Miss Rich.* Sir, I should be ungrateful not to be pleased with anything that comes recommended by you.

*Croaker.* How, boy, could you desire a finer opening? Why don't you begin, I say? [To *Leont.*

*Leont.* 'Tis true, madam, my father, madam, has some intentions—hem—of explaining an affair—which—himself can best explain, madam.

*Croaker.* Yes, my dear; it comes entirely from my son, its all a request of his own, madam. And I will permit him to make the best of it.

*Leont.* The whole affair is only this, madam; my father has a proposal to make, which he insists none but himself shall deliver.

*Croaker.* My mind misgives me, the fellow will never be brought on. (*Aside.*) In short, madam, you see before you one that loves you; one whose whole happiness is all in you.

*Miss Rich.* I never had any doubts of your regard, sir; and I hope you can have none of my duty.

*Croaker.* That's not the thing, my little sweeting, my love. No, no, another guess lover than I; there he stands, madam; his very looks declare the force of his passion—Call up a look, you dog—But then, had you seen him, as I have, weeping, speaking soliloquies and blank verse, sometimes melancholy, and sometimes absent—

*Miss Rich.* I fear, sir, he's absent now; or such a declaration would have come most properly from himself.

*Croaker.* Himself, madam! He would die before he could make such a confession; and if he had not a channel for his passion through me, it would ere now have drowned his understanding.

*Miss Rich.* I must grant, sir, there are attractions in modest diffidence above the force of words. A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

*Croaker.* Madam, he has forgot to speak any other language; silence has become his mother-tongue.



*Miss Rich.* And it must be confessed, sir, it speaks very powerfully in his favour. And yet, I shall be thought too forward in making such a confession: shan't I, Mr. Leontine?

*Leont.* Confusion! my reserve will undo me. But if modesty attracts her, impudence may disgust her. I'll try. (*Aside.*) Don't imagine from my silence, madam, that I want a due sense of the honour and happiness intended me. My father, madam, tells me your humble servant is not totally indifferent to you. He admires you; I adore you; and when we come together, upon my soul, I believe we shall be the happiest couple in all St. James's.

*Miss Rich.* If I could flatter myself you thought as you speak, sir——

*Leont.* Doubt my sincerity, madam? By your dear self I swear. Ask the brave if they desire glory, ask cowards if they covet safety——

*Croaker.* Well, well, no more questions about it.

*Leont.* Ask the sick if they long for health, ask misers if they love money, ask——

*Croaker.* Ask a fool if he can talk nonsense? What's come over the boy? What signifies asking, when there's not a soul to give you an answer? If you would ask to the purpose, ask this lady's consent to make you happy.

*Miss Rich.* Why indeed, sir, his uncommon ardour almost compels me, forces me, to comply. And yet I'm afraid he'll despise a conquest gained with too much ease; won't you, Mr. Leontine?

*Leont.* Confusion! (*Aside.*) O, by no means, madam, by no means. And yet, madam, you talked of force. There is nothing I would avoid so much, as compulsion in a thing of this kind. No, madam; I will still be generous, and leave you at liberty to refuse.

*Croaker.* But I tell you, sir, the lady is not at liberty. It's a match. You see she says nothing. Silence gives consent.

*Leont.* But, sir, she talked of force. Consider, sir, the cruelty of constraining her inclinations.

*Croaker.* But I say there's no cruelty. Don't you know, blockhead, that girls have always a round-about way of saying Yes before company? So get you both gone together into the next room, and hang him that interrupts the tender explanation. Get you gone, I say, I'll not hear a word.

*Leont.* But, sir, I must beg leave to insist——

*Croaker.* Get off, you puppy, or I'll beg leave to insist upon knocking you down. Stupid whelp! But I don't wonder; the boy takes entirely after his mother.

[*Exeunt Miss Rich. and Leont.*]

*Enter Mrs. Croaker.*

*Mrs. Croaker.* Mr. Croaker, I bring you something, my dear, that I believe will make you smile.

*Croaker.* I'll hold you a guinea of that, my dear.

*Mrs. Croaker.* A letter; and, as I knew the hand, I ventured to open it.

*Croaker.* And how can you expect your breaking open my letters should give me pleasure?

*Mrs. Croaker.* Poh, it's from your sister at Lyons, and contains good news: read it.

*Croaker.* What a Frenchified cover is here! That sister of mine has some good qualities, but I could never teach her to fold a letter.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Fold a fiddlestick! Read what it contains.

*Croaker, reading.*

Dear Nick,

An English gentleman of large fortune has for some time made private, though honourable, proposals to your daughter Olivia. They love each other tenderly, and I find she has consented, without letting any of the family know, to crown his addresses. As such good offers don't come every day, your own good sense, his large fortune, and family considerations, will induce you to forgive her.

Yours ever,

RACHEL CROAKER.

My daughter Olivia privately contracted to a man of large fortune! This is good news indeed. My heart never foretold me of this. And yet, how sily the little baggage has carried it since she came home! Not a word on't to the old ones, for the world! Yet I thought I saw something she wanted to conceal.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Well, if they have concealed their amour, they shan't conceal their wedding; that shall be public, I'm resolved.

*Croaker.* I tell thee, woman, the wedding is the most foolish part of the ceremony. I can never get this woman to think of the more serious part of the nuptial engagement.

*Mrs. Croaker.* What, would you have me think of their funeral? But come, tell me, my dear, don't you owe more to me than you care to confess? Would you have ever been known to Mr. Lofty, who has undertaken Miss Richland's claim at the Treasury, but for me? Who was it first made him an acquaintance at Lady Shabbaroon's rout? Who got him to promise us his interest? Is not he a back-stairs' favourite, one that can do what he pleases with those that do what they please? Is'nt he an acquaintance that all your groaning and lamentations could never have got us?

*Croaker.* He is a man of importance, I grant you; and yet, what amazes me is, that while he is giving away places to all the world, he can't get one for himself.

*Mrs. Croaker.* That perhaps may be owing to his nicety. Great men are not easily satisfied.

*Enter French Servant.*

*Servant.* An express from Monsieur Lofty. He vil be vait

upon your honours instamment. He be only giving four five instruction, read two tree memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vil be vid you in one tree minutes.

*Mrs. Croaker.* You see now, my dear, what an extensive department. Well, friend, let your master know, that we are extremely honoured by this honour. Was there any thing ever in a higher style of breeding? All messages among the great are now done by express.

*Croaker.* To be sure no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect, than he. But he's in the right on't. In our bad world, respect is given where respect is claimed.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Never mind the world, my dear: you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect: (*a loud rapping at the door*) and there he is, by the thundering rap.

*Croaker.* Ay, verily, there he is as close upon the heels of his own express as is an indorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive him, whilst I go to chide my Olivia for intending to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt's consent. I must seem to be angry, or she too may begin to despise my authority. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Lofty, speaking to his servant.*

*Lofty.* And if the Venetian ambassador, or that teasing creature, the marquis, should call, I'm not at home. Dam'me, I'll be packhorse to none of them. My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—And if the expresses to his grace be ready, let them be sent off; they're of importance. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Sir, this honour——

*Lofty* And, Dubardieu, if the person calls about the commission, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumbercourt's stale request, it can keep cold: you understand me, madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Sir, this honour——

*Lofty.* And, Dubardieu, if the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him: you must do him, I say. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons—And if the Russian ambassador calls; but he will scarce call to-day, I believe. And now, madam, I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine; and yet I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

*Lofty.* Sink the public, madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in the affairs? Thus it is eternally; solicited for places here, teased for pen-

sions there, and courted every where. I know you pity me. Yes, I see you do.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Excuse me, sir. 'Toils of empires pleasures are,' as Waller says.

*Lofty.* Waller, Waller; is he of the house?

*Mrs. Croaker.* The modern poet of that name, sir.

*Lofty.* Oh, a modern! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but not for us. Why now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp-act, or a jaghire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

*Mrs. Croaker.* The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

*Lofty.* I vow to gad, madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees. Yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so. Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm—that is as mere men.

*Mrs. Croaker.* What importance, and yet what modesty!

*Lofty.* Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam; there I own, I'm accessible to praise: modesty is my foible: it was so, the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. I love Jack Lofty, he used to say; no man has a finer knowledge of things, quite a man of information: and when he speaks upon his legs, by the Lord he's prodigious; he scouts them: and yet all men have their faults; too much modesty is his, says his grace.

*Mrs. Croaker.* And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your friends.

*Lofty.* O, there indeed I'm in bronze. Apropos, I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain personage; we must name no names. When I ask, I'm not to be put off, madam. No, no; I take my friend by the button. 'A fine girl, sir; great justice in her case. A friend of mine. Borough interest. Business must be done, Mr. Secretary. I say Mr. Secretary, her business must be done, sir.' That's my way, madam.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Bless me! you said all this to the secretary of state, did you?

*Lofty.* I did not say the secretary, did I? Well, curse it, since you have found me out, I will not deny it. It was to the secretary.

*Mrs. Croaker.* This was going to the fountain-head at once;

not applying to the understrappers, as Mr. Honeywood would have had us.

*Lofty.* Honeywood! he, he! He was, indeed, a fine solicitor. I suppose you have heard what has just happened to him?

*Mrs. Croaker.* Poor dear man! no accident, I hope.

*Lofty.* Undone, madam, that's all! His creditors have taken him into custody. A prisoner in his own house.

*Mrs. Croaker.* A prisoner in his own house? How! At this very time? I'm quite unhappy for him.

*Lofty.* Why, so am I. The man, to be sure, was immensely good-natured; but then, I could never find that he had any thing in him.

*Mrs. Croaker.* His manner, to be sure, was excessively harmless: some, indeed, thought it a little dull. For my part, I always concealed my opinion.

*Lofty.* It can't be concealed, madam; the man was dull, dull as the last new comedy! A poor impracticable creature! I tried once or twice to know if he was fit for business, but he had scarce talents to be groom-porter to an orange-barrow.

*Mrs. Croaker.* How differently does Miss Richland think of him! for, I believe, with all his faults, she loves him.

*Lofty.* Loves him! Does she? You should cure her of that, by all means. Let me see: what if she were sent to him this instant, in his present doleful situation? My life for it, that works her cure. Distress is a perfect antidote to love. Suppose we join her in the next room? Miss Richland is a fine girl, has a fine fortune, and must not be thrown away. Upon my honour, madam, I have a regard for Miss Richland; and, rather than she should be thrown away, I should think it no indignity to marry her myself. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Olivia and Leontine.*

*Lecnt.* And yet, trust me, Olivia, I had every reason to expect Miss Richland's refusal, as I did every thing in my power to deserve it. Her indelicacy surprises me.

*Olivia.* Sure, Leontine, there's nothing so indelicate in being sensible of your merit. If so, I fear I shall be the most guilty thing alive.

*Leont.* But you mistake, my dear. The same attention I used to advance my merit with you, I practised to lessen it with her. What more could I do?

*Olivia.* Let us now rather consider what's to be done. We have both dissembled too long—I have always been ashamed, I am now quite weary of it. Sure, I could never have undergone so much for any other but you.

*Leont.* And you shall find my gratitude equal to your kindest compliance. Though our friends should totally forsake us, Olivia, we can draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.



*Olivia.* Then why should we defer our scheme of humble happiness, when it is now in our power? I may be the favourite of your father, it is true; but can it ever be thought, that his present kindness to a supposed child will continue to a known deceiver?

*Leont.* I have many reasons to believe it will. As his attachments are but few, they are lasting. His own marriage was a private one, as ours may be. Besides I have sounded him already at a distance, and find all his answers exactly to our wish. Nay, by an expression or two that dropped from him, I am induced to think he knows of this affair,

*Olivia.* Indeed! But that would be a happiness too great to be expected.

*Leont.* However it be, I'm certain you have power over him; and am persuaded, if you informed him of our situation, that he would be disposed to pardon it.

*Olivia.* You had equal expectations, Leontine, from your last scheme with Miss Richland, which you find has succeeded most wretchedly.

*Leont.* And that's the best reason for trying another.

*Olivia.* If it must be so, I submit.

*Leont.* As we could wish, he comes this way. Now, my dearest Olivia, be resolute. I'll just retire within hearing, to come in at proper time, either to share your danger, or confirm your victory. [Exit.]

*Enter Croaker.*

*Croaker.* Yes, I must forgive her; and yet not too easily neither. It will be proper to keep up the decorums of resentment a little, if it be only to impress her with an idea of my authority.

*Olivia.* How I tremble to approach him!—Might I presume, sir—If I interrupt you—

*Croaker.* No, child, where I have an affection, it is not a little thing can interrupt me. Affection gets over little things.

*Olivia.* Sir, you're too kind. I'm sensible how ill I deserve this partiality. Yet Heaven knows there is nothing I would not do to gain it.

*Croaker.* And you have but too well succeeded, you little hussey you. With those endearing ways of yours, on my conscience, I could be brought to forgive anything, unless it were a very great offence indeed.

*Olivia.* But mine is such an offence—When you know my guilt—Yes, you shall know it, though I feel the greatest pain in the confession.

*Croaker.* Why then, if it be so very great a pain, you may spare yourself the trouble, for I know every syllable of the matter before you begin.

*Olivia.* Indeed! Then I'm undone.

*Croaker.* Ay, miss you wanted to steal a match, without letting me know it, did you? But I'm not worth being consulted, I suppose, when there's to be a marriage in my own family. No, I'm to have no hand in the disposal of my own children. No, I'm nobody. I'm to be a mere article of family lumber; a piece of crack'd china to be stuck up in a corner.

*Olivia.* Dear sir, nothing but the dread of your authority could induce us to conceal it from you.

*Croaker.* No, no, my consequence is no more; I'm as little minded as a dead Russian in winter, just stuck up with a pipe in his mouth till there comes a thaw—It goes to my heart to vex her.

*Olivia.* I was prepared, sir, for your anger, and despaired of pardon, even while I presumed to ask it. But your severity shall never abate my affection, as my punishment is but justice.

*Croaker.* And yet you should not despair neither, Livy. We ought to hope all for the best.

*Olivia.* And do you permit me to hope, sir? Can I ever expect to be forgiven. But hope has too long deceiv'd me.

*Croaker.* Why then, child, it shan't deceive you now, for I forgive you this very moment; I forgive you all; and now you are indeed my daughter.

*Olivia.* O transport! This kindness overpowers me.

*Croaker.* I was always against severity to our children. We have been young and giddy ourselves, and we can't expect boys and girls to be old before their time.

*Olivia.* What generosity! But can you forget the many falsehoods, the dissimulation——

*Croaker.* You did indeed dissemble, you urchin, you; but where's the girl that won't dissemble for a husband? My wife and I had never been married, if we had not dissembled a little beforehand.

*Olivia.* It shall be my future care never to put such generosity to a second trial. And as for the partner of my offence and folly, from his native honour, and the just sense he has of his duty, I can answer for him that——

*Enter Leontine.*

*Leont.* Permit him thus to answer for himself. (*Kneeling.*) Thus, sir, let me speak my gratitude for this unmerited forgiveness. Yes, sir, this even exceeds all your former tenderness. I now can boast the most indulgent of fathers. The life he gave, compared to this, was but a trifling blessing.

*Croaker.* And, good sir, who sent for you with that fine tragedy face, and flourishing manner; I don't know what we have to do with your gratitude upon this occasion.

*Leont.* How, sir! is it possible to be silent when so much

oblig'd? Would you refuse me the pleasure of being grateful? Of adding my thanks to my Olivia's? Of sharing in the transports that you have thus occasioned.

*Croaker.* Lord, sir, we can be happy enough, without your coming in to make up the party. I don't know what's the matter with the boy all this day; he has got into such a rhodomontade manner all the morning!

*Leont.* But, sir, I that have so large a part in the benefit, is it not my duty to shew my joy? Is the being admitted to your favour so slight an obligation? Is the happiness of marrying my Olivia so small a blessing?

*Croaker.* Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia! marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of his senses! His own sister!

*Leont.* My sister!

*Olivia.* Sister! How have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*

*Leont.* Some curs'd mistake in all this I find. [*Aside.*

*Croaker.* What does the booby mean, or has he any meaning? Eh, what do you mean, you blockhead you?

*Leont.* Mean, sir—why, sir—only when my sister is to be married, that I have the pleasure of marrying her, sir; this is, of giving her away sir.—I have made a point of it.

*Croaker.* O, is that all? Give her away. You have made a point of it. Then you had as good make a point of first giving away yourself, as I'm going to prepare the writings between you and Miss Richland this very minute. What a fuss is here about nothing! Why, what's the matter now? I thought I had made you at least as happy as you could wish.

*Olivia.* O! yes, sir, very happy.

*Croaker.* Do you foresee anything, child? You look as if you did. I think if anything was to be foreseen, I have as sharp a look-out as another: and yet I foresee nothing. [*Exit.*

Leontine, Olivia.

*Olivia.* What can it mean?

*Leont.* He knows something, and yet for my life I can't tell what.

*Olivia.* It can't be the connexion between us, I'm pretty certain.

*Leont.* Whatever it be, my dearest, I'm resolved to put it out of Fortune's power to repeat our mortification. I'll haste, and prepare for our journey to Scotland this very evening. My friend Honeywood has promised me his advice and assistance, I'll go to him, and repose our distresses on his friendly bosom; and I know so much of his honest heart, that if he can't relieve our uneasiness, he will at least share them. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE, *Young Honeywood's House.*

Bailiff, Honeywood, Follower.

*Bailiff.* Look-ye, sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time; no disparagement of you neither. Men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to shew a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

*Honeyw.* Without all question, Mr.—, I forget your name, sir?

*Bailiff.* How can you forget what you never knew? he, he, he!

*Honeyw.* May I beg leave to ask your name?

*Bailiff.* Yes, you may,

*Honeyw.* Then, pray sir, what is your name, sir?

*Bailiff.* That I didn't promise to tell you; he, he, he! A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

*Honeyw.* You may have reason for keeping it a secret, perhaps.

*Bailiff.* The law does nothing without reason. I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, sir. If you can shew cause as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—But come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And now you know my name, what have you got to say to that?

*Honeyw.* Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

*Bailiff.* Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

*Honeyw.* But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe, you'll have no scruple (*pulling out his purse*). The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thought of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

*Bailiff.* Oh! that's another maxim, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get any thing by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

*Honeyw.* Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch; and your's is a necessary one. (*Gives him money.*)

*Bailiff.* Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

*Honeyw.* Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

*Bailiff.* Ay, sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

*Honeyw.* Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

*Bailiff.* Humanity, sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say that we, in our way, have no humanity; but I'll shew you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children, a guinea or two would be more to him than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't shew him any humanity myself, I must beg you'll do it for me.

*Honeyw.* I assure you, Mr. Twitch, your's is a most powerful recommendation. (*Giving money to the follower.*)

*Bailiff.* Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But, to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes—Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face; a very good face; but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

*Honeyw.* Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* Sir, Miss Richland is below.

*Honeyw.* How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve, my good friend, little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver—Do you hear?

*Servant.* That your honour, gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it is was as good as new.

*Honeyw.* The white and gold then.

*Servant.* That, your honour, I made bold to sell, because it was good for nothing.

*Honeyw.* Well, the first that comes to hand then. The blue and gold. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue.

[*Exit Flanigan.*]

*Bailiff.* Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in any thing. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he. Scents like a hound; sticks like a weasel. He was master of the ceremonies to the black queen of Morocco when I took him to follow me (*Re-enter Flanigan.*) Heh, ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

*Honeyw.* Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr.



Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

*Bailiff.* Never you fear me, I'll shew the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another; that's all the difference between them.

*Enter Miss Richland and her Maid.*

*Miss Rich.* You'll be surprised, sir, with this visit. But you know I've yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

*Honeyw.* Thanks, madam, are unnecessary, as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

*Miss Rich.* Who can these odd-looking men be? I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. *[Aside.]*

*Bailiff (after a pause).* Pretty weather, very pretty weather, for the time of the year, madam.

*Follower.* Very good circuit weather in the country.

*Honeyw.* You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should in some measure recompense the toils of the brave.

*Miss Rich.* Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, sir?

*Honeyw.* Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam. A dangerous service.

*Miss Rich.* I'm told so. And I own, it has often surprised me, that, while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

*Honeyw.* I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought: but, they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more.

*Miss Rich.* I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

*Honeyw.* We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one, but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

*Follower.* Damn the French, the *parle-vous*, and all that belongs to them.

*Miss Rich.* Sir!

*Honeyw.* Ha, ha, ha, honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, Madam: he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

*Miss Rich.* Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste, that has brought them in turn to taste us.

*Bailiff.* Taste us! By the Lord, madam, they devour us. Give Monseers but a taste, and I'll be damned, but they come in for a bellyful.

*Miss Rich.* Very extraordinary this.

*Follower.* But very true. What makes the bread rising? the *parle-vous* that devour us. What makes the mutton five pence a pound? the *parle-vous* that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence-halfpenny a pot—

*Honeyw.* Ah! the vulgar rogues, all will be out. (*Aside.*) Right, gentlemen, very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injur'd as much by French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

*Miss Rich.* Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet, I'll own, that we should sometimes pardon books as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

*Bailiff.* That's all my eye. The king only can pardon, as the law says: for set in case—

*Honeyw.* I'm quite of your opinion, sir; I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly our presuming to pardon any work, is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

*Bailiff.* By his *habus corpus*. His *habus corpus* can set him free at any time. For set in case—

*Honeyw.* I'm obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If, madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

*Follower.* Ay, but if so be a man's nabb'd, you know—

*Honeyw.* Mr. Flanigan, if you speak for ever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part I think it conclusive.

*Bailiff.* As for the matter of that, mayhap—

*Honeyw.* Nay, sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves: what is it, but aiming our unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

*Bailiff.* Justice! O, by the elevens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there; for, in a course of law—

*Honeyw.* My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at perfectly, and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of his course of law.

*Miss Rich.* I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

*Bailiff.* Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make

the matter out. This here question is about severity, and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now to explain the thing——

*Honeyw.* O! curse your explanations.

[*Aside*

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* Mr. Leontine, sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

*Honeyw.* That's lucky. (*Aside.*) Dear madam, you'll excuse me, and my good friends here, for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must; but I know your natural politeness.

*Bailiff.* Before and behind, you know.

*Follower.* Ay, ay, before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt Honeywood, Bailiff, and Follower.*

*Miss Rich.* What can all this mean, Garnet?

*Garnet.* Mean, madam? why, what should it mean, but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers, are officers sure enough; sheriff's officers; bailiffs, madam.

*Miss Rich.* Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure, yet, I own there's something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

*Garnet.* And so they are. But I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts and set him free, has not done it by this time. He ought at least to have been here before now. But lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles than out of them.

*Enter Sir William.*

*Sir Will.* For Miss Richland to undertake setting him free, I own was quite unexpected. It has totally unhinged my schemes to reclaim him. Yet, it gives me pleasure to find, that, among a number of worthless friendships, he has made one acquisition of real virtue: for there must be some softer passion on her side that prompts this generosity. Ah! here before me; I'll endeavour to sound her affections. Madam, as as I am the person that have had some demands upon the gentleman of this house, I hope you'll excuse me, if, before I enlarged him, I wanted to see yourself.

*Miss Rich.* The precaution was very unnecessary, sir; I suppose your wants were only such as my agent had power to satisfy.

*Sir Will.* Partly, madam. But, I was also willing you should be fully apprised of the character of the gentleman you intended to serve.

*Miss Rich.* It must come, sir, with a very ill grace from you. To censure it, after what you have done, would look like malice; and, to speak favourably of a character you have

oppressed, would be impeaching your own. And sure, his tenderness, his humanity, his universal friendship, may atone for many faults.

*Sir Will.* That friendship, madam, which is exerted in too wide a sphere, becomes totally useless. Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears when diffused too widely. They who pretend most to this universal benevolence, are either deceivers or dupes—men who desire to cover their private ill-nature by a pretended regard for all; or, men who reasoning themselves into false feelings, are more earnest in pursuit of splendid than of useful virtues.

*Miss Rich.* I am surprised, sir, to hear one who has probably been a gainer by the folly of others, so severe in his censure of it.

*Sir Will.* Whatever I may have gained by folly, madam, you see I am willing to prevent your losing by it.

*Miss Rich.* Your cares for me, sir, are unnecessary. I always suspect those services which are denied where they are wanted, and offered, perhaps, in hopes of a refusal. No, sir, my directions have been given, and I insist upon their being complied with.

*Sir Will.* Thou amiable woman, I can no longer contain the expressions of my gratitude—my pleasure. You see before you one who has been equally careful of his interest: one who has for some time been a concealed spectator of his follies, and only punished in hopes to reclaim them—His uncle.

*Miss Rich.* Sir William Honeywood! You amaze me. How shall I conceal my confusion? I fear, sir, you'll think I have been too forward in my services. I confess I—

*Sir Will.* Don't make any apologies, madam. I only find myself unable to repay the obligation. And yet, I have been trying my interest of late to serve you. Having learnt, madam, that you had some demands upon government, I have, though unasked, been your solicitor there.

*Miss Rich.* Sir, I am infinitely obliged to your intentions; but my guardian has employed another gentleman, who assures him of success.

*Sir Will.* Who, the important little man that visits here! Trust me, madam, he's quite contemptible among men in power, and utterly unable to serve you. Mr. Lofty's promises are much better known to people of fashion than his person, I assure you.

*Miss Rich.* How have we been deceived! As sure as can be, here he comes.

*Sir Will.* Does he? Remember I'm to continue unknown. My return to England has not as yet been made public. With what impudence he enters!

*Enter Lofty.*

*Lofty.* Let the chariot—let my chariot drive off. I'll visit

his grace's in a chair. Miss Richland here before me? Punctual, as usual, to the calls of humanity. I'm very sorry, madam, things of this kind should happen, especially to a man I have shewn everywhere, and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

*Miss Rich.* I find, sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

*Lofty.* My dear madam, what can a private man like me do? One man can't do every thing; and then I do so much in this way every day. Let me see, something considerable might be done for him by subscription; it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace of dukes, two dozen lords, and half the lower house, at my own peril.

*Sir Will.* And, after all, it is more than probable, sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage.

*Lofty.* Then, madam, what can we do? You know I never make promises. In truth, I once or twice tried to do something with him in the way of business; but as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly impracticable.

*Sir Will.* His uncle! Then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of your's?

*Lofty.* Meaning me, sir?—Yes, madam, as I often said, my dear Sir William, you are sensible I would do any thing, as far as my poor interest goes, to serve your family; but what can be done? There's no procuring first-rate places for ninth-rate abilities.

*Miss Rich.* I have heard of Sir William Honeywood; he's abroad in employment; he confided in your judgment, I suppose?

*Lofty.* Why yes, madam; I believe Sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment; one little reason, perhaps.

*Miss Rich.* Pray, sir, what was it?

*Lofty.* Why, madam—but let it go no farther—it was I procured him his place.

*Sir Will.* Did you, sir?

*Lofty.* Either you or I, sir.

*Miss Rich.* This, Mr. Lofty, was very kind indeed.

*Lofty.* I did love him, to be sure; he had some amusing qualities; no man was fitter to be toastmaster to a club, or had a better head.

*Miss Rich.* A better head?

*Lofty.* Ay, at a bottle. To be sure, he was as dull as a choice spirit; but hang it, he was grateful, very grateful; and gratitude hides a multitude of faults.

*Sir Will.* He might have reason, perhaps. His place is pretty considerable, I'm told.

*Lofty.* A trifle, a mere trifle, among us men of business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill up a greater.

*Sir Will.* Dignity of person do you mean, sir? I'm told he's much about my size and figure, sir.



*Lofty.* Ay, tall enough for a marching regiment; but then he wanted a something—a consequence of form—a kind of a—I believe the lady perceives my meaning.

*Miss Rich.* O perfectly! you courtiers can do anything I see.

*Lofty.* My dear madam, all this is but a mere exchange; we do greater things for one another every day. Why, as thus, now: let me suppose you the first lord of the treasury; you have an employment in you that I want; I have a place in me that you want; do me here, do you there; interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and done, and it's over.

*Sir Will.* A thought strikes me. (*Aside.*) Now you mention Sir William Honeywood, madam, and as he seems, sir, an acquaintance of your's, you will be glad to hear he's arrived from Italy; I had it from a friend who knows him as well as he does me, and you may depend upon my information.

*Lofty.* The devil he is! If I had known that, we should not have been quite so well acquainted. (*Aside.*)

*Sir Will.* He is certainly returned; and as this gentleman is a friend of your's, he can be of signal service to us by introducing me to him; there are some papers relative to your affairs, that require dispatch and his inspection.

*Miss Rich.* This gentleman, Mr. Lofty, is a person employed in my affairs: I know you'll serve us.

*Lofty.* My dear madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon him, if you think proper to command it.

*Sir Will.* That would be quite unnecessary.

*Lofty.* Well, we must introduce you, then. Call upon me—let me see—ay, in two days.

*Sir Will.* Now, or the opportunity will be lost for ever.

*Lofty.* Well, if it must be now, now let it be. But damn it, that's unfortunate; my lord Grig's cursed Pensacola business comes on this very hour, and I'm engaged to attend—another time—

*Sir Will.* A short letter to Sir William will do.

*Lofty.* You shall have it; yet, in my opinion, a letter is a very bad way of going to work: face to face, that's my way.

*Sir Will.* The letter, sir, will do quite as well.

*Lofty.* Zounds, sir, do you pretend to direct me? direct me in the business of office? Do you know me, sir? Who am I?

*Miss Rich.* Dear Mr. Lofty, this request is not so much his as mine: if my commands—but you despise my power.

*Lofty.* Delicate creature! Your commands could even control a debate at midnight: to a power so constitutional I am all obedience and tranquillity. He shall have a letter: where is my secretary? Dubardieu! And yet, I protest, I don't like this way of doing business. I think if I spoke first to Sir William—But you will have it so.

[*Exit with Miss Rich.*]

*Sir William alone.*

*Sir Will.* Ha, ha, ha! This, too, is one of my nephew's associates. O vanity, thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt, serve but to sink us! Thy false colourings, like these employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy. I'm not displeased at this interview; exposing this fellow's impudence to the contempt it deserves, may be of use to my design; at least, if he can reflect, it will be of use to himself.

*Enter Jarvis.*

*Sir Will.* How now, Jarvis, where's your master, my nephew?

*Jarvis.* At his wit's end, I believe; he's scarce got out of one scrape, but he's running his head into another.

*Sir Will.* How so?

*Jarvis.* The house has but just been cleared of the bailiffs, and now he's again engaging, tooth and nail, in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

*Sir Will.* Ever busy to serve others.

*Jarvis.* Ay, anybody but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland, and he supplies them with money for the journey.

*Sir Will.* Money! how is he able to supply others, who has scarce any for himself?

*Jarvis.* Why, there it is; he has no money, that's true; but then, as he never said No to any request in his life, he has given them a bill drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city, which I am to get changed; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

*Sir Will.* How?

*Jarvis.* It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare a place for their reception when they return: so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

*Sir Will.* To the land of matrimony! a pleasant journey, Jarvis.

*Jarvis.* Ay, but I'm only to have all the fatigues on't.

*Sir Will.* Well, it may be shorter, and less fatiguing, than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady's family and connexions, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that Miss Richland is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephew; and will endeavour, though I fear in vain, to establish that connexion. But come, the letter I wait for must be almost finished; I'll let you farther into my intentions in the next room.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE, *Croaker's House.*

*Lofty.* Well, sure the devil's in me of late, for running my head into such defiles, as nothing but a genius like my own could draw me from. I was formerly contented to husband out my places and pensions with some degree of frugality, but curse it, of late I have given away the whole Court Register in less time than they could print the title-page; yet, hang it, why scruple a lie or two to come at a fine girl, when I every day tell a thousand for nothing? Ha! Honeywood here before me. Could Miss Richland have set him at liberty?

*Enter Honeywood.*

Mr. Honeywood, I'm glad to see you abroad again. I find my concurrence was not necessary in your unfortunate affair. I had put things in a train to do your business; but it is not for me to say what I intended doing.

*Honeyw.* It was unfortunate indeed, sir. But what adds to my uneasiness is, that while you seem to be acquainted with my misfortune, I myself continue still a stranger to my benefactor.

*Lofty.* How! not know the friend that served you?

*Honeyw.* Can't guess at the person.

*Lofty.* Inquire.

*Honeyw.* I have; but all I can learn is, that he chooses to remain concealed, and that all inquiry must be fruitless.

*Lofty.* Must be fruitless?

*Honeyw.* Absolutely fruitless.

*Lofty.* Sure of that?

*Honeyw.* Very sure.

*Lofty.* Then I'll be damn'd if you shall ever know it from me.

*Honeyw.* How, sir?

*Lofty.* I suppose now, Mr. Honeywood, you think my rent-roll very considerable, and that I have vast sums of money to throw away; I know you do. The world, to be sure, says such things of me.

*Honeyw.* The world, by what I learn, is no stranger to your generosity. But where does this tend?

*Lofty.* To nothing; nothing in the world. The town, to be sure, when it makes such a thing as me the subject of conversation, has asserted, that I never yet patronized a man of merit.

*Honeyw.* I have heard instances to the contrary, even from yourself.

*Lofty.* Yes, Honeywood, and there are instances to the contrary that you shall never hear from myself.

*Honeyw.* Ha, dear sir, permit me to ask you but one question.

*Lofty.* Sir, ask me no questions; I say, sir, ask me no questions; I'll be damn'd if I answer them.

*Honeyw.* I will ask no farther. My friend, my benefactor, it is, it must be here that I am indebted for freedom, for honour. Yes, thou worthiest of men, from the beginning I suspected it, but was afraid to return thanks; which, if undeserved, might seem reproaches.

*Lofty.* I protest I don't understand all this, Mr. Honeywood. You treat me very cavalierly, I do assure you, sir.—Blood, sir, can't a man be permitted to enjoy the luxury of his own feelings without all this parade?

*Honeyw.* Nay, do not attempt to conceal an action that adds to your honour. Your looks, your air, your manner, all confess it.

*Lofty.* Confess it, sir! Torture itself, sir, shall never bring me to confess it. Mr. Honeywood, I have admitted you upon terms of friendship. Don't let us fall out: make me happy, and let this be buried in oblivion. You know I hate ostentation; you know I do. Come, come, Honeywood, you know I always lov'd to be a friend, and not a patron. I beg this may make no kind of distance between us. Come, come, you and I must be more familiar—indeed we must.

*Honeyw.* Heavens! Can I ever repay such friendship? Is there any way? Thou best of men, can I ever return the obligation?

*Lofty.* A bagatelle, a mere bagatelle. But I see your heart is labouring to be grateful, You shall be grateful. It would be cruel to disappoint you.

*Honeyw.* How! teach me the manner. Is there any way?

*Lofty.* From this moment you're mine. Yes, my friend, you shall know it—I'm in love.

*Honeyw.* And can I assist you?

*Lofty.* Nobody so well.

*Honeyw.* In what manner? I'm all impatience.

*Lofty.* You shall make love for me.

*Honeyw.* And to whom shall I speak in your favour?

*Lofty.* To a lady with whom you have great interest, I assure you. Miss Richland.

*Honeyw.* Miss Richland!

*Lofty.* Yes, Miss Richland. She has struck the blow up to the hilt in my bosom, by Jupiter.

*Honeyw.* Heavens! was ever any thing more unfortunate? It is too much to be endured.

*Lofty.* Unfortunate indeed! And yet I can endure it, till you have opened the affair to her for me. Between ourselves, I think she likes me: I'm not apt to boast, but I think she does.

*Honeyw.* Indeed! But do you know the person you apply to.

*Lofty.* Yes, I know you are her friend and mine; that's enough. To you, therefore, I commit the success of my passion. I'll say no more, let friendship do the rest. I have only to add, that if at any time my little interest can be of service—but, hang it, I'll make no promises—you know my interest is your's at any time. No apologies, my friend; I'll not be answered; it shall be so. [Exit.

*Honeyw.* Open, generous, unsuspecting man! He little thinks that I love her, too; and with such an ardent passion!—But, then, it was ever but a vain and hopeless one; my torment, my persecution! What shall I do? Love, friendship, a hopeless passion, a deserving friend! Love, that, has been my tormentor; a friend, that has, perhaps, distressed himself to serve me. It shall be so. Yes, I will discard the fondling hopes of my bosom, and exert all my influence in his favour. And yet to see her in the possession of another! Insupportable. But, then, to betray a generous, trusting friend!—Worse, worse. Yes, I'm resolved. Let me but be the instrument of their happiness, and then quit a country, where I must for ever despair of finding my own. [Exit.

*Enter Olivia and Garnet, who carries a milliner's box.*

*Olivia.* Dear me. I wish this journey were over. No news of Jarvis yet? I believe the old peevish creature delays purely to vex me.

*Garnet.* Why, to be sure, madam, I did hear him say, a little snubbing before marriage would teach you to bear it the better afterward.

*Olivia.* To be gone a full hour, though he had only to get a bill changed in the city! How provoking!

*Garnet.* I'll lay my life Mr. Leontine, that had twice as much to do, is setting off by this time from his inn, and here you are left behind.

*Olivia.* Well, let us be prepared for his coming, however. Are you sure you have omitted nothing, Garnet?

*Garnet.* Not a stick, madam—all's here. Yet I wish you could take the white and silver to be married in. It's the worst luck in the world, in any thing but white. I knew one Bet Stubbs, of our town, that was married in red, and as sure as eggs is eggs, the bridegroom and she had a miff before morning.

*Olivia.* No matter—I'm all impatience till we are out of the house.

*Garnet.* Bless me, madam, I had almost forgot the wedding-ring!—The sweet little thing!—I don't think it would go on my little finger. And what if I put in a gentleman's night cap, in case of necessity, madam? But here's Jarvis.

*Enter Jarvis.*

*Olivia.* O, Jarvis, are you come at last? We have been ready this half-hour. Now let's be going—Let us fly.



*Jarvis.* Ay, to Jericho; for we shall have no going to Scotland this bout, I fancy.

*Olivia.* How! What's the matter?

*Jarvis.* Money, money, is the matter, madam. We have got no money. What the plague do you send me of your foot's errand for? My master's bill upon the city is not worth a rush. Here it is; Mrs. Garnet may pin up her hair with it?

*Olivia.* Undone! How could Honeywood serve us so? What shall we do? Can't we go without it?

*Jarvis.* Go to Scotland without money! To Scotland without money! Lord, how some people understand geography! We might as well set sail for Patagonia upon a cork-jacket!

*Olivia.* Such a disappointment! What a base, insincere man was your master, to serve us in this manner! Is this his good-nature?

*Jarvis.* Nay, don't talk ill of my master, madam. I won't bear to hear anybody talk ill of him but myself.

*Garnet.* Bless us! now I think on't, madam, you need not be under any uneasiness; I saw Mr. Leontine receive forty guineas from his father just before he set out, and he can't yet have left the inn. A short letter will reach him there.

*Olivia.* Well remembered, Garnet; I'll write immediately. How's this? Bless me, my hand trembles so, I can't write a word. Do you write, Garnet; and, upon second thought, it will be better for you.

*Garnet.* Truly, madam, I write and indite but poorly: I never was kute at my larning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose?

*Olivia.* Whatever you please.

*Garnet (writing).* Muster Croaker—Twenty guineas, madam?

*Olivia.* Ay, twenty will do.

*Garnet.* At the bar of the Talbot till called for. Expedition—will be blown up—all of a flame—Quick, dispatch—Cupid, the little God of love—I conclude it, madam, with Cupid; I love to see a love-letter end like poetry.

*Olivia.* Well, well, what you please, any thing. But how shall we send it? I can trust none of the servants of this family.

*Garnet.* Odso, madam, Mr. Honeywood's butler is in the next room; he's a dear, sweet man; he'll do any thing for me.

*Jarvis.* He! the dog, he'll certainly commit some blunder. He's drunk and sober ten times a day.

*Olivia.* No matter. Fly, Garnet; anybody we can trust will do. [*Exit Garnet.*] Well, Jarvis, now we can have nothing more to interrupt us. You may take up the things, and carry them on to the inn. Have you no hands, Jarvis?

*Jarvis.* Soft and fair, young lady. You, that are going to be married, think things can never be done too fast: but we that are old, and know what we are about, must elope methodically, madam.

*Olivia.* Well, sure, if my indiscretions were to be done over again—

*Jarvis.* My life for it, you would do them ten times over.

*Olivia.* Why will you talk so? If you knew how unhappy they make me—

*Jarvis.* Very unhappy, no doubt: I was once just as unhappy when I was going to be married myself. I'll tell you a story about that—

*Olivia.* A story! when I'm all impatience to be away. Was there ever such a dilatory creature?—

*Jarvis.* Well, madam, if we must march, why we will march; that's all. Though, odds bobs, we have still forgot one thing we should never travel without—a case of good razors, and a box of shaving powder. But no matter, I believe we shall be pretty well shaved by the way. [Going.]

*Enter Garnet.*

*Garnet.* Undone, undone, madam. Ah, Mr. Jarvis, you said right enough. As sure as death, Mr. Honeywood's rogue of a drunken butler dropped the letter before he went ten yards from the door. There's old Croaker has just picked it up, and is this moment reading it to himself in the hall.

*Olivia.* Unfortunate! We shall be discovered.

*Garnet.* No, madam, don't be uneasy, he can make neither head nor tail of it. To be sure, he looks as if he was broke loose from Bedlam about it, but he can't find what it means for all that. O Lud, he is coming this way all in the horrors!

*Olivia.* Then let us leave the house this instant, for fear he should ask farther questions. In the mean time, Garnet, do you write and send off just such another. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Croaker.*

*Croaker.* Death and destruction! Are all the horrors of air, fire, and water, to be levelled only at me? Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles, and conflagration? Here it is—An incendiary letter dropped at my door. 'To Muster Croaker, these, with speed.' Ay, ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil. 'With speed!' O, confound your speed. But let me read it once more. (*Reads.*) 'Muster Croaker, as sone as yowe see this, love twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talboot til caled for, or yowe and yower experation will be al blown up.' Ah, but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dogs! All blown up! Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up! (*Reads.*) 'Our pockets are low, and money we must have.' Ay, there's the reason; they'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. (*Reads.*) 'It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all

of a flame.' Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and then burn us. The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. (*Reads.*) 'make quick dispatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go.' The little god of love! Cupid, the little god of love, go with me! Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together! I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! We shall all be burnt in our beds; we shall all be burnt in our beds!

*Enter Miss Richland.*

*Miss Rich.* Lord, sir, what's the matter?

*Croaker.* Murder's the matter. We shall all be blown up in our beds before morning.

*Miss Rich.* I hope not, sir.

*Croaker.* What signifies what you hope, madam, when I have a certificate of it here in my hand? Will nothing alarm my family? Sleeping and eating, sleeping and eating, is the only work from morning till night in my house. My insensible crew could sleep, though rocked by an earthquake; and fry beef-stakes at a volcano.

*Miss Rich.* But, sir, you have alarmed them so often already; we have nothing but earthquakes, famines, plagues, and mad dogs, from year's end to year's end. You remember, sir, it is not above a month ago you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers to poison us in our bread; and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

*Croaker.* And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without? Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard to play upon the house in case of necessity.

[*Exit.*

*Miss Richland, alone.*

*Miss Rich.* What can he mean by all this? Yet why should I inquire, when he alarms us in this manner almost every day? But Honeywood has desired an interview with me in private. What can he mean? or rather what means this palpitation at his approach? It is the first time he ever shewed any thing in his conduct that seemed particular. Sure he cannot mean to—but he's here.

*Enter Honeywood.*

*Honeyw.* I presumed to solicit this interview, madam, before I left town, to be permitted—

*Miss Rich.* Indeed! Leaving town, sir?—

*Honeyw.* Yes, madam; perhaps the kingdom. I have presumed, I say, to desire the favour of this interview—in order to disclose something which our long friendship prompts. And yet my fears—

*Miss Rich.* His fears! What are his fears to mine? (*Aside.*) We have indeed been long acquainted, sir; very long. If I remember, our first meeting was at the French ambassador's.—Do you recollect how you were pleased to rally me upon my complexion there?

*Honeyw.* Perfectly, madam; I presumed to reprove you for painting: but your warmer blushes soon convinced the company, that the colouring was all from nature.

*Miss Rich.* And yet you only meant it, in your good-natured way, to make me pay a compliment to myself. In the same manner you danced that night with the most awkward woman in company, because you saw nobody else would take her out.

*Honeyw.* Yes; and was rewarded the next night, by dancing with the finest woman in company, whom everybody wished to take out.

*Miss Rich.* Well, sir, if you thought so then, I fear your judgment has since corrected the errors of a first impression. We generally shew to most advantage at first. Our sex are like poor tradesmen, that put all their best goods to be seen at the windows.

*Honeyw.* The first impression, madam, did indeed deceive me. I expected to find a woman with all the faults of conscious flattered beauty. I expected to find her vain and insolent. But every day has since taught me that it is possible to possess sense without pride, and beauty without affectation.

*Miss Rich.* This, sir, is a style very unusual with Mr. Honeywood: and I should be glad to know why he thus attempts to increase that vanity, which his own lesson hath taught me to despise.

*Honeyw.* I ask pardon, madam. Yet, from our long friendship, I presumed I might have some right to offer, without offence, what you may refuse without offending.

*Miss Rich.* Sir! I beg you'd reflect; though, I fear, I shall scarce have any power to refuse a request of your's; yet, you may be precipitate: consider, sir.

*Honeyw.* I own my rashness; but, as I plead the cause of friendship, of one who loves—Don't be alarmed, madam—Who loves you with the most ardent passion; whose whole happiness is placed in you—

*Miss Rich.* I fear, sir, I shall never find whom you mean, by this description of him.

*Honeyw.* Ah, madam, it but too plainly points him out; though he should be too humble himself to urge his pretensions, or you too modest to understand them.

*Miss Rich.* Well; it would be affectation any longer to pre-

tend ignorance; and I will own, sir, I have long been prejudiced in his favour. It was but natural to wish to make his heart mine, as he seemed himself ignorant of its value.

*Honeyw.* I see she always loved him. (*Aside.*) I find, madam, you're already sensible of his worth, his passion. How happy is my friend, to be the favourite of one with such sense to distinguish merit, and such rare beauty to reward it!

*Miss Rich.* Your friend! sir. What friend?

*Honeyw.* My best friend—My friend Mr. Lofty, madam.

*Miss Rich.* He, sir!

*Honeyw.* Yes, he, madam. He is, indeed, what your warmest wishes might have formed him. And to his other qualities, he adds that of the most passionate regard for you.

*Miss Rich.* Amazement!—No more of this, I beg you, sir.

*Honeyw.* I see your confusion, madam, and know how to interpret it. And since I so plainly read the language of your heart, shall I make my friend happy, by communicating your sentiments?

*Miss Rich.* By no means.

*Honeyw.* Excuse me; I must; I know you desire it.

*Miss Rich.* Mr. Honeywood, let me tell you, that you wrong my sentiments and yourself. When I first applied to your friendship, I expected advice and assistance; but now, sir, I see that it is vain to expect happiness from him who has been so bad an economist of his own; and that I must disclaim his friendship, who ceases to be a friend to himself. [*Exit.*]

*Honeyw.* How is this! she has confessed she loved him, and yet she seemed to part in displeasure. Can I have done anything to reproach myself with? No, I believe not; yet, after all, these things should not be done by a third person: I should have spared her confusion. My friendship carried me a little too far.

*Enter Croaker, with the letter in his hand, and Mrs. Croaker.*

*Mrs. Croaker.* Ha, ha, ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme wish that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion? ha, ha!

*Croaker.* (*Mimicking.*) Ha, ha, ha! and so my dear, it's your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation?

*Mrs. Croaker.* Positively, my dear, what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me? Our house may travel through the air like the house of Loretto, for aught I care, if I'm to be miserable in it.

*Croaker.* Would to Heaven it were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not every thing to alarm us? Perhaps, this very moment the tragedy is beginning.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them.



*Croaker.* Give them my money!—And pray, what right have they to my money?

*Mrs. Croaker.* And pray, what right then have you to my good humour?

*Croaker.* And so your good humour advises me to part with my money? Why then, to tell your good humour a piece of my mind, I'd sooner part with my wife. Here's Mr. Honeywood, see what he'll say to it. My dear Honeywood, look at this incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze you with terror; and yet lovey here can read it—can read it and laugh.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Yes, and so will Mr. Honeywood.

*Croaker.* If he does, I'll suffer to be hanged the next minute in the rogue's place, that's all.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Speak, Mr. Honeywood; is there any thing more foolish than my husband's fright upon this occasion?

*Honeyw.* It would not become me to decide, madam; but doubtless, the greatness of his terrors now, will but invite them to renew their villany another time.

*Mrs. Croaker.* I told you he'd be of my opinion.

*Croaker.* How, sir! do you maintain that I should lie down under such an injury, and shew, neither by my tears nor complaints, that I have something of the spirit of a man in me?

*Honeyw.* Pardon me, sir. You ought to make the loudest complaints, if you desire redress. The surest way to have redress is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

*Croaker.* Ay, whose opinion is he of now?

*Mrs. Croaker.* But don't you think that laughing off your fears is the best way?

*Honeyw.* What is the best, madam, few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

*Croaker.* But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber.

*Honeyw.* Why, sir, as to the best, that—that's a very wise way, too.

*Mrs. Croaker.* But can any thing be more absurd, than to double our distresses by our apprehensions, and put it in the power of every low fellow, that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling, to torment us?

*Honeyw.* Without doubt, nothing more absurd.

*Croaker.* How! would it not be more absurd to despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake.

*Honeyw.* Without doubt, perfectly absurd.

*Croaker.* Then you are of my opinion?

*Honeyw.* Entirely.

*Mrs. Croaker.* And you reject mine?

*Honeyw.* Heavens forbid, madam. No, sure no reasoning can be more just than your's. We ought certainly to despise malice if we cannot oppose it, and not make the incendiary's pen as fatal to our repose as the highwayman's pistol.

*Mrs. Croaker.* O! then you think I'm quite right.

*Honeyw.* Perfectly right.

*Croaker.* A plague of plagues, we can't both be right. I ought either to be sorry, or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head, or my hat must be off.

*Mrs. Croaker.* Certainly, in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right.

*Honeyw.* And why may not both be right, madam; Mr. Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good humour? Pray let me see the letter again; I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot inn; if it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, sir, go there, and when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him?

*Croaker.* My dear friend, it's the very thing; the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall plant yourself in ambush near the bar; burst out upon the miscreant like a masked battery; extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise.

*Honeyw.* Yes: but I would not choose to exercise too much severity. It is my maxim, sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

*Croaker.* Well, but we may upbraid him a little, I suppose? (*Ironically.*)

*Honeyw.* Ay, but not punish him too rigidly.

*Croaker.* Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

*Honeyw.* Well, I do: but remember that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

[*Exeunt Honeywood and Mrs. Croaker.*]

*Croaker.* Yes: and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra.

## ACT V.

### SCENE, *An Inn.*

*Enter Olivia, Jarvis.*

*Olivia.* Well, we have got safe to the inn, however. Now, if the post-chaise were ready—

*Jarvis.* The horses are just finishing their oats; and, as they are not going to be married, they choose to take their own time.

*Olivia.* You are for ever giving wrong motives to my impatience.

*Jarvis.* Be as impatient as you will, the horses must take their own time: besides, you don't consider, we have got no

answer from our fellow-traveller yet. If we hear nothing from Mr. Leontine, we have only one way left us.

*Olivia.* What way?

*Jarvis.* The way home again.

*Olivia.* Not so. I have made a resolution to go, and nothing shall induce me to break it.

*Jarvis.* Ay; resolutions are well kept when they jump with inclination. However, I'll go hasten things without. And I'll call too at the bar, to see if any thing should be left for us there. Don't be in such a plaguy hurry, madam, and we shall go the faster, I promise you. [Exit Jarvis.]

*Enter Landlady.*

*Landlady.* What! Solomon; why don't you move? Pipes and tobacco for the Lamb there—Will nobody answer! To the Dolphin; quick. The Angel has been outrageous this half hour. Did your ladyship call, madam?

*Olivia.* No, madam.

*Landlady.* I find, as you're for Scotland, madam—But, that's no business of mine; married or not married, I ask no questions. To be sure, we had a sweet little couple set off from this two days ago, for the same place. The gentleman, for a tailor, was, to be sure, as fine a spoken tailor as ever blew froth from a full pot. And the young lady so bashful, it was near half an hour before we could get her to finish a pint of raspberry between us.

*Olivia.* But this gentleman and I are not going to be married, I assure you.

*Landlady.* May be not. That's no business of mine; for certain, Scotch marriages seldom turn out well. There was, of my own knowledge, Miss Macfag, that married her father's footman—Alack-a-day, she and her husband soon parted, and now keep separate cellars in Hedge-lane.

*Olivia.* A very pretty picture of what lies before me. [Aside.]

*Enter Leontine.*

*Leont.* My dear Olivia, my anxiety till you were out of danger was too great to be resisted; I could not help coming to see you set out, though it exposes us to a discovery.

*Olivia.* May every thing you do prove as fortunate. Indeed, Leontine, we have been most cruelly disappointed. Mr. Honeywood's bill upon the city, has, it seems, been protested, and we have been utterly at a loss how to proceed.

*Leont.* How! An offer of his own, too. Sure he could not mean to deceive us.

*Olivia.* Depend upon his sincerity; he only mistook the desire for the power of serving us. But let us think no more of it. I believe the post-chase is ready by this.

*Landlady.* Not quite yet; and, begging your ladyship's pardon, I don't think your ladyship quite ready for the post-chaise. The north road is a cold place, madam. I have a drop in the house of as pretty raspberry as ever was tipt over tongue. Just a thimbleful, to keep the wind off your stomach. To be sure, the last couple we had here, they said it was a perfect nosegay. Ecod, I sent them both away as good natured—Up went the blinds, round went the wheels, and Drive away, post-boy, was the word.

*Enter Croaker.*

*Croaker.* Well, while my friend Honeywood is upon the post of danger at the bar, it must be my business to have an eye about me here. I think I know an incendiary's look; for, wherever the devil makes a purchase, he never fails to set his mark. Ha! who have we here? My son and daughter! what can they be doing here?

*Landlady.* I tell you, madam, it will do you good; I think I know by this time what's good for the north road. It's a raw night, madam.—Sir—

*Leont.* Not a drop more, good madam. I should now take it as a greater favour, if you hasten the horses; for I am afraid to be seen myself.

*Landlady.* That shall be done. Wha, Solomon! are you all dead there? Wha, Solomon, I say! [*Exit, bawling.*]

*Olivia.* Well, I dread lest an expedition begun in fear, should end in repentance.—Every moment we stay increases our danger, and adds to my apprehensions.

*Leont.* There's no danger trust me, my dear; there can be none; if Honeywood has acted with honour, and kept my father, as he promised, in employment, till we are out of danger, nothing can interrupt our journey.

*Olivia.* I have no doubt of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity, and even his desires to serve us. My fears are from your father's suspicions. A mind so disposed to be alarmed without a cause, will be but too ready when there's a reason.

*Leont.* Why, let him, when we are out of his power. But, believe me, Olivia, you have no great reason to dread his resentment. His repining temper, as it does no manner of injury to himself, so will it never do harm to others. He only frets to keep himself employed, and scolds for his private amusement.

*Olivia.* I don't know that; but, I'm sure, on some occasions, it makes him look most shockingly.

*Croaker.* (*Discovering himself.*) How does he look now?—How does he look now?

*Olivia.* Ah!

*Leont.* Undone.

*Croaker.* How do I look now? Sir, I am your very humble

servant. Madam, I am your's. What, you are going off, are you? Then, first, if you please, take a word or two from me with you before you go. Tell me first where you are going? and when you have told me that, perhaps, I shall know as little as I did before.

*Leont.* If that be so, our answer might but increase your displeasure, without adding to your information.

*Croaker.* I want no information from you, puppy; and you too, madam, what answer have you got? Eh! (*A cry without, Stop him.*) I think I heard a noise. My friend, Honeywood, without—has he seized the incendiary? Ah, no, for now I hear no more on't.

*Leont.* Honeywood without? Then, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood that directed you hither.

*Croaker.* No, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood conducted me hither.

*Leont.* Is it possible?

*Croaker.* Possible! Why he's in the house now, sir. More anxious about me than my own son, sir.

*Leont.* Then, sir, he's a villain.

*Croaker.* How, sirrah! a villain, because he takes most care of your father? I'll not bear it. I tell you I'll not bear it. Honeywood is a friend to the family, and I'll have him treated as such.

*Leont.* I shall study to repay his friendship as it deserves.

*Croaker.* Ah, rogue, if you knew how earnestly he entered into my griefs, and pointed out the means to detect them, you would love him as I do. (*A cry without, Stop him.*) Fire, and fury! they have seized the incendiary: they have the villain, the incendiary in view. Stop him, stop an incendiary, a murderer! stop him! [*Exit.*]

*Olivia.* Oh, my terrors! What can this new tumult mean?

*Leont.* Some new mark, I suppose, of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity. But we shall have satisfaction: he shall give me instant satisfaction.

*Olivia.* It must not be, my Leontine, if you value my esteem, or my happiness. Whatever be our fate, let us not add guilt to our misfortunes. Consider that our innocence will shortly be all we have left us. You must forgive him.

*Leont.* Forgive him! Has he not in every instance betrayed us. Forced me to borrow money from him, which appears a mere trick to delay us: promised to keep my father engaged till we were out of danger, and here brought him to the very scene of our escape?

*Olivia.* Don't be precipitate, we may yet be mistaken.

*Enter Post-boy, dragging in Jarvis: Honeywood entering soon after.*

*Post-boy.* Ay, master, we have him fast enough. Here is



the incendiary dog. I'm entitled to the reward; I'll take my oath I saw him ask for money at the bar, and then run for it.

*Honeyw.* Come, bring him along, let us see him. Let him learn to blush for his crimes. (*Discovering his mistake.*) Death! what's here? Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia! what can all this mean?

*Jarvis.* Why, I'll tell you what it means: that I was an old fool, and that you are my master—that's all.

*Honeyw.* Confusion!

*Leont.* Yes, sir, I find you have kept your word with me. After such baseness, I wonder how you can venture to see the man you have injured.

*Honeyw.* My dear Leontine, by my life, my honour—

*Leont.* Peace, peace; for shame; and do not continue to aggravate baseness by hypocrisy. I know you, sir, I know you.

*Honeyw.* Why, won't you hear? By all that's just, I knew not—

*Leont.* Hear you, sir, to what purpose? I now see through all your low arts; your ever complying with every opinion; your never refusing any request; your friendship as common as a prostitute's favours, and as fallacious; all these, sir, have been long contemptible to the world, and are now perfectly so to me.

*Honeyw.* Ha! contemptible to the world! That reaches me. (*Aside.*)

*Leont.* All the seeming sincerity of your professions, I now find, were only allurements to betray; and all your seeming regret for their consequences, only calculated to cover the cowardice of your heart. Draw, villain!

*Enter Croaker, out of breath.*

*Croaker.* Where is the villain? Where is the incendiary? (*seizing the post-boy.*) Hold him fast, the dog; he has the gallows in his face. Come, you dog; confess; confess all, and hang yourself.

*Post-boy.* Zounds, master! what do you throttle me for?

*Croaker.* (*Beating him.*) Dog, do you resist? do you resist?

*Post-boy.* Zounds, master! I'm not he; there's the man that we thought was the rogue, and turns out to be one of the company.

*Croaker.* How!

*Honeyw.* Mr. Croaker, we have been all under a strange mistake here: I find there is nobody guilty; it was all an error; entirely an error of our own.

*Croaker.* And I say, sir, that you're in an error; for there's guilt, and double guilt: a plot, a damn'd jesuitical, pestilential plot; and I must have proof of it.

*Honeyw.* Do but hear me.

*Croaker.* What, you intend to bring 'em off, I suppose; I'll hear nothing.

*Honeyw.* Madam, you seem at least calm enough to hear reason.

*Olivia.* Excuse me.

*Honeyw.* Good Jarvis, let me then explain it to you.

*Jarvis.* What signifies explanation, when the thing is done?

*Honeyw.* Will nobody hear me? Was there ever such a set, so blinded by passion and prejudice! (*To the post-boy.*) My good friend, I believe you'll be surprised when I assure you—

*Post-boy.* Sure me nothing—I'm sure of nothing but a good beating.

*Croaker.* Come then, you, madam, if you ever hope for any favour of forgiveness, tell me sincerely all you know of this affair.

*Olivia.* Unhappily, sir, I'm but too much the cause of your suspicions: you see before you, sir, one that with false pretences has stept into your family to betray it: not your daughter—

*Croaker.* Not my daughter!

*Olivia.* Not your daughter—but a mean deceiver—who—support me—I cannot—

*Honeyw.* Help, she's going, give her air.

*Croaker.* Ay, ay, take the young woman to the air; I would not hurt an hair of her head, whoseever daughter she may be—not so bad as that neither. [*Exeunt all but Croaker.*]

*Croaker.* Yes, yes, all's out; I now see the whole affair: my son is either married or going to be so, to this lady, whom he imposed upon me as his sister, Ay, certainly so; and yet I don't find it afflicts me so much as one might think. There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand, we never feel them when they come.

*Enter Miss Richland and Sir William.*

*Sir Will.* But how do you know, madam, that my nephew intends setting off from this place?

*Miss Rich.* My maid assured me that he was come to this inn, and my own knowledge of his intending to leave the kingdom suggested the rest. But what do I see? my guardian here before us! Who, my dear sir, could have expected meeting you here? To what accident do we owe this pleasure?

*Croaker.* To a fool, I believe.

*Miss Rich.* But to what purpose did you come?

*Croaker.* To play the fool.

*Miss Rich.* But with whom?

*Croaker.* With greater fools than myself.

*Miss Rich.* Explain.

*Croaker.* Why, Mr. Honeywood brought me here, to do nothing now I am here; and my son is going to be married to I don't know who that is here: so now you are as wise as I am.

*Miss Rich.* Married! to whom, sir?

*Croaker.* To Olivia; my daughter, as I took her to be; but who the devil she is, or whose daughter she is, I know no more than the man in the moon.

*Sir Will.* Then, sir, I can inform you; and though a stranger, yet you shall find me a friend to your family: it will be enough at present to assure you, that both in point of birth and fortune, the young lady is at least your son's equal. Being left by her father, Sir James Woodville—

*Croaker.* Sir James Woodville! What, of the west?

*Sir Will.* Being left by him, I say, to the care of a mercenary wretch, whose only aim was to secure her fortune to himself, she was sent into France, under pretence of education: and there every art was tried to fix her for life in a convent, contrary to her inclinations. Of this I was informed upon my arrival at Paris; and as I had been once her father's friend, I did all in my power to frustrate her guardian's base intentions. I had even meditated to rescue her from his authority, when your son stepped in with more pleasing violence, gave her liberty, and you a daughter.

*Croaker.* But I intend to have a daughter of my own choosing, sir. A young lady, sir, whose fortune, by my interest with those that have interest, will be double what my son has a right to expect. Do you know Mr. Lofty, sir?

*Sir Will.* Yes, sir; and know that you are deceived in him. But step this way, and I'll convince you.

[*Croaker and Sir William seem to confer.*]

*Enter Honeywood.*

*Honeyw.* Obstinate man, still to persist in his outrage! Insulted by him, despised by all, I now begin to grow contemptible even to myself. How have I sunk, by too great an assiduity to please! How have I overtaxed all my abilities, lest the approbation of a single fool should escape me! But all is now over; I have survived my reputation, my fortune, my friendships: and nothing remains henceforward for me but solitude and repentance.

*Miss Rich.* Is it true, Mr. Honeywood, that you are setting off, without taking leave of your friends? The report is, that you are quitting England. Can it be?

*Honeyw.* Yes, madam: and though I am so unhappy as to have fallen under your displeasure, yet, thank Heaven, I leave you to your happiness; to one who loves you, and deserves your love; to one who has power to procure you affluence, and generosity to improve your enjoyment of it.

*Miss Rich.* And are you sure, sir, that the gentleman you mean is what you describe him?

*Honeyw.* I have the best assurances of it, his serving me. He does, indeed, deserve the highest happiness, and that is in your power to confer. As for me, weak and wavering as I have been, obliged by all, and incapable of serving any, what happiness can I find, but in solitude? What hope, but in being forgotten?

*Miss Rich.* A thousand; to live among friends that esteem you; whose happiness it will be to be permitted to oblige you.

*Honeyw.* No, madam; my resolution is fixed. Inferiority among strangers is easy: but among those that once were equals, insupportable. Nay, to show you how far my resolution can go, I can now speak with calmness of my former follies, my vanity, my dissipation, my weakness. I will even confess, that among the number of my other presumptions, I had the insolence to think of loving you. Yes, madam, while I was pleading the passion of another, my heart was tortured with its own. But it is over, it was unworthy our friendship, and let it be forgotten.

*Miss Rich.* You amaze me!

*Honeyw.* But you'll forgive it, I know you will; since the confession should not have come from me even now, but to convince you of the sincerity of my intention of—never mentioning it more. [Going.]

*Miss Rich.* Stay, sir, one moment—Ha! he here—

*Enter Lofty.*

*Lofty.* Is the coast clear? None but friends. I have followed you here with a trifling piece of intelligence: but it goes no farther; things are not yet ripe for a discovery. I have spirits working at a certain board: your affairs at the Treasury will be done in less than—a thousand years. Mum!

*Miss Rich.* Sooner, sir, I should hope.

*Lofty.* Why, yes, I believe it may if it falls into proper hands, that know where to push, and where to parry; that know how the land lies—eh, Honeywood?

*Miss Rich.* It is fallen into your's.

*Lofty.* Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your thing is done. It is done, I say—that's all. I have just had assurances from Lord Neverout, that the claim has been examined, and found admissible. *Quietus* is the word, madam.

*Honeyw.* But how? his lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

*Lofty.* Indeed! then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most damnably mistaken. I had it of him.

*Miss Rich.* He! why, Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

*Lofty.* This month! It must certainly be so—Sir Gilbert's

letter did come to me from Newmarket, so that he must have met his lordship there; and so it came about. I have his letter about me; I'll read it to you. (*Taking out a large bundle.*) That's from Paolia, of Corsica: that's from the Marquis of Squilachi.—Have you a mind to see a letter from Count Poniatowski, now king of Poland?—Honest Pon— (*Searching.*) O, sir, what are you here too? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do without him.

*Sir Will.* Sir, I have delivered it, and must inform you it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

*Croaker.* Contempt! Mr. Lofty, what can that mean?

*Lofty.* Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something presently.

*Sir Will.* Yes, sir, I believe you'll be amazed, if, after waiting some time in the antechamber; after being surveyed with insolent curiosity, by the passing servants, I was at last assured, that Sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

*Lofty.* Good; let me die, very good. Ha, ha, ha!

*Croaker.* Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

*Lofty.* You can't. Ha, ha!

*Croaker.* No, for the soul of me; I think it was as confounded a bad answer, as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.

*Lofty.* And so you can't find out the force of the message? Why, I was in the house at that very time. Ha, ha! It was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha, ha!

*Croaker.* Indeed? How! why?

*Lofty.* In one word, things between Sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with Lord Buzzard: I side with Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery.

*Croaker.* And so it does, indeed, and all my suspicions are over.

*Lofty.* Your suspicions! What, then you have been suspecting, have you? Mr. Croaker, you and I were friends, we are friends no longer. Never talk to me. It's over; I say, it's over.

*Croaker.* As I hope for your favour, I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed.

*Lofty.* Zounds, sir, but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be treated thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dreaded, both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the Gazetteer, and praised in the St. James's? have I been chaired at Wildman's, and a speaker at Merchant Taylors' Hall? have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops, and talk to me of suspects?



*Croaker.* My dear sir, be pacified, What can you have but asking pardon?

*Lofty.* Sir, I will not be pacified—Suspects! Who am I? To be used thus, have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends, the lords of the Treasury, Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects? Who am I, I say? who am I?

*Sir Will.* Since, sir, you're so pressing for an answer, I'll tell you who you are—a gentleman, as well acquainted with politics as with men in power: as well acquainted with persons of fashion as with modesty: with lords of the Treasury as with truth: and with all, as you are with Sir William Honeywood. I am Sir William Honeywood.

[*Discovering his ensigns of the Bath.*]

*Croaker.* Sir William Honeywood!

*Honeyw.* Astonishment! my uncle!

[*Aside.*]

*Lofty.* So then, my confounded genius have been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

*Croaker.* What, Mr Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You, who have been dreaded by the ins and outs: you, who have had your hand to addresses, and your head stuck up in print-shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in the pillory.

*Lofty.* Ay, stick it where you will; for, by the Lord, it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

*Sir Will.* Well, Mr. Croaker, I hope you now see how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little Miss Richland has to expect from his influence.

*Croaker.* Ay, sir, too well I see it, and I can't but say I have had some bodings of it these ten days. So I am resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate fortune, to be satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr. Lofty, in helping him to a better.

*Sir Will.* I approve your resolution; and here they come to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent.

*Enter Mrs. Croaker, Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia.*

*Mrs. Croaker.* Where's my husband? Come, come lovey, you must forgive them. Jarvis here has been to tell me the whole affair; and, I say, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

*Croaker.* I wish we could both say so: however, this gentleman, Sir William Honeywood, has been beforehand with you in obtaining their pardon. So if the two poor fools have a mind to marry, I think we can tack them together, without crossing the Tweed for it.

[*Joining their hands.*]

*Leont.* How blest, and unexpected! What, what can we say

to such goodness? But our future obedience shall be the best reply. And, as for this gentleman, to whom we owe——

*Sir Will.* Excuse me, sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have here an interest that calls me. (*Turning to Honeywood.*) Yes, sir, you are surprised to see me; and I own that a desire of correcting your follies led me hither. I saw, with indignation, the errors of a mind, that only sought applause from others; the easiness of disposition, which, though inclined to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw, with regret, those splendid errors, that still took name from some neighbouring duty. Your charity, that was but injustice; your benevolence, that was but weakness; and your friendship, but credulity. I saw, with regret, great talents and extensive learning only employed to add sprightliness to error, and increase your perplexities. I saw your mind, with a thousand natural charms: but the greatness of its beauty served only to heighten my pity for its prostitution.

*Honeyw.* Cease to upbraid me, sir: I have, for some time, but too strongly felt the justice of your reproaches. But there is one way still left me. Yes, sir, I have determined, this very hour, to quit for ever a place where I have made myself the voluntary slave of all; and to seek among strangers that fortitude which may give strength to the mind, and marshal all its dissipated virtues. Yet, ere I depart, permit me to solicit favour for this gentleman: who, notwithstanding what has happened, has laid me under the most signal obligations. Mr. Lofty—

*Lofty.* Mr. Honeywood, I am resolved upon a reformation as well as you. I now begin to find, that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth, was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And, to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you, that you owe your late enlargement to another; as, upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place, I'm determined to resign. [*Exit.*]

*Honeyw.* How have I been deceived!

*Sir Will.* No, sir, you have been obliged to a kinder, fairer friend, for that favour—to Miss Richland. Would she complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her friendship, happy in her love, I should then forget all, and be as blest as the welfare of my dearest kinsman can make me.

*Miss Rich.* After what is past, it would be but affectation to pretend to indifference. Yes, I will own an attachment, which, I find, was more than friendship. And if my intreaties cannot alter his resolution to quit the country, I will even try if my hand has not power to detain him. [*Giving her hand.*]

*Honeyw.* Heavens! how can I have deserved all this? How express my happiness, my gratitude! A moment, like this, overpays an age of apprehension.

*Croaker.* Well, now I see content in every face ; but Heaven send we be all better this day three months.

*Sir Will.* Henceforth, nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping.

*Honeyw.* Yes, sir, I now too plainly perceive my errors. My vanity, in attempting to please all, by fearing to offend any. My meanness, in approving folly, lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress ; my friendship for true merit, and my love for her who first taught me what it is to be happy.

---

### EPILOGUE,\*

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure,  
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure ;  
Thus on the stage, our play-wrights still depend,  
For Epilogues and Prologues, on some friend,  
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,  
And make full many a bitter pill go down.  
Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,  
And teaz'd each rhyming friend to help him out.  
'An Epilogue, things can't go on without it ;  
It could not fail, would you but set about it.'  
'Young man,' cries one (a bard laid up in clover),  
'Alas young man, my writing days are over ;  
Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I ;  
Your brother-doctor there, perhaps, may try.'  
'What I, dear sir ?' the doctor interposes ;  
'What plant my thistle, sir, among his roses ?  
No, no ; I've other contests to maintain ;  
To night I head our troops at Warwick-lane.  
Go, ask your manager.'—'Who me ? Your pardon ;  
Those things are not our forte at Covent-garden.'

\* The author, in expectation of an Epilogue from a friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself till the very last hour. What is here offered owes all its success to the graceful manner of the actress who spoke it.

Our author's friends, thus placed at happy distance,  
Give him good words, indeed, but no assistance.  
As some unhappy wight, at some new play,  
At the pit-door stands elbowing away,  
While oft with many a smile, and many a shrug,  
He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug :  
His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,  
Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise :  
He nods, they nod ; he cringes, they grin ace ;  
But not a soul will budge to give him place.  
Since then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform,  
To 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm :  
Blame where you must, be candid where you can,  
And be each critic the Good-Natured Man.

# SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

## THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT:

A COMEDY.

---

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

#### MEN.

Sir Charles Marlow.  
Young Marlow (his son).  
Hardcastle.  
Hastings.  
Tony Lumpkin.  
Diggory.

#### WOMEN.

Mrs. Hardcastle.  
Miss Hardcastle.  
Miss Neville.  
Maid.

Landlord, Servants, &c. &c.



TO

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

DEAR SIR,

By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind, also, to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a Comedy not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend and admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## PROLOGUE, BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

*Enter Mr. Woodward,*

Dressed in black, and holding a handkerchief to his eyes.

EXCUSE me, sirs, I pray— I can't yet speak—  
 I'm crying now—and have been all the week!  
*'Tis not alone this mourning suit, good masters;*  
*I've that within—for which there are no plasters!*  
 Pray would you know the reason why I'm crying?  
 The comic muse, long sick, is now a dying!  
 And if she goes my tears will never stop;  
 For as a play'r I can't squeeze out one drop:  
 I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—  
 I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head.  
 When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,  
*Shuter and I* shall be chief mourners here.  
 To *her* a mawkish drab, of spurious breed,  
 Who deals in *sentimentals*, will succeed!  
 Poor *Ned* and *I* are dead to all intents;  
 We can as soon speak *Greek* as *sentiments*!  
 Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,  
 We now and then take down a hearty cup.  
 What shall we do?—If Comedy forsake us,  
*They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us.*  
 But why can't I be moral?—Let me try—  
 My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—  
 With a sententious look, that nothing means  
 (Faces are blocks, in sentimental scenes),  
 Thus I begin—*All is not gold that glitters.*  
*Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters.*  
*When ign'rance enters, folly is at hand;*  
*Learning is better far than house and land.*  
*Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble,*  
*And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble.*

I give it up—morals won't do for me;  
 To make you laugh I must play tragedy.  
 One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,  
 A doctor comes this night to shew his skill.  
 To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,  
 He in *five draughts* prepar'd, pretends a potion:  
 A kind of magic charm—for be assur'd,  
 If you will *swallow it*, the maid is cur'd:  
 But desperate the doctor, and her case is,  
 If you reject the dose, and make wry faces!  
 This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,  
 No *pois'nous drugs* are mixed with what he gives;  
 Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;  
 If not, within he will receive no fee!  
 The college *you*, must his pretensions back,  
 Pronounce him *regular*, or dub him *quack*.

## SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

## THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

## ACT I.

SCENE, *A chamber in an old-fashioned house.**Enter Mrs. Hardcastle and Mr. Hardcastle.**Mrs. Hardcastle.*

I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? 'There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour, Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

*Hard.* Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers; but in the very basket.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ay, *your* times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of *them* for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment, your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old fashioned trumpery.

*Hard.* And I love it. I love every thing that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and I believe, Dorothy (*taking her hand*), you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

*Mrs. Hard.* Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at you Dorothy's, and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me,

by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

*Hard.* Let me see; twenty added to twenty make just fifty and seven.

*Mrs. Hard.* It's false, Mr. Hardeastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

*Hard.* Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught *him* finely.

*Mrs. Hard.* No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

*Hard.* Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

*Mrs. Hard.* Humour, my dear: nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardeastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

*Hard.* I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If the burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

*Mrs. Hard.* And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

*Hard.* Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no, the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

*Mrs. Hard.* Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

*Hard.* Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

*Mrs. Hard.* He coughs sometimes.

*Hard.* Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

*Mrs. Hard.* I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

*Hard.* And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking-trumpet—(*Tony hallooing behind the scenes*)—O there he goes—a very consumptive figure, truly.

*Enter Tony, crossing the stage.*

*Mrs. Hard.* Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovey?

*Tony.* I'm in haste, mother, I cannot stay.

*Mrs. Hard.* You sha'n't venture out this raw evening, my dear: you look most shockingly.

*Tony.* I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

*Hard.* Ay; the alehouse, the old place; I thought so.

*Mrs. Hard.* A low, paltry set of fellows.

*Tony.* Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse-doctor, little Aminidab, that grinds the music box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

*Tony.* As for disappointing *them*, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint *myself*.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*Detaining him.*) You sha'n't go.

*Tony.* I will, I tell you.

*Mrs. Hard.* I say you sha'n't.

*Tony.* We'll see which is the strongest, you or I.

[*Exit, howling her out.*]

Hardcastle, *solus*.

*Hard.* Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling, Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

*Enter Miss Hardcastle.*

*Hard.* Blessings on my pretty innocence! Drest out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

*Miss Hard.* You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

*Hard.* Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the by, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

*Miss Hard.* I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

*Hard.* Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

*Miss Hard.* Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be as formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

*Hard.* Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your



choice; But Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar; and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I'm told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

*Miss Hard.* Is he?

*Hard.* Very generous,

*Miss Hard.* I believe I shall like him.

*Hard.* Young and brave.

*Miss Hard.* I'm sure I shall like him.

*Hard.* And very handsome.

*Miss Hard.* My dear papa, say no more (*kissing his hand*); he's mine, and I'll have him.

*Hard.* And to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

*Miss Hard.* Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved* has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

*Hard.* On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

*Miss Hard.* He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

*Hard.* Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager, he may not have *you*.

*Miss Hard.* My dear papa, why will you mortify one so!—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

*Hard.* Bravely resolved! In the mean time, I'll go prepare the servants for his reception, as we seldom see company; they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*]

*Miss Hardcastle, sola.*

*Miss Hard.* Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then reserved and sheepish; that's much against him. Yet can't he be cur'd of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes; and can't I—But, I vow, I'm disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover.

*Enter Miss Neville.*

*Miss Hard.* I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell

me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there any thing whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

*Miss Nev.* Perfectly, my dear. Yet, now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds, or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or, has the last novel been too moving?

*Miss Hard.* No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

*Miss Nev.* And his name——

*Miss Hard.* Is Marlow.

*Miss Nev.* Indeed!

*Miss Hard.* The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

*Miss Nev.* As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

*Miss Hard.* Never.

*Miss Nev.* He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp; you understand me.

*Miss Hard.* An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do! Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual.

*Miss Nev.* I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

*Miss Hard.* And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like your's is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

*Miss Nev.* A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists of jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

*Miss Hard.* My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

*Miss Nev.* It is a good natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. *Allons!* courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

*Miss Hard.* Would it were bed-time, and all were well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *An alehouse room, Several shabby fellows, with punch and tobacco. Tony at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest: a mallet in his hand.*

*Omnes.* Hurree, hurree, hurree, bravo!

1 *Fel.* Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

*Omnes.* Ay, a song, a song.

*Tony.* Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, the Three Pigeons.

### SONG.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,  
 With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;  
 Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,  
 Gives *genus* a better discerning.  
 Let them brag of their heathenish gods,  
 Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;  
 Their *quis*, and their *quæ*s, and their *quods*,  
 They're all but a parcel of pigeons.  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down  
 A preaching that drinking is sinful,  
 I'll wager the rascals a crown,  
 They always preach best with a skinful.  
 But when you come down with your pence,  
 For a slice of their scurvy religion,  
 I'll leave it to all men of sense,  
 But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come put the jorum about,  
 And let us be merry and clever;  
 Our hearts and our liquors are stout,  
 Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.  
 Let some cry up woodcock or hare.  
 Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;  
 But of all the birds in the air.  
 Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.  
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

*Omnes.* Bravo! bravo!

1 *Fel.* The 'squire has got some spunk in him.

2 *Fel.* I loves to hear him sing, bekays he never gives us nothing that's *low*.

3 *Fel.* O damn any thing that's *low*, I cannot bear it.

4 *Fel.* The genteel thing is the genteel at any time. If so that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3 *Fel.* I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever

dances but to the very genteelest of tunes; 'Walter Parted,' or 'the Minuet in Ariadne.'

2 *Fel.* What a pity it is the 'squire is not come to his own! It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

*Tony.* Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

2 *Fel.* O he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old 'squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eye on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, we never had his fellow. It is a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls, in the whole country.

*Tony.* Ecod, and when I'm of age, I'll be no bastard I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer, and the miller's gray mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

*Enter Landlord.*

*Land.* There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Harcastle.

*Tony.* As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

*Land.* I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

*Tony.* Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*) Gentlemen, as they may'nt be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon.

[*Exeunt mob.*]

*Tony, solus.*

*Tony.* Father-in law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall be worth fifteen hundred a-year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can.

*Enter Landlord, conducting Marlow and Hastings.*

*Marl.* What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come about threescore.

*Hast.* And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us enquire more frequently on the way.

*Marl.* I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

*Hast.* At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

*Tony.* No offence, gentlemen; but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Harcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

*Hast.* Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

*Tony.* Nor the way you came?

*Hast.* No, sir; but if you can inform us——

*Tony.* Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

*Marl.* We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

*Tony.* Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

*Marl.* That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

*Tony.* No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentleman, is not this same Harcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face; a daughter, and a pretty son?

*Hast.* We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

*Tony.* The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative May-pole——The son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of.

*Marl.* Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up, and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

*Tony.* He-he-hem—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Harcastle's house this night, I believe.

*Hast.* Unfortunate!

*Tony.* It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Harcastle' (*winking upon the landlady*); Mr. Harcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh; you understand me.

*Land.* Master Harcastle's? Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash-lane.

*Marl.* Cross down Squash-lane!

*Land.* Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

*Marl.* Come to where four roads meet!

*Tony.* Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

*Marl.* O sir, you're facetious.

*Tony.* Then keeping to the right, you are to go side-ways



till you come upon Crack-skull common : there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, then to the left, and then to the right—about again, till you find out the old mill——

*Marl.* Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

*Hast.* What's to be done, Marlow?

*Marl.* This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accomodate us.

*Land.* Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

*Tony.* And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen, by the fire-side, with——three chairs and a bolster?

*Hast.* I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

*Marl.* And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

*Tony.* You do, do you?—then let me see—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

*Hast.* O, ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

*Land.* (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

*Tony.* Mum, you fool you. Let *them* find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road-side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

*Hast.* Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way.

*Tony.* No, no; But I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of the peace.

*Land.* A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but keeps as good wine and beds as any in the whole country.

*Marl.* Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

*Tony.* No, no? straight forward. I'll just step myself, and shew you a piece of the way. (*To the landlord.*) Mum.

*Land.* Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant——damn'd mischievous son of a whore.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE, *An old fashioned house.**Enter Hardcastle, followed by three or four awkward Servants.*

*Hard.* Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can shew that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

*Omnes.* Ay, ay.

*Hard.* When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

*Omnes.* No, no.

*Hard.* You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind *my* chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed; but that's no great matter.

*Digg.* Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

*Hard.* You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

*Digg.* By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

*Hard.* Blockhead! is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

*Digg.* Ecod, I thank your worship. I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

*Hard.* Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

*Digg.* Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that for these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

*Hard.* Ha! ha! ha! the story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please. (*To Diggory.*)—Eh, why don't you move?

*Digg.* Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the catables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I am as bauld as a lion.

*Hard.* What, will nobody move?

1 *Serv.* I'm not to leave this place.

2 *Serv.* I'm sure it's no place of mine.

3 *Serv.* Nor mine, for sartin.

*Digg.* Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

*Hard.* You numskulls; and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again.—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you block-heads! I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate. [*Exit Hardecastle.*]

*Digg.* By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

*Roger.* I know that my place is to be everywhere.

1 *Serv.* Where the devil is mine?

2 *Serv.* My place is to be no where at all; and so Ize go about my business. [*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frightened, different ways.*]

*Enter Servant with candles, shewing in Marlow and Hastings.*

*Serv.* Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

*Hast.* After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room, and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable.

*Marl.* The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

*Hast.* As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame the bill confoundedly.

*Marl.* Travellers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

*Hast.* You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised that you, who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

*Marl.* The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn; in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother—But among females of another class, you know—

*Hast.* Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

*Marl.* They are of *us*, you know.

*Hast.* But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler: you look, for all the world, as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

*Marl.* Why, man, that's because I *do* want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally upset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty; but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

*Hast.* If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker—

*Marl.* Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some bagatelle: but to me a modest woman, dressed out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

*Hast.* Ha, ha, ha! At this rate, man, how can you expect to marry?

*Marl.* Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad-staring question, of—*Madam, will you marry me?* No, no; that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

*Hast.* I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

*Marl.* As I behave to all other ladies: bow very low; answer yes, or no, to all her demands—But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

*Hast.* I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

*Marl.* To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you; as my friend, you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

*Hast.* My dear Marlow!—But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask; and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

*Marl.* Happy man! you have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward prepossessing visage of mine, can never permit

me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury-lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

*Enter Hardcastle.*

*Hard.* Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

*Marl. (Aside.)* He has got our names from the servants already. *(To him.)* We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. *(To Hastings.)* I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confidently ashamed of mine.

*Hard.* I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

*Hast.* I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

*Hard.* Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen, pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

*Marl.* Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery, to secure a retreat.

*Hard.* Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Dénain. He first summoned a garrison.

*Marl.* Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

*Hard.* He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

*Hast.* I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

*Hard.* I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

*Marl.* The girls like finery.

*Hard.* Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—You must have heard of George Brooks; 'I'll pawn my dukedom,' says he, 'but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood.' So——

*Marl.* What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the mean time? It would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

*Hard.* Punch, sir! *(Aside.)* This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

*Marl.* Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall, you know.



*Hard.* Here's a cup, sir.

*Marl. (Aside.)* So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

*Hard. (Taking the cup.)* I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance.

[*Drinks.*]

*Marl. (Aside.)* A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. Sir, my service to you.

[*Drinks.*]

*Hast. (Aside.)* I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

*Marl.* From the excellence of your cup my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose.

*Hard.* No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other there's no business for us that sell ale.

*Hast.* So then you have no turn for politics, I find.

*Hard.* Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about *Heyder Alley*, or *Ally Cawn*, than about *Ally Croaker*. Sir, my service to you.

*Hast.* So that with eating above stairs and drinking below; with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

*Hard.* I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

*Marl. (After drinking.)* And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-Hall.

*Hard.* Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

*Marl. (Aside.)* Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

*Hast.* So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher.

[*Drinks.*]

*Hard.* Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

*Marl.* Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

*Hard.* For supper, sir! (*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house?

*Marl.* Yes, sir: supper, sir: I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

*Hard.* (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*) Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cook settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

*Marl.* You do, do you?

*Hard.* Entirely. By the by, I believe they are in actual consultation, upon what's for supper, this moment, in the kitchen.

*Marl.* Then I beg they'll admit *me* as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

*Hard.* O no, sir, none in the least; yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Shou'd we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

*Hast.* Let's see the list of the larder, then, I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

*Marl.* (*To Harcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way, too.

*Hard.* Sir, you have a right to command here. Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

*Hast.* (*Aside.*) All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

*Marl.* (*Perusing.*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole joiner's company, or the corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three things, clean and comfortable, will do.

*Hast.* But let's hear it.

*Marl.* (*Reading.*) For the first course, at the top, a pig, and pruin-sauce.

*Hast.* Damn your pig, I say.

*Marl.* And damn your pruin-sauce, I say.

*Hard.* And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with pruin-sauce, is very good eating.

*Marl.* At the bottom, a calf's tongue and brains.

*Hast.* Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

*Marl.* Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves; I do.

*Hard.* (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them.*) Gentlemen you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is their any thing else you wish to retrench, or alter, gentlemen?

*Marl. Item.* A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

*Hast.* Confound your made dishes. I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

*Hard.* I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to——

*Marl.* Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

*Hard.* I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

*Marl.* Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me: I always look to these things myself.

*Hard.* I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

*Marl.* You see I'm resolved on it. (*Aside.*) A very troublesome fellow this as ever I met with.

*Hard.* Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside.*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned impudence. [*Exeunt Marl. and Hard.*]

### Hastings solus.

*Hast.* So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

### Enter Miss Neville.

*Miss Nev.* My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

*Hast.* Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dear Constance at an inn.

*Miss Nev.* An inn! sure you mistake! My aunt, my guardian, live here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

*Hast.* My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

*Miss Nev.* Certainly it must have been one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often, ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Hast.* He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

*Miss Nev.* You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him, if you knew how heartily he despises me.

My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him; and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

*Hast.* Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here, to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey; but they'll soon be refreshed; and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France; where, even among slaves, the laws of marriage are respected.

*Miss Nev.* I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I am very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself your's.

*Hast.* Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the mean time, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake; I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house, before our plan was ripe for execution.

*Miss Nev.* But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Harcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?—This, this way—— [*They confer.*]

*Enter Marlow.*

*Marl.* The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself but his old fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family—What have we got here?—

*Hast.* My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted?

*Marl.* Cannot guess.

*Hast.* Our mistresses, boy, Miss Harcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called, on their return, to take fresh horses here. Miss Harcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Was'nt it lucky? eh!

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

*Hast.* Well, but was'nt it the most fortunate thing in the world?

*Marl.* Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter—But our dresses, George, you know are in disorder—What if we

should postpone the happiness till to-morrow?—To morrow, at her own house—It will be every bit as convenient—And rather more respectful—To-morrow let it be. [*Offering to go.*]

*Miss Nev.* By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will shew the ardour of your impatience; besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

*Marl.* O! the devil! how shall I support it! Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

*Hast.* Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

*Marl.* And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

*Enter Miss Hardcastle, as returning from walking, a bonnet, &c.*

*Hast.* (*Introducing him.*) Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow, I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

*Miss Hard.* (*Aside.*) Now for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir—I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

*Marl.* Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents; but should be sorry—madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

*Hast.* (*To him.*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll ensure you the victory.

*Miss Hard.* I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You, that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

*Marl.* (*Gathering courage.*) I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

*Miss Nev.* But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

*Hast.* (*To him.*) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance for ever.

*Marl.* (*To him.*) Hem! Stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

*Miss Hard.* An observer like you upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

*Marl.* Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

*Hast.* (*To him.*) Bravo, Bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well! Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and



Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

*Marl.* Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. (*To him.*) Zounds! George, sure you won't go: how can you leave us?

*Hast.* Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. (*To him.*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own. [*Exeunt.*]

*Miss Hard.* (*After a pause.*) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir: the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

*Marl.* (*Relapsing into timidity.*) Pardon me, madam, I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

*Miss Hard.* And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

*Marl.* Perhaps, so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex—But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

*Miss Hard.* Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of *sentiment* could ever admire those light, airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

*Marl.* It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some, who, wanting a relish—for—um—u—um.

*Miss Hard.* I understand you, sir. There must be some, who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

*Marl.* My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a—

*Miss Hard.* (*Aside.*) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions? (*To him.*) You were going to observe, sir—

*Marl.* I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

*Miss Hard.* (*Aside.*) I vow, and so do I. (*To him.*) You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy, something about hypocrisy, sir.

*Marl.* Yes, madam in this age of hypocrisy there are few who, upon strict enquiry, do not—a—a—a—

*Miss Hard.* I understand you perfectly, sir.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

*Miss Hard.* You mean that, in this hypocritical age, there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

*Marl.* True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

*Miss Hard.* Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner; such life and force—pray, sir, go on.

*Marl.* Yes, madam; I was saying—that there are some occasions—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the—and puts us—upon a—a—a—

*Miss Hard.* I agree with you entirely; a want of courage, upon some occasions, assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

*Marl.* Yes, madam; morally speaking, madam—But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

*Miss Hard.* I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

*Marl.* Yes, madam, I was—But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you?

*Miss Hard.* Well then, I'll follow.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*]

*Miss Hardcastle, sola.*

*Miss Hard.* Ha, ha, ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce look'd in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense; but then, so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of, a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Tony and Miss Neville, followed by Mrs. Hardcastle and Hastings*

*Tony.* What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed, to be so very engaging.

*Miss Nev.* I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

*Tony.* Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance; I want no nearer relationship. [*She follows, coquetting him to the back scene.*]

*Mrs. Hard.* Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

*Hast.* Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

*Mrs. Hard.* O! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We

country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places, where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do, is to enjoy London at second hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked-lane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

*Hast.* Extremely elegant and dégagée, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

*Mrs. Hard.* I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum Book for the last year.

*Hast.* Indeed! such a head in a side-box, at the play-house, would draw as many gazers, as my lady mayoress at a city ball.

*Mrs. Hard.* I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

*Hast.* But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress.

[*Bowing.*]

*Mrs. Hard.* Yet what signifies *my* dressing, when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle? all I can say will not argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

*Hast.* You are right, madam: for as, among the ladies, there are none ugly, so, among the men, there are none old.

*Mrs. Hard.* But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual gothic vivacity, he said, I only wanted him to throw off his wig, to convert it into a tête for my own wearing.

*Hast.* Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

*Hast.* Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

*Mrs. Hard.* Seriously! Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

*Hast.* No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of samplers.

*Mrs. Hard.* And yet Mrs. Nicce thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

*Hast.* Your niece, is she? and that young gentlemen, a brother of your's, I should presume?

*Mrs. Hard.* My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a

day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

*Tony.* I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now, that's left to myself, but the stable.

*Mrs. Hard.* Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

*Miss Nev.* There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

*Tony.* That's a damn'd confounded—crack.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size, too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

*Tony.* You had as good not make me, I tell you. [*Measuring.*]

*Miss Nev.* O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

*Mrs. Hard.* O, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

*Tony.* If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

*Mrs. Hard.* Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains that I've taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat, to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

*Tony.* Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the Complete Huswife ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through Quincey next spring. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

*Mrs. Hard.* Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

*Tony.* I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing this way, when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

*Mrs. Hard.* That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the ale-house, or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

*Tony.* Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

*Mrs. Hard.* Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

*Hast.* Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

*Mrs. Hard.* Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation.

Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy? [*Exeunt Mrs. Hard, and Miss Neville.*]

Hastings. Tony.

Tony. (*singing.*)

There was a young man riding by,  
And fain would have his will.

Rang do didlo dee.

Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together; and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer: and yet she appears to me a pretty, well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom.

Hast. (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her play-mates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes: but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hast. Well; but you must allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made-up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer, of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what you say to a friend, that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend? for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you? Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise, that shall trundle you off in a twinkling; and may be, get you a part of her fortin, beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.



*Hast.* My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

*Tony.* Come along, then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. [Singing.]

We are the boys,  
That fears no noise,  
Where the thundering cannons roar. [Exeunt.]

---

### ACT III.

*Enter Hardcastle, solus.*

*Hard.* What could my old friend Sir Charles mean, by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me, he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fire-side already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will certainly be shocked at it.

*Enter Miss Hardcastle, plainly dressed.*

*Hard.* Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress, as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

*Miss Hard.* I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

*Hard.* And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my *modest* gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

*Miss Hard.* You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

*Hard.* I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

*Miss Hard.* I never saw anything like it: and a man of the world, too!

*Hard.* Ay, he learned it all abroad; what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling! He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

*Miss Hard.* It seems all natural to him.

*Hard.* A good deal assisted by bad company, and a French dancing-master.

*Miss Hard.* Sure you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

*Hard.* Whose look? whose manner, child?

*Miss Hard.* Mr. Marlow's: his mauvaise honte, his timidity struck me at the first sight.

*Hard.* Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

*Miss Hard.* Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

*Hard.* And can you be serious! I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy, since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

*Miss Hard.* Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

*Hard.* He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

*Miss Hard.* He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome: then left the room with a bow, and, 'Madam, I would not for the world detain you.'

*Hard.* He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked, if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch!

*Miss Hard.* One of us must certainly be mistaken.

*Hard.* If he be what he has shewn himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

*Miss Hard.* And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

*Hard.* In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

*Miss Hard.* Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse race in the country.

*Hard.* If we should find him so—But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

*Miss Hard.* And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

*Hard.* Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

*Miss Hard.* I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense, won't end with a sneer at my understanding.

*Hard.* Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find

the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

*Miss Hard.* And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

*Hard.* But depend on't, I'm in the right.

*Miss Hard.* And depend on't, I'm not much in the wrong.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Tony, running in with a casket.*

*Tony.* Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs, and all. My mother sha'n't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin, neither. O! my genius, is that you?

*Enter Hastings.*

*Hast.* My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin; and that you are willing to be reconciled at last. Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

*Tony.* And here's something to bear your charges by the way. (*Giving the casket.*) Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them; and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

*Hast.* But how have you procured them from your mother?

*Tony.* Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the ale-house so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

*Hast.* Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you; Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

*Tony.* Well, keep them till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

*Hast.* But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

*Tony.* Never you mind her resentment, leave *me* to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morrice. Prance. [*Exit Hastings.*]

Tony, *Mrs. Hardcastle, Miss Neville.*

*Mrs. Hard.* Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years' hence; when your beauty begins to want repairs.

*Miss Nev.* But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

*Mrs. Hard.* Your's, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my lady Kill-day-light, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

*Miss Nev.* But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me.

*Mrs. Hard.* Consult your glass, my dear, and then see, if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does your cousin Con want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

*Tony.* That's as hereafter may be.

*Miss Nev.* My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

*Mrs. Hard.* A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at the puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

*Tony.* (*Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.*) Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*Apart to Tony.*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So, if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He, he, he!

*Tony.* Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

*Miss Nev.* I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

*Mrs. Hard.* To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know: but we must have patience wherever they are.

*Miss Nev.* I'll not believe it: this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss.

*Mrs. Hard.* Don't be alarmed, Constance; if they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

*Tony.* That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found. I'll take my oath on't.

*Mrs. Hard.* You must learn resignation, my dear: for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

*Miss Nev.* Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

*Mrs. Hard.* Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the mean time, you shall make use of my garnets, till your jewels be found.

*Miss Nev.* I detest garnets.

*Mrs. Hard.* The most becoming things in the world, to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You *shall* have them. [Exit.

*Miss Nev.* I dislike them of all things. You sha'n't stir.—Was ever any thing so provoking? to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery!

*Tony.* Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage *her*.

*Miss Nev.* My dear cousin.

*Tony.* Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds how she fidgets, and spits about like a catharine wheel.

[Exit *Miss Nev.*

*Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.*

*Mrs. Hard.* Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

*Tony.* What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family?

*Mrs. Hard.* We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

*Tony.* Oh! is that all? Ha, ha, ha! By the laws I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest; ha, ha, ha!

*Mrs. Hard.* Why, boy, I *am* ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broken open, and all taken away.

*Tony.* Stick to that; ha, ha, ha! stick to that: I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

*Mrs. Hard.* I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

*Tony.* Sure, I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

*Mrs. Hard.* My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

*Tony.* By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh; ha, ha! I know who took them well enough; ha, ha, ha!

*Mrs. Hard.* Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest? I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

*Tony.* That's right, that's right. You must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.



*Mrs. Hard.* Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other?

*Tony.* I can bear witness to that.

*Mrs. Hard.* Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of *her*! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

*Tony.* I can bear witness to that.

*Mrs. Hard.* Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

*Tony.* I can bear witness to that. [*He runs off, she follows him.*]

*Enter Miss Hardcastle and Maid*

*Miss Hard.* What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn; ha, ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

*Maid.* But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the bar-maid? He mistook you for the bar-maid, madam.

*Miss Hard.* Did he? Then, as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux' Stratagem?

*Maid.* It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

*Miss Hard.* And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

*Maid.* Certain of it.

*Miss Hard.* I vow, I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

*Maid.* But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

*Miss Hard.* In the first place, I shall be *seen*, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then, I shall, perhaps, make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one, who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

*Maid.* But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

*Miss Hard.* Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant.—Did your honour call?—Attend the Lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

*Maid.* It will do, madam. But he's here. [*Exit Maid.*]

*Enter Marlow*

*Marl.* What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess, with her courtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[*Walks and muses.*]

*Miss Hard.* Did you call, sir? did your honour call?

*Marl.* (*Musing.*) As for Miss Harcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

*Miss Hard.* Did your honour call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*]

*Marl.* No, child. (*Musing.*) Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

*Miss Hard.* I am sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

*Marl.* No, no. (*Musing.*) I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by re-turning.

[*Taking out his tablets, and perusing.*]

*Miss Hard.* Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir.

*Marl.* I tell you, no.

*Miss Hard.* I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

*Marl.* No, no, I tell you. (*Looks full in her face.*) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

*Miss Hard.* O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

*Marl.* Never saw a more sprightly, malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it, in the house?

*Miss Hard.* No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

*Marl.* One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that, too.

*Miss Hard.* Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines, here, sir.

*Marl.* Of the true English growth, I assure you.

*Miss Hard.* Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

*Marl.* Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

*Miss Hard.* O! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

*Marl.* To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. (*Approaching.*) Yet nearer I do not think so much. (*Approaching.*) By coming close to some women, they look

younger still; but when we come very close indeed—[*Attempting to kiss her.*]

*Miss Hard.* Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

*Marl.* I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted?

*Miss Hard.* And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I; I'm sure you do not treat Miss Harcastle, that was here awhile ago, in this obstrepulous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

*Marl. (Aside.)* Egad! she has hit it, sure enough. (*To her.*) In awe of her, child? ha, ha, ha! a mere awkward, squinting thing; no, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, *curse me!*

*Miss Hard.* O! then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies.

*Marl.* Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the ladies' club in town, I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. [*Offering to salute her.*]

*Miss Hard.* Hold, sir; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there, you say?

*Marl.* Yes, my dear; there's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

*Miss Hard.* Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

*Marl.* Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women, can make us.

*Miss Hard.* And their agreeable Rattle; ha! ha! ha!

*Marl. (Aside.)* Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child!

*Miss Hard.* I can't but laugh when I think what time all have for minding their work or their family.

*Marl. (Aside.)* All's well, she don't laugh at me. (*To her.*) Do you ever work, child?

*Miss Hard.* Ay, sure. There's not a screen nor a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

*Marl.* Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider, and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. [*Seizing her hand.*]

*Miss Hard.* Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle light. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*]

*Marl.* And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven, that I did not throw ames-ace three times following. [*Exit Marlow.*]

*Enter Hardcastle, who stands in surprise.*

*Hard.* So, madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

*Miss Hard.* Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

*Hard.* By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didnt I see him seize your hand? Didnt I see him hawl you about like a milk-maid? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

*Miss Hard.* But if I shortly convince you of his modesty; that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age; I hope you'll forgive him.

*Hard.* The girl would actually make one run mad; I tell you, I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

*Miss Hard.* Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

*Hard.* You shall not have half the time; for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

*Miss Hard.* Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

*Hard.* Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me?

*Miss Hard.* I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination. [*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT IV.

*Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.*

*Hast.* You surprise me! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night? Where have you had your information?

*Miss Nev.* You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out in a few hours after his son.

*Hast.* Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

*Miss Nev.* The jewels, I hope, are safe.

*Hast.* Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the mean time, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the 'squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, if I should not see him again, will write him farther directions. [*Exit.*

*Miss Nev.* Well! success attend you. In the mean time, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.*

*Enter Marlow, followed by a Servant.*

*Marl.* I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have, is the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

*Serv.* Yes, your honour.

*Marl.* She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

*Serv.* Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it, and she said, she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself. [*Exit Servant.*

*Marl.* Ha, ha, ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-maid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

*Enter Hastings.*

*Hast.* Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her, that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

*Marl.* Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

*Hast.* Some women, you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

*Marl.* Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing, that runs about the house, with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

*Hast.* Well, and what then?

*Marl.* She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

*Hast.* But are you so sure, so very sure of her?



*Marl.* Why man, she talked of shewing me her work above-stairs, and I'm to improve the pattern.

*Hast.* But how can *you*, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

*Marl.* Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honour of the barmaid of an inn. I don't intend to *rob* her, take my word for it; there's nothing in this house I sha'n't honestly *pay* for.

*Hast.* I believe the girl has virtue.

*Marl.* And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

*Hast.* You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? Is it in safety?

*Marl.* Yes, yes; it's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach, at an inn-door, a place of safety? Ah! numbskull! I have taken better precautions for you, than you did for yourself.—I have—

*Hast.* What?

*Marl.* I have sent it to the landlady, to keep for you.

*Hast.* To the landlady?

*Marl.* The landlady.

*Hast.* You did?

*Marl.* I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

*Hast.* Yes, she'll bring it forth, with a witness.

*Marl.* Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow, that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

*Hast.* (*Aside.*) He must not see my uneasiness.

*Marl.* You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened.

*Hast.* No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

*Marl.* Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket, but through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha, ha, ha!

*Hast.* He, he, he! They are safe, however.

*Marl.* As a guinea in a miser's purse.

*Hast.* (*Aside.*) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. (*To him.*) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid; and, he, he, he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me. [*Exit.*]

*Marl.* Thank ye, George! I ask no more; ha, ha, ha!

*Enter Hardcastle.*

*Hard.* I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. (*To him.*) Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*]

*Marl.* Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside.*) What's to be the wonder now?

*Hard.* I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so.

*Marl.* I do from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

*Hard.* I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

*Marl.* I protest, my very good, sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, *they* are to blame, I ordered them not to spare the cellar: I did, I assure you. (*To the side scene.*) Here, let one of my servants come up. (*To him.*) My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

*Hard.* Then they had your orders for what they do! I'm satisfied.

*Marl.* They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

*Enter Servant, drunk.*

*Marl.* You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah. What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

*Hard.* (*Aside.*) I begin to lose my patience.

*Jeremy.* Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-street for ever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper; but a good supper will not sit upon —(*Hiiccup*)—upon my conscience, sir.

*Marl.* You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer barrel.

*Hard.* Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow, sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of it's coming to an end. I am now resolved to be master here, sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

*Marl.* Leave your house?—Sure you jest, my good friend! What, when I'm doing what I can to please you?

*Hard.* I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

*Marl.* Sure you cannot be serious! At this time o'night, and such a night! You only mean to banter me.

*Hard.* I tell you, sir, I'm serious; and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

*Marl.* Ha, ha! A puddle in a storm. I sha'n't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a serious tone.*) This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before.

*Hard.* Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, *This house is mine, sir.* By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha, ha! Pray, sir (*bantering*), as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them.

*Marl.* Bring me your bill, sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

*Hard.* There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the Rake's Progress for your own apartment?

*Marl.* Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

*Hard.* Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

*Marl.* My bill, I say.

*Hard.* I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

*Marl.* Sounds! bring me my bill, I say; and let's hear no more on't.

*Hard.* Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man, as a visitor here; but now I find him no better than a coxcomb, and a bully. But he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*]

*Marl.* How's this? Sure I have not mistaken the house! Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry, *Coming*. The attendance is awkward; the bar-maid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will farther inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

*Enter Miss Hardcastle.*

*Miss Hard.* Let it be short then, I'm in a hurry. (*Aside.*) I believe he begins to find out his mistake; but it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

*Marl.* Pray, child, answer me one question.—What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

*Miss Hard.* A relation of the family, sir.

*Marl.* What; a poor relation?

*Miss Hard.* Yes, sir; a poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

*Marl.* That is, you act as the bar-maid of this inn.

*Miss Hard.* O law—What brought that in your head? One of the best families in the country keep an inn! Ha, ha, ha! old Mr. Hardeastle's house an inn!

*Marl.* Mr. Hardeastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardeastle's house, child?

*Miss Hard.* Ay, sure. Whose else should it be?

*Marl.* So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print shops: the Dullissimo Maccaroni. To mistake this house of all others, for an inn; and my father's old friend for an inn-keeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

*Miss Hard.* Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behaviour to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

*Marl.* Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over—This house I no more shew my face in.

*Miss Hard.* I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure, I should be sorry (*Pretending to cry*) if he left the family upon my account, I'm sure I should be sorry people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) By heaven, she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. (*To her.*) Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education make an honourable connexion impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely.

*Miss Hard.* (*Aside.*) Generous man! I now begin to admire him. (*To him.*) But I'm sure my family is as good as Miss Hardeastle's; and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

*Marl.* And why now, my pretty simplicity?

*Miss Hard.* Because it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pounds, I would give it all to.

*Marl.* (*Aside.*) This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her.*) Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly; and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the

world, too much to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me, Farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Miss Hard.* I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have the power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stooped to conquer; but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Tony, Miss Neville.*

*Tony.* Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing: but she believes it was a mistake of the servants.

*Miss Nev.* But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

*Tony.* To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damn'd bad things; but what can I do! I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes, we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us.

[*They retire, and seem to fondle.*]

*Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.*

*Mrs. Hard.* Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I sha'n't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? Fondling together, as I am alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before! Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What! billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs? Ah!

*Tony.* As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

*Mrs. Hard.* A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

*Miss Nev.* Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he sha'n't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

*Tony.* O! It's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you, when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

*Miss Nev.* Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless (*patting his cheek*), ah! it's a bold face.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pretty innocence!

*Tony.* I'm sure, I always loved cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ah! he would charm the bird from the tree. I



was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be your's incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we will put off the rest of his education, like Mr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

*Enter Diggory.*

*Digg.* Where's the 'quire? I have got a letter for your worship.

*Tony.* Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

*Digg.* I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

*Tony.* Who does it come from?

*Digg.* Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself.

*Tony.* I could wish to know it, though. (*Turning the letter, and gazing on it.*)

*Miss Nev.* (*Aside.*) Undone, undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruin'd for ever. I'll keep her employed a little, if I can. (*To Mrs. Hardcastle.*) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed—You must now, madam—this way a little; for he must not bear us. [*They confer.*]

*Tony.* (*Still gazing.*) A damn'd cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well; but here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. (*To Anthony Lumpkin, Esq.*) It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it's all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ha, ha, ha! Very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

*Miss Nev.* Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

*Mrs. Hard.* He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

*Tony.* (*Still gazing.*) A damned up-and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) *Dear Sir.* Ay, that's that. There's a an *M*, a *T*, and an *S*; but whether the next be an *izzard*, or an *R*, confound me, I cannot tell.

*Mrs. Hard.* What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

*Miss Nev.* Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. (*Twitching the letter from her.*) Do you know who it is from?

*Tony.* Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

*Miss Nev.* Ay, so it is. (*Pretending to read.*) Dear

'Squire, Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um—Here, here; it's all about cocks, and fighting; it's of no consequence; here, put it up, put it up.

[*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*]

*Tony.* But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence!

[*Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*]

*Mrs. Hard.* How's this? (*Reads.*) 'Dear 'Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Despatch is necessary, as the *hag* (ay, the hag), your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Your's, Hastings.' Grant me patience. I shall run distracted. My rage chokes me.

*Miss Nev.* I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design, that belongs to another.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*Courtesying very low.*) Fine spoken, madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (*Changing her tone.*) And you, you great ill-fashion'd oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut. Were you too joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare this very moment to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory! I'll shew you that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit.*]

*Miss Nev.* So, now I'm completely ruined.

*Tony.* Ay, that's a sure thing.

*Miss Nev.* What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him?

*Tony.* By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice, and so busy, with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

*Enter Hastings.*

*Hast.* So, sir, I find by my servant, that you have shewn my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

*Tony.* Here's another. Ask miss there, who betrayed you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

*Enter Marlow.*

*Marl.* So, I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

*Tony.* Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

*Miss Nev.* And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

*Marl.* What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

*Hast.* A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

*Miss Nev.* Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

*Hast.* An insensible cub.

*Marl.* Replete with tricks and mischief.

*Tony.* Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both, one after the other—with baskets.

*Marl.* As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

*Hast.* Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

*Marl.* But, sir——

*Miss Nev.* Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Miss Nev.* Well, well; I'll come presently.

*Marl.* (*To Hastings.*) Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

*Hast.* Was it well done, sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I intrusted to yourself to the care of another, sir?

*Miss Nev.* Mr. Hastings, Mr. Marlow, why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you——

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient.

*Miss Nev.* I come. Pray be satisfied. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting.

*Miss Nev.* O, Mr. Marlow, if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

*Marl.* I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

*Hast.* The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

*Miss Nev.* Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connexion. If—

*Mrs. Hard.* (*Within.*) Miss Neville! Constance, why Constance, I say!

*Miss Nev.* I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. [*Exit.*]

*Hast.* My heart, how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

*Marl.* (*To Tony.*) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

*Tony.* (*From a reverie.*) Ecod, I've hit it. It's here. Your hands. Your's, and your's, my poor sulky. My boots there, ho! Meet me two hours' hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. V.

*Scene continues.*

*Enter Hastings and Servant.*

*Hast.* You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

*Serv.* Yes, your honour; they went off in a post-coach, and the young 'squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

*Hast.* Then all my hopes are over.

*Serv.* Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old

gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

*Hast.* Then I must not be seen. So, now to my fruitless appointment, at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sir Charles and Harcastle.*

*Hard.* Ha, ha, ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands!

*Sir Charles.* And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances!

*Hard.* And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

*Sir Charles.* Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper, ha, ha, ha!

*Hard.* Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of any thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is but small—

*Sir Charles.* Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness, and increase it. If they like each other as you say they do—

*Hard.* If, man! I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

*Sir Charles.* But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

*Hard.* I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs*, I warrant him.

*Enter Marlow.*

*Marl.* I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

*Hard.* Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again.—She'll never like you the worse for it.

*Marl.* Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

*Hard.* Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow: if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me.

*Marl.* Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

*Harl.* Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has past between you; but mum.

*Mard.* Sure, sir, nothing has past between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on her's. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been past upon all the rest of the family?



*Hard.* Impudence! No, I don't say that—Not quite impudence—Though girls like to be played with, and rumbled a little too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

*Marl.* I never gave her the slightest cause.

*Hard.* Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over-acting, young gentleman. You *may* be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

*Marl.* May I die, sir, if I ever—

*Hard.* I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her—

*Marl.* Dear sir—I protest, sir—

*Hard.* I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

*Marl.* But hear me, sir—

*Hard.* Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing mischief; so—

*Marl.* But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

*Hard.* (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal, modest impudence is beyond bearing.

*Sir Charles.* And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations?

*Marl.* As Heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no farther proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Charles.* I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

*Hard.* And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

*Sir Charles.* I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

*Hard.* Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

*Enter Miss Hardcastle.*

*Hard.* Kate, come hither child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve: has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

*Miss Hard.* The question is very abrupt, sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

*Hard.* (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

*Sir Charles.* And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

*Miss Hard.* Yes, sir, several.

*Hard.* (To *Sir Charles*.) You see.

*Sir Charles.* But did he profess any attachment?

*Miss Hard.* A lasting one.

*Sir Charles.* Did he talk of love?

*Miss Hard.* Much, sir.

*Sir Charles.* Amazing! and all this formally?

*Miss Hard.* Formally.

*Hard.* Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied?

*Sir Charles.* And how did he behave, madam?

*Miss Hard.* As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face; talked much of his want of merit and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart; gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

*Sir Charles.* Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I am confident he never sat for the picture.

*Miss Hard.* Then what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

*Sir Charles.* Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [Exit.

*Miss Hard.* And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [Exeunt.

*Scene changes to the back of the garden.*

*Enter Hastings.*

*Hast.* What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

*Enter Tony, booted and spattered.*

*Hast.* My honest 'squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

*Tony.* Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

*Hast.* But how? Where did you leave your fellow-travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

*Tony.* Five-and-twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbet me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such varment.

*Hast.* Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

*Tony.* Left them? Why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

*Hast.* This is a riddle.

*Tony.* Riddle me this then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

*Hast.* I'm still astray.

*Tony.* Why that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

*Hast.* Ha, ha, ha! I understand: you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

*Tony.* You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud: I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down-hill: I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath; and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

*Hast.* But no accident, I hope.

*Tony.* No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So, if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

*Hast.* My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

*Tony.* Ay, now it's dear friend, noble'squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn *your* way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But, if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

*Hast.* The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one. [*Exit Hastings.*]

*Tony.* Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish. She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

*Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.*

*Mrs. Hard.* Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook. Battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt, that laid us against the quickset-hedge, has done my business.

*Tony.* Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

*Mrs. Hard.* I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

*Tony.* By my guess, we should be upon Crackskull Common, about forty miles from home.

*Mrs. Hard.* O lud! O lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

*Tony.* Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

*Mrs. Hard.* The fright will certainly kill me.

*Tony.* Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

*Mrs. Hard.* O death!

*Tony.* No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma; don't be afraid.

*Mrs. Hard.* As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

*Tony.* (*Aside.*) Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night-walks. (*To her.*) Ah! It's a highwayman with pistols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill-looking fellow.

*Mrs. Hard.* Good Heaven defend us! he approaches.

*Tony.* Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll cough, and cry—hem! When I cough, be sure to keep close.

[*Mrs. Hardcastle hides behind a tree, in the back scene.*]

*Enter Hardcastle.*

*Hard.* I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. O, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

*Tony.* Very safe, sir, at my Aunt Pedigree's. Hem!

*Mrs. Hard.* (*From behind.*) Ah, death! I find there's danger.

*Hard.* Forty miles in three hours; sure that's too much, my youngster.

*Tony.* Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem!

*Mrs. Hard.* (*From behind.*) Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

*Hard.* But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

*Tony.* It was I, sir; talking to myself, sir. I was saying that forty miles in three hours was very good going—hem! As, to be sure, it was—hem! I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please—hem!

*Hard.* But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*raising his voice*) to find the other out.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*From behind.*) Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

*Tony.* What need you go, sir, if I tell you—hem! I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem! I'll tell you all, sir.

*Hard.* I tell you I will not be detained. *[Detaining him.]* I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

*Mrs. Hard.* (*Running forward from behind.*) O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life; but spare that young gentlemen, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

*Hard.* My wife! as I'm a Christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean?

*Mrs. Hard.* (*Kneeling.*) Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have; but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice: indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

*Hard.* I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

*Mrs. Hard.* Mr. Hardeastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

*Hard.* Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door? (*To him.*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you. (*To her.*) Don't you know the gate and the mulberry-tree; and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

*Mrs. Hard.* Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live: I have caught my death in it. (*To Tony.*) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

*Tony.* Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

*Mrs. Hard.* I'll spoil you, I will! *[Follows him off the stage.]*

*Hard.* There's morality, however, in his reply. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.*

*Hast.* My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

*Miss Nev.* I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

*Hast.* Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune. Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.

*Miss Nev.* No, Mr. Hastings; no. Prudence once more



comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised; but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

*Hast.* But though he had the will, he has not the power, to relieve you.

*Miss Nev.* But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

*Hast.* I have no hopes. But, since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes.*

*Enter Sir Charles and Miss Hardcastle.*

*Sir Charles.* What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

*Miss Hard.* I am proud of your approbation, and to shew I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

*Sir Charles.* I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [*Exit Sir Charles.*]

*Enter Marlow.*

*Marl.* Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

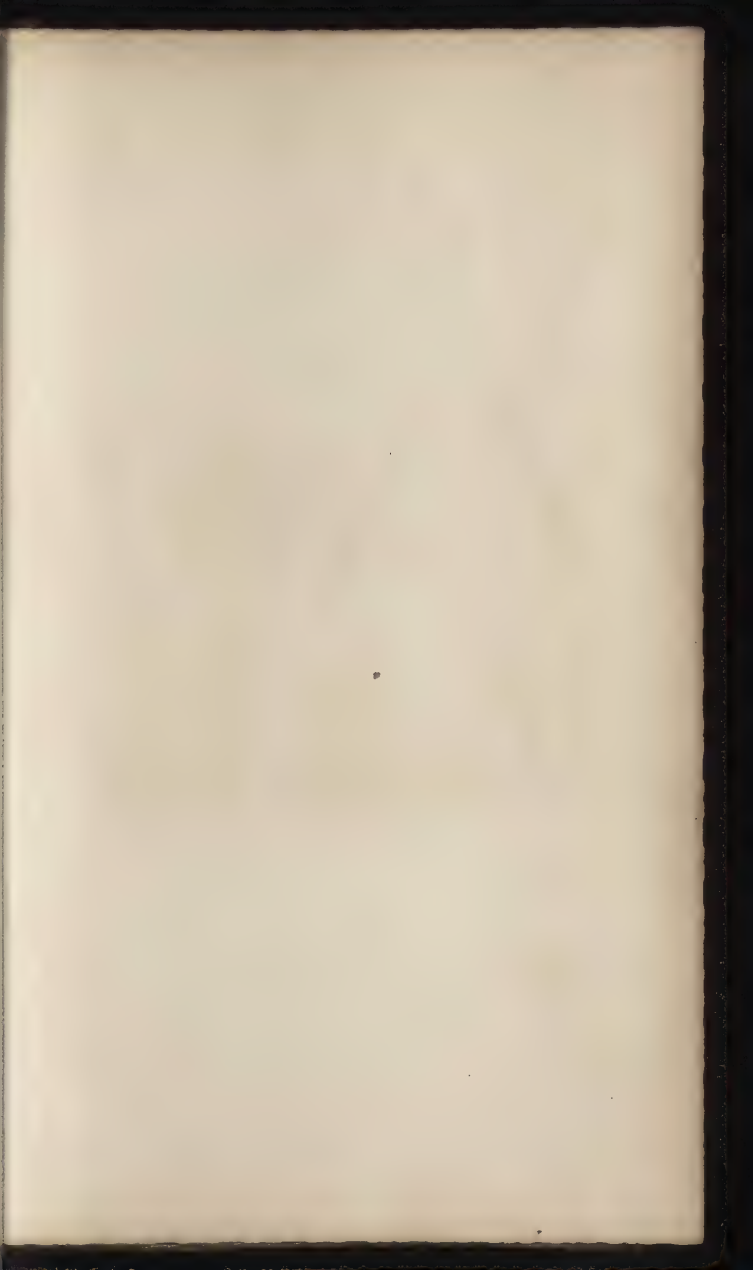
*Miss Hard.* (*In her own natural manner.*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

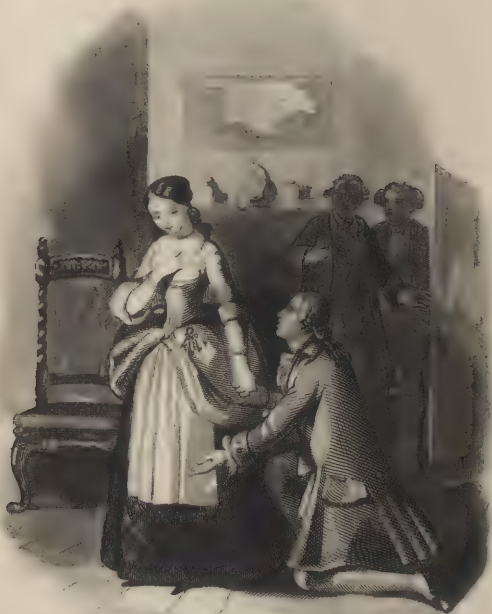
*Marl.* (*Aside.*) This girl every moment improves upon me. (*To her.*) It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight, and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.

*Miss Hard.* Then go, sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as her's you came down to visit; and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages, without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

*Enter Hardcastle and Sir Charles from behind.*

*Sir Charles.* Here, behind this screen.





Does this look like security?  
does this look like confidence?

*Hard.* Ay, ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

*Marl.* By heavens, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.

*Sir Charles.* What can it mean! He amazes me!

*Hard.* I told you how it would be. Hush!

*Marl.* I am now determined to stay, madam; and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

*Miss Hard.* No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connexion in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening your's?

*Marl.* By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

*Miss Hard.* Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion where *I* must appear mercenary, and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

*Marl. (Kneeling.)* Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam; every moment that shews me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue——

*Sir Charles.* I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how have you deceived me! is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

*Hard.* Your cold contempt? your formal interview? What have you to say now?

*Marl.* That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

*Hard.* It means, that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

*Marl.* Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

*Hard.* Yes, sir, my only daughter. My Kate; whose else should she be?

*Marl.* Oh, the devil!

*Miss Hard.* Yes, sir, that very identical tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. (*Courtesying.*) She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the ladies' club; ha, ha, ha!

*Marl.* Zounds, there's no bearing this; it's worse than death.

*Miss Hard.* In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Man-trap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning? ha, ha, ha!

*Marl.* O, curse on my noisy head; I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

*Hard.* By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, she tormenting him to the back scene,*

*Enter Mrs. Hardcastle, Tony.*

*Mrs. Hard.* So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

*Hard.* Who gone?

*Mrs. Hard.* My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

*Sir Charles.* Who, my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives; and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

*Hard.* Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connexion.

*Mrs. Hard.* Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune; that remains in this family, to console us for her loss.

*Hard.* Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ay, that's my affair, not your's. But you know, if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her own fortune is then at her own disposal.

*Hard.* Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

*Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.*

*Mrs. Hard. (Aside.)* What, returned so soon; I begin not to like it.

*Hast. (To Hardcastle.)* For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your



humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

*Miss Nev.* Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I am now recovered from the delusion, and hope, from your tenderness, what is denied me from a nearer connexion.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pshaw, pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

*Hard.* Be it what it will, I am glad they are come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

*Tony.* What signifies my refusing. You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

*Hard.* While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare, you have been of age these three months.

*Tony.* Of age! Am I of age, father?

*Hard.* Above three months.

*Tony.* Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. (*Taking Miss Neville's hand.*) Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, esquire, of *blank* place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So, Constantia Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

*Sir Charles.* O brave 'squire!

*Hast.* My worthy friend!

*Mrs. Hard.* My undutiful offspring!

*Marl.* Joy, my dear George: I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

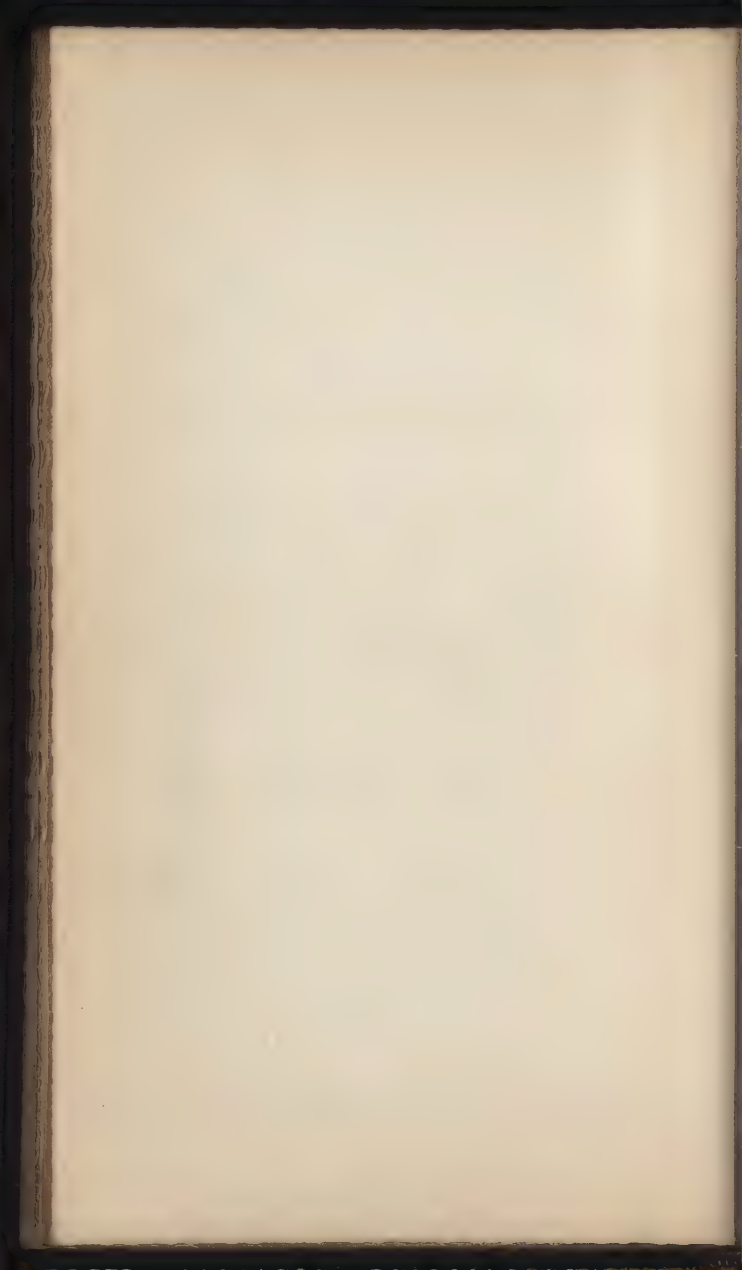
*Hast.* (*To Miss Hardeastle.*) Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

*Hard.* (*Joining their hands.*) And I say, so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us; and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning. So, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the Mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the Wife.

## EPILOGUE, BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success  
 And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,  
 Still as a bar-maid, I could wish it, too,  
 As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you :  
 And let me say, for all your resolution,  
 That pretty bar-maids have done execution.  
 Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,  
 We have our exits and our entrances.  
 The first act shews the simple country maid,  
 Harmless and young, of ev'ry thing afraid ;  
 Blushes when hir'd and with unmeaning action,  
*I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.*  
 Her second act displays a livelier scene,—  
 Th' unblushing bar-maid of a country inn :  
 Who whisks about the house, at market caters,  
 Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.  
 Next, the scene shifts to town, and there she soars  
 The chop-house toasts of ogling connoisseurs.  
 On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,  
 And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts—  
 And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,  
 E'en common-councilmen forget to eat.  
 The fourth act shews her wedded to the 'squire,  
 And madam now begins to hold it higher ;  
 Pretends to taste, at operas cries *Caro*,  
 And quits her Nancy Dawson, for *Che Faro* ;  
 Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,  
 Swims round the room, the *Heinel* of Cheapside :  
 Ogles and ieers with artificial skill,  
 Till having lost in age the power to kill,  
 She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.  
 Such, through our lives, the eventful history—  
 The fifth and last act still remains for me.  
 The bar-maid now for your protection prays,  
 Turns female barrister, and pleads for Bayes.

Essays.



## ESSAYS.

---

### INTRODUCTION.

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature, than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease, and affects good humour. In this situation, however, every unexperienced writer, as I am, finds himself. Impressed with terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, I am at a loss whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. Should I modestly decline all merit, it is too probable the hasty reader may take me at my word. If, on the other hand, like labourers in the magazine trade, I humbly presume to promise an epitome of all the good things that were ever said or written, those readers I most desire to please may forsake me.

My bookseller, in this dilemma, perceiving my embarrassment, instantly offered his assistance and advice. 'You must know, sir,' says he, 'that the republic of letters is at present divided into several classes. One writer excels at a plan or a title page; another works away at the body of the book; and a third is a dab at an index. Thus a magazine is not the result of any single man's industry, but goes through as many hands as a new pin, before it is fit for the public. I fancy, sir,' continues he, 'I can provide an eminent hand, and upon moderate terms, to draw up a promising plan to smooth up our readers a little; and pay them, as Colonel Chartres paid his seraglio, at the rate of three-half-pence in hand, and three shillings more in promises.'



He was proceeding in his advice, which, however, I thought proper to decline, by assuring him, that as I intended to pursue no fixed method, so it was impossible to form any regular plan : determined never to be tedious in order to be logical ; wherever pleasure presented, I was resolved to follow.

It will be improper, therefore, to pall the reader's curiosity by lessening his surprise, or anticipate any pleasure I am to procure him, by saying what shall come next. Happy, could any effort of mine but repress one criminal pleasure, or but for a moment fill up an interval of anxiety ! How gladly would I lead mankind from the vain prospects of life, to prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity !

But whatever may be the merit of his intentions, every writer is now convinced that he must be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked, that almost every character which has excited either attention or pity, has owed part of its success to merit, and part to a happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour. Had *Cæsar* or *Cromwell* exchanged countries, the one might have been a serjeant, and the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy. A jest calculated to spread at a gaming-table, may be received with perfect indifference should it happen to drop in a mackarel-boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, where men of real humour were disregarded, by a general combination in favour of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labours of a writer, who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite, fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion ? If his merits are to be determined by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority, who, with persuasive eloquence, promises four extraordinary pages of letter-press, or three beautiful prints, curiously coloured from Nature.

Thus, then, though I cannot promise as much entertainment, or as much elegance, as others have done, yet the reader may be assured he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall, at least, find me alive while I study his entertainment ; for I solemnly assure him, I was never yet possessed of the secret of writing and sleeping.

During the course of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have are heartily at his service ; which if, after so candid a confession, he should, notwithstanding, still find intolerably dull, or low, or sad stuff, this I protest is more than I know ; I have a clear conscience, and am entirely out of the secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the perusal of a single

paper, pronounce me incorrigible; he may try a second, which, as there is a studied difference in subject and style, may be more suited to his taste; if this also fails, I must refer him to a third, or even a fourth, in case of extremity; if he should still continue refractory, and find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with Bayes in the *Rehearsal*, that I think him a very odd kind of fellow, and desire no more of his acquaintance; but still, if my readers impute the general tenor of my subject to me as a fault, I must beg leave to tell them a story.

A traveller, in his way to Italy, found himself in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excrescence depending from the chin; a deformity which, as it was endemic, and the people little used to strangers, it had been the custom, time immemorial, to look upon as the greatest beauty. Ladies grew toasts from the size of their chins, and no men were beaux whose faces were not broadest at the bottom. It was Sunday; a country church was at hand, and our traveller was willing to perform the duties of the day. Upon his first appearance at the church-door, the eyes of all were fixed on the stranger; but what was their amazement, when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a pursed chin! Stifled bursts of laughter, winks, and whispers, circulated from visage to visage; the prismatic figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite gaiety. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object of deformity to point at. 'Good folks,' said he, 'I perceive that I am a very ridiculous figure here, but I assure you I am reckoned no way deformed at home.'

---

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP; OR, THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMUS.

*(Taken from a Byzantine Historian.)*

ATHENS, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together; the one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, and Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the

indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world ; and as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed ; the previous ceremonies were performed ; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student ; which he did, with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both ; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion ; and though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love ; and Alcander, being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion ; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess : in short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

In the mean time, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that

region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed amongst the rest; and in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under the necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags, as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for awhile in sleep, and found on his flinty couch more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat, but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances, he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally induced a farther inquiry; an alarm was spread; the cave was examined: and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon diverted by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was



brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared; but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and joy. Need the sequel be related?—Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraven on his tomb, that no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve.

---

### ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER.

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the early part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure; I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth, thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion continue! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill-dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall; and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and



appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here ! a happy constitution supplied philosophy ; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Everything furnished him with an opportunity of mirth ; and, though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate ; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction ; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being a universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception. If she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress : he persuaded himself, that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied that he had loved her, and so all was well again. When Fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes), he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good humour, laughed at all the little spite of his enemies, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged by writing the life of his jailer.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach is, to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism ; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it ; for my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still

going forward among those people, who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its silly ambition.

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money-matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered round him. 'I leave my second son, Andrew, said the expiring miser, 'my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal.' Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. 'I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds.'—'Ah! father,' cried Simon, in great affliction to be sure, 'may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!' At last, turning to poor Dick, 'As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good: you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter.'—'Ah! father,' cries Dick, without any emotion, 'may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!' This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless, imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

Yes, let the world cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball, at an author who laughs at the public, which pronounces him a dunce, at a general who smiles at the approach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good-humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume. It is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it; by the first method, we forget our miseries; by the last, we only conceal them from others; by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

---

#### DESCRIPTION OF VARIOUS CLUBS.

I REMEMBER to have read in some philosopher (I believe in Tom Brown's works), that, let a man's character, sentiments, or complexion, be what they will, he can find company in London

to match them. If he be splenetic, he may every day meet companions on the seats in St. James's Park, with whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather. If he be passionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's coffee-house, and damn the nation because it keeps him from starving. If he be phlegmatic, he may sit in silence at the Humdrum club in Ivy-lane; and, if actually mad, he may find very good company in Moorfields, either at Bedlam or the Foundry, ready to cultivate a nearer acquaintance.

But, although such as have a knowledge of the town may easily class themselves with tempers congenial to their own, a countryman who comes to live in London finds nothing more difficult. With regard to myself, none ever tried with more assiduity, or came off with such indifferent success. I spent a whole season in the search, during which time my name has been enrolled in societies, lodges, convocations, and meetings, without number. To some I was introduced by a friend; to others invited by an advertisement; to these I introduced myself, and to those I changed my name to gain admittance. In short, no coquette was ever more solicitous to match her ribands to her complexion, than I to suit my club to my temper; for I was too obstinate to bring my temper to conform to it.

The first club I entered upon coming to town, was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste; I was a lover of mirth, good-humour, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without farther ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had, for some time, begun upon business. The grand, with a mallet in his hand, presided at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making use of all my skill in physiognomy, in order to discover that superiority of genius in men who had taken a title so superior to the rest of mankind. I expected to see the lines of every face marked with strong thinking; but, though I had some skill in this science, I could for my life discover nothing but a pert simper, fat, or profound stupidity.

My speculations were soon interrupted by the grand, who had knocked down Mr. Spriggins for a song. I was, upon this, whispered by one of the company who sat next me, that I should now see something touched off to a nicety, for Mr. Spriggins was going to give us Mad Tom in all its glory. Mr. Spriggins endeavoured to excuse himself; for, as he was to act a madman and a king, it was impossible to go through the part properly without a crown and chains. His excuses were overruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The president ordered up the jack-chain; and, instead of a crown, our performer covered his brows with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled his chain, and shook his head, to the great delight of the whole company, he began his song. As I have heard few young

fellows offer to sing in company that did not expose themselves, it was no great disappointment to me to find Mr. Spriggins among the number; however, not to seem an odd fish, I rose from my seat in rapture, cried out, 'Bravo! encore!' and slapped the table as loud as any of the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me seemed highly pleased with my taste, and the ardour of my approbation; and whispering, told me I had suffered an immense loss; for, had I come a few minutes sooner, I might have heard Geeho Dobbin sung in a tiptop manner, by the pimple-nosed spirit at the president's right elbow: but he was evaporated before I came.

As I was expressing my uneasiness at this disappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who with a voice more rough than the Staffordshire giant's, was giving us the 'Softly sweet, in Lydian measure,' of Alexander's Feast. After a short pause of admiration, to this succeeded a Welsh dialogue, with the humours of Teague and Taffy; after that came an Old Jackson, with a story between every stanza: next was sung the Dust Cart, and then Solomon's Song. The glass began now to circulate pretty freely; those who were silent when sober, would now be heard in their turn; every man had his song, and he saw no reason why he should not be heard as well as any of the rest: one begged to be heard while he gave Death and the Lady in high taste; another sung to a plate which he kept trundling on the edges; nothing was now heard but singing; voice rose above voice, and the whole became one universal shout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckoning was drunk out. Rabelais calls the moments in which a reckoning is mentioned, the most melancholy of our lives: never was so much noise so quickly quelled, as by this short but pathetic oration of our landlord. 'Drunk out!' was echoed in a tone of discontent round the table: 'Drunk out already! that was very odd! that so much punch could be drunk out already! impossible!' The landlord, however, seeming resolved not to retreat from his first assurances, the company was dissolved, and a president chosen for the night ensuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining some time after of the entertainment I have been describing, proposed to bring me to the club that he frequented; which, he fancied, would suit the gravity of my temper exactly. 'We have, at the Muzzy club,' says he, 'no riotous mirth nor awkward ribaldry; no confusion or bawling; all is conducted with wisdom and decency: besides, some of our members are worth forty thousand pounds; men of prudence and foresight every one of them: these are the proper acquaintance, and to such I will to-night introduce you.' I was charmed at the proposal; to be acquainted with men worth forty thousand pounds, and to talk wisdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture.

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend;



not indeed to the company, for, though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach; but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration from the solemnity of the scene before me; the members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth, and a pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society, thought I to myself, where the members think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but convey their thoughts to each other, pregnant with meaning, and matured by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full half hour, expecting each moment that somebody would begin to open his mouth; every time the pipe was laid down, I expected it was to speak; but it was only to spit. At length, resolving to break the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence, for to this I imputed their silence, I rubbed my hands, and, looking as wise as possible, observed that the nights began to grow a little coolish at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer; wherefore I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me; to whom I observed, that the beer was extremely good; my neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco smoke.

I now began to be uneasy in this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me by observing, that bread had not risen these three weeks. 'Ah!' says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, 'that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about that—hem—very well; you must know—but, before I begin—sir, my service to you—where was I?'

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical Society; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself founder. The money spent is fourpence each; and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club few recommendations are requisite except the introductory fourpence, and my landlord's good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as every body else usually does on his club-night; we discussed the topic of the day, drank each other's health, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellows-mender hoped Mr. Currycomb-maker had not caught cold going home the last club-night; and he returned the compliment by hoping that young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chin cough. Doctor Twist told us a story of a parliament man with whom he was intimately acquainted: while the bug-man, at the same time, was telling a better story of a noble lord



with whom he could do any thing. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at the other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the ghost in Cock-lane; he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him, who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew pedlar, over the table, while the president vainly knocked down Mr. Leathersides for a song. Besides the combination of these voices, which I could hear all together, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were several others playing under parts by themselves, and endeavouring to fasten on some luckless neighbour's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in shorthand, word for word, as it was spoken by every member of the company. It may be necessary to observe, that the man who told of the ghost had the loudest voice, and the longest story to tell, so that his continuing narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

'So, sir, d'ye perceive me, the ghost giving three loud raps at the bed post'—'Says my lord to me, my dear Smokeum, you know there is no man upon the face of the yearth for whom I have so high'—A damnable false heretical opinion of all sound doctrine and good learning; for I'll tell it aloud, and spare not that'—'Silence for a song; Mr. Leathersides for a song'—'As I was a walking upon the high way, I met a young damsel'—'Then what brings you here? says the parson to the ghost'—'Sanconiathon, Manetho, and Berosus'—The whole way from Islington turnpike to Dog-house bar'—'Dam'—'As for Abel Drugger, sir, he's damn'd low in it; my 'prentice boy has more of the gentleman than he'—'For murder will out one time or another: and none but a ghost, you know, gentlemen, can'—'Damme if I don't: for my friend, whom you know, gentlemen, and who is a parliament man, a man of consequence, a dear honest creature, to be sure; we were laughing last night at'—'Death and damnation upon all his posterity by simply barely tasting'—'Sour grapes, as the fox said once when he could not reach them; and I'll, I'll tell you a story about that, that will make you burst your sides with laughing. A fox once'—'Will nobody listen to the song?'—'As I was a walking upon the high way, I met a young damsel both buxom and gay'—'No ghost, gentlemen, can be murdered; nor did I ever hear but of one ghost killed in all my life, and that was stabbed in the belly with a'—'My blood and soul if I do'nt'—'Mr. Bellowsmender, I have the honour of drinking your very good health'—'Blast me if I do'—'Dam'—'Blood'—'Bugs'—'Fire'—'Whizz'—'Blid'—'Tit'—'Rat'—'Trip'—The rest all riot, nonsense, and rapid confusion.

Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could here find

ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool myself; and why should be I angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?

Fatigued with this society, I was introduced, the following night, to a club of fashion. On taking my place, I found the conversation sufficiently easy, and tolerably good-natured; for my lord and Sir Paul were not yet arrived. I now thought myself completely fitted, and resolving to seek no farther, determined to take up my residence here for the winter; while my temper began to open insensibly to the cheerfulness I saw diffused on every face in the room: but the delusion soon vanished, when the waiter came to apprise us that his lordship and Sir Paul were just arrived.

From this moment, all our felicity was at an end: our new guests bustled into the room, and took their seats at the head of the table. Adieu now all confidence; every creature strove who should most recommend himself to our members of distinction. Each seemed quite regardless of pleasing any but our new guests; and what before wore the appearance of friendship, was now turned into rivalry.

Yet I could not observe that, amidst all this flattery and obsequious attention, our great men took any notice of the rest of the company. Their whole discourse was addressed to each other. Sir Paul told his lordship a long story of Moravia the Jew; and his lordship gave Sir Paul a very long account of his new method of managing silkworms: he led him, and consequently the rest of the company, through all the stages of feeding, sunning, and hatching; with an episode on mulberry-trees, a digression upon grass-seeds, and a long parenthesis about his new postilion. In this manner we travelled on, wishing every story to be the last; but all in vain:

‘Hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arose.’

The last club in which I was enrolled a member, was a society of Moral Philosophers, as they called themselves, who assembled twice a week, in order to shew the absurdity of the present mode of religion, and establish a new one its stead.

I found the members very warmly disputing when I arrived; not indeed about religion or ethics, but about who had neglected to lay down his preliminary sixpence upon entering the room. The president swore that he had laid his own down, and so swore all the company.

During this contest, I had an opportunity of observing the laws, and also the members of the society. The president, who had been, as I was told, lately a bankrupt, was a tall pale figure, with a long black wig; the next to him was dressed in a large white wig, and a black cravat; a third, by the brownness of his complexion, seemed a native of Jamaica; and a fourth, by his hue, appeared to be a blacksmith. But their rules will give the most just idea of their learning and principles.

'I. We, being a laudable society of Moral Philosophers, intend to dispute twice a week about religion and priestcraft; leaving behind us old wives' tales, and following good learning and sound sense: and if so be that any other persons has a mind to be of the society, they shall be entitled so to do, upon paying the sum of three shillings, to be spent by the company in punch.

'II. That no member get drunk before nine of the clock, upon pain of forfeiting three-pence, to be spent by the company in punch.

'III. That as members are sometimes apt to go away without paying, every person shall pay sixpence upon his entering the room; and all disputes shall be settled by a majority; and all fines shall be paid in punch.

'IV. That sixpence shall be every night given to the president, in order to buy books of learning for the good of the society; the president has already put himself to a good deal of expense in buying books for the club; particularly the works of Tully, Socrates, and Cicero, which he will soon read to the society.

'V. All them who brings a new argument against religion, and who, being a philosopher, and a man of learning, as the rest of us is, shall be admitted to the freedom of the society, upon paying sixpence only, to be spent in punch.

'VI. Whenever we are to have an extraordinary meeting, it shall be advertised by some outlandish name in the newspapers.

'SAUNDERS MAC WILD, President.

'ANTHONY BLEWIT, Vice-President, his † mark.

'WILLIAM TURPIN, Secretary,

---

### ON THE POLICY OF CONCEALING OUR WANTS OR POVERTY.

It is usually said by grammarians, that the use of language is to express our wants and desires; but men who know the world hold, and I think with some show of reason, that he who best knows how to keep his necessities private, is the most likely person to have them redressed; and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, there appears something so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller:

and the poor finds as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass of the rich, as the miser, who owns it, sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this anything repugnant to the laws of morality. Seneca himself allows, that, in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less; while the beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his ups and downs in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine; and must know, that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but, should his wants be such, that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum. A certain young fellow, whom I knew, whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred; and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a suit of clothes, always made the proposal in a laced coat! for he found by experience, that if he appeared shabby on these occasions, his tailor had taken an oath against trusting, or, what was every whit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and would not be at home for some time.

There can be no inducement to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and by this means relief; but before a poor man opens his mind in such circumstances, he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incompatible with each other; and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast, for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasures; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt: the mind may, for some time, fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both at once.

In fact, pity, though it may often relieve, is but, at best, a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than transitory assistance; with some it scarce lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others it may continue for twice that space; and on some of extraordinary sensibility, I have seen it operate for half an hour together; but still, last as it may, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where, from this motive, we give five



farthings, from others we give pounds: whatever be your feelings from the first impulse of distress, when the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility; and, like the repetition of an echo, every stroke becomes weaker; till, at last, our sensations lose all mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

These speculations bring to my mind the fate of a very good-natured fellow who is now no more. He was bred in a counting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him a handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which my friend had been brought up, had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as prudence; and, from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Such as had money, were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. My friend, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither their money, friends, nor a wife; and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors, however, in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought him to a different way of thinking; and he, at last, considered that it was his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was to a scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused. As a man, therefore, confident of not being refused, he requested the use of a hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had occasion for money. 'And pray, sir,' replied the scrivener, 'do you want all this money?'—'Want it, sir!' says the other, 'if I did not want it I should not have asked it.'—'I am sorry for that,' says the friend; 'for those who want money when they borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, sir, money is money now; and I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part; he that has got a little, is a fool if he does not keep what he has got.'

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, who he knew was the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed, received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. 'Let me see; you want a hundred guineas; and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer?'—'If you have but fifty to spare, sir, I must be contented.'—'Fifty to spare! I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me.'—'Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend.'—'And pray,' replied the friend, 'would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know? You know, my dear sir, that you need make no



ceremony with me at any time; you know I'm your friend; and when you choose a bit of dinner or so——You, Tom, see the gentleman down. You won't forget to dine with us now and then. Your very humble servant.'

Distressed, but not discouraged, at this treatment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love, which he could not have from friendship. A young lady, a distant relation by the mother's side, had a fortune in her own hands; and, as she had already made all the advances that her sex's modesty would permit, he made his proposal with confidence. He soon, however, perceived that no bankrupt ever found the fair one kind. She had lately fallen deeply in love with another, who had more money, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would be a match.

Every day now began to strip my poor friend of his former finery; his clothes flew, piece by piece, to the pawnbroker's, and he seemed, at length, equipped in the genuine livery of misfortune. But still he thought himself secure from actual necessity; the numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered; he was therefore now resolved to accept of a dinner, because he wanted one; and, in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place I saw him in was at a reverend divine's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time of dinner, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk in the Park, where he had been that morning. He went on, and praised the figure of the damask table-cloth; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was over-done. But all this procured him no invitation; finding, therefore, the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at last, to retire, and mend his appetite by a second walk in the Park.

You, then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace, whether in Kent-street or the Mall, whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's, might I be permitted to advise as a friend, never seem to want the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but human pity for redress: you may find permanent relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but from compassion never. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting; and that mouth which is opened even by wisdom, is seldom expected to close without the horrors of a petition.

To ward off the gripe of Poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a half-penny porringer of peas-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe that Dr. Cheyne prescribed peas-

broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark, that stuffs are very much worn at Paris; or, if there be found any irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say, that neither you nor Sir Samson Gideon were ever very fond of dress. If you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ: assure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, since what now is so much his pride, was formerly his shame. In short, however caught, never give out; but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise; pride in the great is hateful; in the wise it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity, which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

---

### ON GENEROSITY AND JUSTICE.

LYSIPPUS is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such, that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the confusion of a request. His liberality also does not oblige more by its greatness, than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct. Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mechanic virtue, only fit for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in Change-alley.

In paying his debts, a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and from its elevation, attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and

generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society, and the other attracts our esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it without hesitation to the latter, for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shewn to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue; and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed on us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterized as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all these circumstances are

found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation; men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society, had we more of these characters amongst us. In general, these close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and by a skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him, and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went, followed him with shouts of contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. He had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that whole fortune which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues, of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakingly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on those supererogatory duties, than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the ancients, to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress. 'It is possible, that the person you relieve may be an honest man; and I know that you who relieve him, are such. You see, then, by your generosity, that you rob a man who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue; and, while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself.'



## ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

As few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently written upon, than the education of youth. Yet it is a little surprising, that it has been treated almost by all in a declamatory manner. They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to individuals and to society; and have expatiated in the praise of what none have ever been so hardy as to call in question.

Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this subject, instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical systems, it had been much better if the writers on this subject had treated it in a more scientific manner, repressed all the sallies of imagination, and given us the result of their observations with didactic simplicity. Upon this subject, the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence, and the author should venture the imputation of stupidity upon a topic, where the slightest deviations may tend to injure the rising generation. However, such are the whimsical and erroneous productions written upon this subject. Their authors have studied to be uncommon, not to be just; and at present, we want a treatise upon education, not to tell us anything new, but to explode the errors which have been introduced by the admirers of novelty. It is in this manner books become numerous; a desire of novelty produces a book, and other books are required to destroy the former.

I shall, therefore, throw out a few thoughts upon this subject, which, though known, have not been attended to by others; and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction.

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated, is, some in free-schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding-schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this, much more than a continuance in town. Thus far he is right; if there were a possibility of having even our free-schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of, perhaps, the mind as well as the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth; I have found by experience, that they, who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminiacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said that the boarding-schools are preferable to free schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them; otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions, he find his last resource in setting up a school. Do any



become bankrupts in trade, they still set up a boarding-school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail; nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers, who have turned schoolmasters; and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people, could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity, when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health, of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe; and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our children, is it below the state? Is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular? For the state to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia or Sparta, might at present be inconvenient; but surely, with great ease, it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all professions in society, I do not know a more useful, or a more honourable one, than a schoolmaster; at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill-rewarded.

Were the salaries of schoolmasters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people! a people whom, without flattery, I may, in other respects, term the wisest and greatest upon earth. But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment: in short, I would make the business of a schoolmaster every way more respectable by increasing their salaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

It is true we have schoolmasters appointed, and they have some small salaries; but where at present there is only one schoolmaster appointed, there should, at least, be two; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be a hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary; and I will be bold enough to say, that schoolmasters in a state are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country, to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But, lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is commonly some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. 'You give your child to be educated to a slave,' says a philosopher to a rich man; 'instead of one slave, you will have two.'

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher as well as the master; for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If, then, a gentleman, upon putting his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it, that he is equally disregarded by the boys; the truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, are a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself, now and then, cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with such little ceremony! If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose, that there are some schools without these inconveniences, where the masters and ushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year, than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world; the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world; and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school; but it is better to know these when a boy, than be first taught them when a man; for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education, boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage; since it may justly be said, that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit, '*plus occidit gula quam gladius.*' And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe, that Mr. Locke, and some others, have advised that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship, from their youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitutions; but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions, that they cross rivers by swimming, endure cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep, to a surprising degree; that when they happen to fall sick, they are cured without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to persuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accustom ourselves betimes to

support the same fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered first how many lives are lost in this ascetic practice; had they considered, that those savages and peasants are generally not so long-lived as they who have led a more indolent life; that the more laborious the life is, the less populous is the country; had they considered, that what physicians call the 'stamina vitæ,' by fatigue and labour become rigid, and thus anticipate old age; that the number who survive those rude trials, bears no proportion to those who die in the experiment; had these things been properly considered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to inure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should only drink sea-water; but they unfortunately all died under the trial.

But while I would exclude all unnecessary labours, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite; as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though ever so pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked by the mistress of a boarding-school; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found amongst the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone, they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject, may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well, had we more misers than we have amongst us. I know few characters more useful in society; for a man's having a larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him, no way injures the commonwealth; since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not increase the commodities or pleasures of life; they would still remain as they are at present; it matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessaries of life, society is no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances, which praise young men of spirit, who go through a variety of adventures, and at last conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance, in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth, where such a one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how, he at last, became lord-mayor; how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty; to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whitting-

ton, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind, than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or a hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our schoolmasters, if any of them have sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils, than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which they may afterward draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phenomena. One of the ancients complains, that as soon as young men have left school, and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region. 'Ut, cum in forum venerint, existiment se in alium terrarum orbem delatos.' We should early, therefore, instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the causes. But, instead of that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges, they have not the least curiosity for those parts of the science which are proposed for their instruction; they have never before seen the phenomena, and consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their pastime in school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement; the different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours; and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first, then, it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination, were only shewn; the causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired of wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college-course; and though such a youth might not appear so bright or so talkative, as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters,



than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of effect and cause.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination; instead of this, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided; a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing, is generally applauded so much, that he sometimes continues a coxcomb all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest, lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, generally go through their business with more ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has, of late, a gentleman appeared, who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence, which often, without pleasing, convinces, is generally destroyed by such institutions. Convincing eloquence is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor, than the most florid harangue, or the most pathetic tones, that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds, while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, as that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut, thus measuring syllables, and weighing words, when he should plead the cause of his client! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens; the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture; and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators, is little less than to teach them to be poets; and for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child, to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a talker in all, but a master in none. He thus acquires a



superficial fondness for everything, and only shews his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method, or connexion, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more addressing schoolmasters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties, would not be the most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation on the opposite page, leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember them, to save himself the trouble of looking out for them for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lily's, or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem to me only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner; but perhaps loading him with subtilties, which, at a proper age, he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourselves; and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but, though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passions should be banished on this terrible occasion; but I know not how, there is a frailty attending human nature that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils

committed a fault, he summoned a jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him: his accusers stood forth; he had liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had the liberty of pleading against him; when found guilty by the pannel, he was consigned to the footman, who attended in the house, and had previous orders to punish, but with lenity. By this means, the master took off the odium of punishment from himself; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in the school.

---

### ON THE VERSATILITY OF POPULAR FAVOUR.

AN alehouse-keeper, near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war with France, pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia; who, may probably be changed in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican, in this, imitates the great exactly; who deal out their figures, one after the other, to the gazing crowd: When we have sufficiently wondered at one, that is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds its station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own, I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least, I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were also some knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible, a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, '*Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen*



A Chinese learned in Chinese  
inquired while in America, of the  
the worth of his own.

that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymers, who make smooth verses, and paint to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. 'Where was there ever so much merit seen? No times so important as our own; ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!' To such music, the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were be-praised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of this. We have fished up very little gold, that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait for a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations a herring-fishery.

---

#### SPECIMEN OF A MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE.

WE essayists, who are allowed but one subject at a time, are by no means so fortunate as the writers of magazines, who write upon several. If a magazinier be dull upon the Spanish war, he soon has us up again with the ghost in Cock-lane; if the reader begins to doze upon that, he is quickly roused by an eastern tale; tales prepare us for poetry, and poetry for the meteorological history of the weather. It is the life and soul of a magazine, never to be long dull upon one subject; and the reader, like the sailor's horse, has at least the comfortable refreshment of having the spur often changed.

As I see no reason why they should carry off all the rewards of genius, I have some thoughts for the future, of making this essay a magazine in miniature: I shall hop from subject to subject, and if properly encouraged, I intend in time to adorn

my feuille-volant with pictures. But to begin, in the usual form, with

*A modest Address to the Public.*

The public has been so often imposed upon by the unperforming promises of others, that it is with the utmost modesty we assure them of our inviolable design of giving the very best collection that ever astonished society. The public we honour and regard, and therefore to instruct and entertain them is our highest ambition, with labours calculated as well to the head as the heart. If four extraordinary pages of letter-press be any recommendation of our wit, we may at least boast the honour of vindicating our own abilities. To say more in favour of the *Infernal Magazine*, would be unworthy the public; to say less, would be injurious to ourselves. As we have no interested motives for this undertaking, being a society of gentlemen of distinction, we disdain to eat or write like hirelings; we are all gentlemen, resolved to sell our sixpenny magazine merely for our own amusement.

Be careful to ask for the *Infernal Magazine*.

### DEDICATION.

TO THAT MOST INGENIOUS OF ALL PATRONS, THE  
TRIPOLINE AMBASSADOR.

May it please your Excellency,

As your taste in the fine arts is universally allowed and admired, permit the authors of the *Infernal Magazine* to lay the following sheets humbly at your Excellency's toe; and should our labours ever have the happiness of one day adorning the courts of Fez, we doubt not that the influence wherewith we are honoured, shall be ever retained, with the most warm ardour, by,

May it please your Excellency,

Your most devoted humble servants,  
THE AUTHORS OF THE *INFERNAL MAGAZINE*.

### A SPEECH

SPOKEN BY THE INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER TO PERSUADE HIS  
CLUB AT CATEATION NOT TO DECLARE WAR AGAINST  
SPAIN.

MY honest friends and brother politicians, I perceive that the intended war with Spain makes many of you uneasy. Yesterday, as we were told, the stocks rose, and you were glad; to-day they fall, and you are again miserable. But, my dear



friends, what is the rising or falling of the stocks to us, who have no money. Let Nathan Ben Funk, the Dutch Jew, be glad or sorry for this; but, my good Mr. Bellows-mender, what is all this to you or me? You must mend broken bellows, and I write bad prose, as long as we live, whether we like a Spanish war or not. Believe me, my honest friends, whatever you may talk of liberty and your own reason, both that liberty and reason are conditionally resigned by every poor man in every society; and as we were born to work, so others are born to watch over us while we are working. In the name of common sense then, my good friends, let the great keep watch over us, and let us mind our business, and perhaps we may at last get money ourselves, and set beggars at work in our turn. I have a Latin sentence that is worth its weight in gold, and which I shall beg leave to translate for your instruction. An author, called Lily's Grammar, finely observes, that 'Æs in presenti perfectum format;' that is, 'Ready money makes a perfect man.' Let us then get ready money, and let them that will spend theirs by going to war with Spain.

---

### RULES FOR RAISING THE DEVIL.

*(Translated from the Latin of Danæus de Sortiaraiis, a Writer cotemporary with Calvin, and one of the Reformers of our Church.)*

THE person who desires to raise the devil, is to sacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own property, to Beelzebub. He is to swear an eternal obedience, and then to receive a mark in some unseen place, either under the eyelid, or in the roof of the mouth, inflicted by the devil himself. Upon this he has power given him over three spirits; one for earth, another for air, and a third for the sea. Upon certain times the devil holds an assembly of magicians, in which each is to give an account of what evil he has done, and what he wishes to do. At this assembly he appears in the shape of an old man, or often like a goat with large horns. They, upon this occasion, renew their vows of obedience; and then form a grand dance in honour of their false deity. The deity instructs them in every method of injuring mankind, in gathering poisons, and of riding upon occasion through the air. He shews them the whole method, upon examination, of giving evasive answers; his spirits have power to assume the form of angels of light, and there is but one method of detecting them, viz. to ask them, in proper form, what method is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the world? To this they are not permitted by the superior power to make a false reply, nor are they willing to give the true one; wherefore they continue silent, and are thus detected.

## RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR,

DRAWN UP BY THE INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER.

IF you be a rich man, you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If you be a poor man, I would advise you to shrink into the room as fast as you can, and place yourself, as usual, upon the corner of a chair, in a remote corner.

When you are desired to sing in company, I would advise you to refuse; for it is a thousand to one but that you torment us with affectation or a bad voice.

If you be young, and live with an old man, I would advise you not to like gravy. I was disinherited myself for liking gravy.

Do not laugh much in public: the spectators that are not as merry as you, will hate you, either because they envy your happiness, or fancy themselves the subject of your mirth.

## BEAU TIBBS: A CHARACTER.

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for awhile below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when my friend, stopping on a sudden, caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed: we now turned to the right, then to the left: as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear Charles,' cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you had gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness: his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply; in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes and the bloom in his countenance. 'Psha, psha, Charles,' cries the figure, 'no more of that if you love me: you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet to be sure an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do: but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants breeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My Lord was there. Ned, says he to me, Ned, says he, I will hold gold to silver, I can tell where you were poaching last night. Poaching! my lord, says I; faith you have missed already; for I stayed at home and let the girls poach for me. That is my way: I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.'

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow,' cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity. 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company.' 'Improved!' replied the other, 'you shall know—but let it go no farther,—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with.—My lord's word of honour for it—His lordship took me in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tête à tête dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else.' 'I fancy you forgot, sir,' cried I; 'you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!' 'Did I say so?' replied he coolly. 'To be sure, if I said so, it was so.—Dined in town: egad, now I remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country, too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the by, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I will tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogan's, an affected piece, but let it go no farther; a secret: Well, says I, I will hold a thousand guineas, and say Don first,

that—But, dear Charles, you are an honest creature; lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—But hark'ee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.'

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. 'His very dress,' cries my friend, 'is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags: if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interest of society, and, perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every one. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but, when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all: condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt; to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright children into duty.'

---

### BEAU TIBBS—CONTINUED.

THERE are some acquaintances whom it is no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, and had on a pair of Temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals, he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company with much importance and assiduity. In this manner, he led me through the length of the whole Mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at as well as him by every spectator.



When we were got to the end of our procession, 'Blast me,' cries he, with an air of vivacity, 'I never saw the park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen.'—'No company,' interrupted I, peevishly, 'no company where there is such a crowd? Why, man, there is too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?' 'Lord, my dear,' returned he with the utmost good humour, 'you seem immensely chagrined: but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave; and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with my wife to-day; I must insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of Shoreditch. A charming body of voice! But no more of that, she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature: I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret.'

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaked staircase; when as he mounted to shew me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in prospects; to which, answering in the affirmative, 'Then,' said he, 'I shall shew you one of the most charming out of my windows: we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tiptop, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may come to see me the oftener.'

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and, knocking at the door, a voice with a Scotch accent from within demanded, 'Wha's there?' My conductor answered that it was him. But



this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old maid servant with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where her lady was. 'Good troth,' replied she in the northern dialect, 'she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer.'—'My two shirts!' cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, 'what does the idiot mean?'—'I ken what I mean well enough,' replied the other; 'she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because ——' 'Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations,' cried he. 'Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag,' continued he, turning to me, 'to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of her's, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising, too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret.'

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumber-cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarine without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures, which he observed were all of his own drawing. 'What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There is the true keeping in it; its my own face; and, though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for hang it, that would be mechanical, you know.'

The wife at last made her appearance; at once a slattern and coquette: much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. 'And, indeed, my dear,' added she, turning to her husband, 'his lordship drank your health in a bumper.—'Poor Jack!' cries he, 'a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant, and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a ——' 'Or what do you think, my dear,' interrupts the wife, 'of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?'—'The very thing,' replies he; 'it will eat best with some

smart bottled beer ; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat ; that is country all over ; extremely disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life.'

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase ; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respects to the house, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave ; Mr. Tibbs assuring me, that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

---

### ON THE IRRESOLUTION OF YOUTH.

As it has been observed, that few are better qualified to give others advice, than those who have taken the least of it themselves ; so, in this respect, I find myself perfectly authorized to offer mine ; and must take leave to throw together a few observations upon that part of a young man's conduct on his entering into life, as it is called.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time ; then to ask the advice of another, and turn to that ; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worse ; people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life ; but heed them not ; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you ; it will be your support in youth, and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice : great abilities are generally obnoxious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race ; but the allusion still improves by observing, that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know ; and this, whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment ; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjuror and a tailor once happened to converse together. 'Alas !' cries the tailor, 'what an unhappy poor creature am I ! If people take it into their heads to live without clothes, I am undone ; I have no other trade to have recourse to.'—'Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely,' replies the conjuror ; 'but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me : for, if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. How-

ever, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you.' A famine overspread the land; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjuror, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away; it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich, and then show away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time, a goose fed its young by a pond side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. The pond, she said, was her's, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss it, or a wing to flutter. In this manner, she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beaks, and slapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh: 'A pox take thee,' cries he, 'for a fool; sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil.' So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in the general applauded; but each, willing to shew

his talent at criticism, stigmatized whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot, not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied; and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. 'Well,' cries the painter, 'I now find that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt pleasing one half of it.'

---

### ON MAD DOGS.

INDULGENT nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain for a few days beyond the expected season, in some parts of the globe, spreads famine, desolation, and terror, over the whole country; but, in this fortunate island of Britain, the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

But, though the nation be exempt from real evils, it is not more happy on this account than others. The people are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence; but then there is a disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange ravages among them; it spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people; what is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of Epidemic Terror.

A season is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another, seemingly different, though ever the same; one year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape of a sixpenny loaf, the next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail, the third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat, and the fourth it carries consternation in the bite of a mad dog. The people, when once infected, lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful, the object of terror may be, when once they resolve to fright and be frightened; the merest trifles sow consternation and dismay; each proportions his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others; for when once the fermentation is begun, it



goes on of itself, though the original cause be discontinued which at first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery, arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy, if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of being tamely bit by mad dogs no longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, somewhat resembles the ancient Gothic customs of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch; if she sank, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner a crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side. If he attempts to stand upon the defensive, and bite, then he is unanimously found guilty, for 'a mad dog always snaps at everything.' If, on the contrary, he tries to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for 'mad dogs always run straight forward before them.'

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in those ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog that had gone through a neighbouring village, which was thought to be mad by several who had seen him. The next account comes, that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. Then comes an affecting story of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipped in the salt water. When the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another, still more hideous; as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog; and how the poor father first perceived the infection, by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster: as in stories of ghosts, each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy; so here, each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings with new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been



frighted by the barking of a dog; and this, alas! too frequently happens. The story soon is improved, and spreads, that a mad dog had frightened a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they had reached the neighbouring village; and there the report is, that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength, and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital; and, by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is described, with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all fours, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors; while the mad mastiff is, in the meantime, ranging the whole country over, slaving at the mouth, and seeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks. She desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within; for a few days ago, so dismal an accident had happened, as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard, and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up, walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature well examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer are in no way injured: and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts, in general, therefore only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors; and sometimes fright the patient into actual frenzy, by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death (and four is probably too large a concession), yet still it is not considered how many are preserved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance; the insidious thief is often detected; the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

'A dog,' says one of the English poets, 'is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs.' Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal, that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man, he looks, in all his necessities, with speaking eye, for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerful-

ness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services!

---

### ON THE INCREASED LOVE OF LIFE WITH AGE.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers, which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping! Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil! Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery: but, happily, the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. 'I would

not choose,' says a French philosopher, 'to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted.' A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: 'Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than sixty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed, in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me.'

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison; we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode; and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases; yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise; yet still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave—an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the enter-

tainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. 'If life be, in youth, so displeasing,' cried he to himself, 'what will it appear when age comes on? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.' This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would then have faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society, by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

---

### ON THE LADIES' PASSION FOR LEVELLING ALL DISTINCTION OF DRESS.

FOREIGNERS observe that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed, than those of England. Our countrywomen have been compared to those pictures, where the face is a work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe, on this occasion, that so much beauty, set off with all the advantages of dress, would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex; and therefore it was wisely ordered, that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But to confess a truth, I do not find they have greater aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I cannot fancy that a shopkeeper's wife in Cheapside has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband, than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miss in a boarding-school is more an economist in dress than mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying her clothes are in the mode. A French woman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

The English ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard of grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the



word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, of stature, ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and playhouses, are filled with ladies in uniform; and their whole appearance shews as little variety of taste as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only the ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age, too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion for levelling all distinction in dress. The lady of no quality travels first behind the lady of some quality; and a woman of sixty is as gaudy as her grand-daughter. A friend of mine, a good-natured old man, amused me the other day with an account of his journey to the Mall. It seems, in his walk thither, he, for some time, followed a lady, who, as he thought, by her dress, was a girl of fifteen. It was airy, elegant, and youthful. My old friend had called up all his poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligee. He had prepared his imagination for an angel's face; but what was his mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than his cousin Hannah, some years older than himself!

But to give it in his own words: 'After the transports of our first salute,' said he, 'were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover a high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand but the hand of time these twenty years, rose, suing to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than a handkerchief of Paris net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rose-bud, "*Quanto si mostra men, tanto e piu bella*." A female breast is generally thought most beautiful as it is more sparingly discovered.

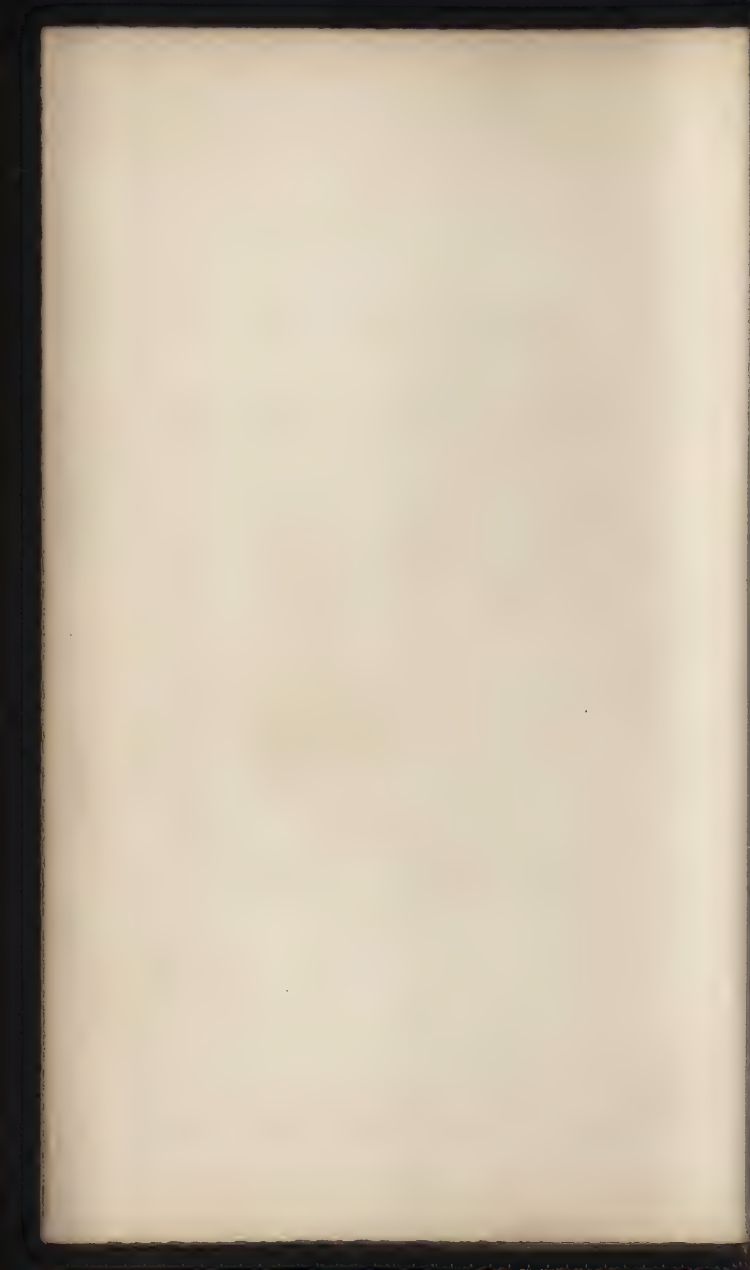
'As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the Park, where I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not, with any civility, refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

'When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were out to shew their finery as well as we, wherever we came, I perceived we brought good-humour with us. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse-laugh, at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious





I prepared my Imagination for an angel's face.



of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half way up the Mall, we both began to grow peevish, and like two mice on a string, endeavoured to revenge the impertinence of others upon ourselves. "I am amazed, cousin Jeffery," says Miss, "that I can never get you to dress like a Christian. I knew we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig, so frizzled, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous muff. I hate those odious muffs." I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage; but as I had always a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little; and throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, "I could heartily wish, Madam," replied I, "that, for your sake, my muff was cut into a tippet."

'As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily ashamed of her gentleman-usher, and as I was never very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was mutually agreed to retire for awhile to one of the seats, and, from that retreat, remark on others as freely as they had remarked on us.

'When seated, we continued silent for some time, employed in very different speculations. I regarded the whole company, now passing in review before me, as drawn out merely for my amusement. For my entertainment the beauty had, all that morning, been improving her charms; the beau had put on lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to please me. But quite different were the sentiments of cousin Hannah: she regarded every well-dressed woman as a victorious rival; hated every face that seemed dressed in good-humour, or wore the appearance of greater happiness than her own. I perceived her uneasiness, and attempted to lessen it, by observing that there was no company in the Park to-day. To this she readily assented; "And yet," says she, "it is full enough of scrubs of one kind or another." My smiling at this observation gave her spirits to pursue the bent of her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her skill in secret history, as she found me disposed to listen. "Observe," says she to me, "that old woman in tawdry silk, and dressed out beyond the fashion. That is Miss Biddy Evergreen. Miss Biddy, it seems, has money; and as she considers that money was never so scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to keep what she has to herself. She is ugly enough, you see; yet, I assure you, she has refused several offers, to my knowledge, within this twelvemonth. Let me see, three gentlemen from Ireland, who study the law, two waiting captains, her doctor, and a Scotch preacher who had liked to have carried her off. All her time is passed between sickness and finery. Thus she spends the whole week in a close chamber, with no other company but her monkey, her apothecary, and cat; and comes dressed out to the Park every Sunday, to shew her airs, to get

new lovers, to catch a new cold, and to make new work for the doctor.

"There goes Mrs. Roundabout, I mean the fat lady in the lustring trollopee. Between you and I she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins can make her, while her two marriageable daughters, like bunters in stuff gowns, are now taking sixpenny-worth of tea at the White-Conduit House. Odious puss, how she waddles along, with her train two yards behind her! She puts me in mind of my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their monstrous tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of good lustring wearing against the ground, like one of his knives on a grindstone. To speak my mind, cousin Jeffery, I never liked those tails: for suppose a young fellow should be rude, and the lady should offer to step back in the fright instead of retiring, she treads upon her train, and falls fairly on her back; and then you know, cousin—her clothes may be spoiled.

"Ah! Miss Muzzard! I knew we should not miss her in the Park; she in the monstrous Prussian bonnet. Miss, though so very fine, was bred a milliner; and might have had some custom if she had minded her business; but the girl was fond of finery, and, instead of dressing her customers, laid out all her goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she put on, impaired her credit; she still, however, went on, improving her appearance and lessening her little fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a bankrupt."

"My cousin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady she had been so freely describing. Miss had perceived her at a distance and approached to salute her. I found by the warmth of the two ladies' protestations, that they had been long intimate, esteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were so pleased at this happy rencontre, that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the Park together, and I saw them into a hackney-coach at St. James's."

### ASEM; AN EASTERN TALE:

OR, THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE IN THE MORAL GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.

WHERE Tauris lifts his head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller, but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men; had shared in their amusements: and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redress; the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them: he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist; wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely, his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits, gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. 'How beautiful,' he often cried, 'is nature! How lovely, even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence a hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man; vile man is a solecism in nature, the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious, ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the Divine Creator? Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why, then, O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair?'



Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety; when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

'Son of Adam,' cried the genius, 'stop thy rash purpose; the Father of the Faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries; and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead; in me behold the genius of conviction, kept by the great prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me and be wise.'

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

'I plainly perceive your amazement,' said the genius; 'but suspend it for awhile. This world was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great prophet; who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth; but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me, for some time, to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation.'

'A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!' cried Asem, in a rapture; 'I thank thee, O Alla, who hast at length heard my petitions; this, this indeed will produce happiness, ecstacy, and ease. O for an immortality, to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable?'

'Cease thine acclamations,' replied the genius. 'Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor.' Asem

and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but, at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primæval wildness.

‘Here,’ cried Asem, ‘I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation.’—‘Your tenderness for inferior animals, is, I find, remarkable,’ said the genius, smiling. ‘But with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed, for obvious reasons; for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on her vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their multitudes, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction.’

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. ‘Heavens!’ cried Asem, ‘why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?’ He had scarce spoken, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. ‘This,’ cried Asem to his guide, ‘is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action.’—‘Every species of animals,’ replied the genius, ‘has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased; and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers.’—But they should have been destroyed,’ cried Asem; ‘you see the consequence of such neglect.’—‘Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?’ replied the genius, smiling: ‘you seem to have forgot that branch of justice.’—‘I must acknowledge my mistake,’ returned Asem; ‘I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connexions with one another.’

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any

mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had a house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. 'At least, then,' said Asem, 'they have neither architects, painters, nor statuary, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so much enamoured as wisdom.'—'Wisdom!' replied his instructor: 'how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? Each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them.'—'All this may be right,' says Asem; 'but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse.'—'That, indeed, is true,' replied the other; 'here is no established society, nor should there be any; all societies are made either through fear or friendship: the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious.'—'Well, then,' said the sceptic, 'as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine.'—'And to what purpose should either do this?' says the genius: 'flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of the question.'

'Still, however,' said Asem, 'the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence: each has therefore leisure for pitying those who stand in need of his compassion.' He had scarce spoken when his ears were assailed with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. 'Strange,' cried the son of Adam, 'that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!'—'Be not surprised,' said the wretch, who was dying; 'would it not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have only just sufficient

to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with.'—'They should have been supplied with more than is necessary,' cried Asem; 'and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before; all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues.'—'Peace, Asem,' replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, 'nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferable to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you see is practised here.'—'Strange!' cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; 'what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, are all virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems that to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my genius, back to that very world which I have despised; a world which has Alla for its contriver, is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only shewed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others.'

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquillity, and leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city, nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.



## ON THE ENGLISH CLERGY AND POPULAR PREACHERS.

It is allowed on all hands, that our English divines receive a more liberal education, and improve that education by frequent study, more than any others of this reverend profession in Europe. In general, also, it may be observed, that a greater degree of gentility is affixed to the character of a student in England than elsewhere; by which means our clergy have an opportunity of seeing better company while young, and of sooner wearing off those prejudices which they are apt to imbibe even in the best-regulated universities, and which may be justly termed the vulgar errors of the wise.

Yet, with these advantages, it is very obvious, that the clergy are nowhere so little thought of, by the populace, as here; and though our divines are foremost with respect to abilities, yet they are found last in the effects of their ministry; the vulgar, in general, appearing no way impressed with a sense of religious duty. I am not for whining at the depravity of the times, or for endeavouring to paint a prospect more gloomy than in nature; but certain it is, no person who has travelled will contradict me, when I aver, that the lower orders of mankind, in other countries, testify, on every occasion, the profoundest awe of religion; while, in England, they are scarcely awakened into a sense of its duties, even in circumstances of the greatest distress.

This dissolute and fearless conduct foreigners are apt to attribute to climate and constitution; may not the vulgar being pretty much neglected in our exhortations from the pulpit, be a conspiring cause? Our divines seldom stoop to their mean capacities; and they who want instruction most, find least in our religious assemblies.

Whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behaviour in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Those who constitute the basis of the great fabric of society, should be particularly regarded; for, in policy, as architecture, ruin is most fatal when it begins from the bottom.

Men of real sense and understanding prefer a prudent mediocrity to a precarious popularity: and fearing to outdo their duty, leave it half done. Their discourses from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical, and unaffecting: delivered with the most insipid calmness; insomuch, that should the peaceful preacher lift his head over the cushion, which alone he seems to address, he might discover his audience, instead of being awakened to remorse, actually sleeping over his methodical and laboured composition.

This method of preaching is, however, by some called an



address to reason, and not to the passions; this is styled the making of converts from conviction; but such are indifferently acquainted with human nature, who are not sensible that men seldom reason about their debaucheries till they are committed. Reason is but a weak antagonist when headlong passion dictates: in all such cases we should arm one passion against another: it is with the human mind as in nature; from the mixture of two opposites, the result is most frequently neutral tranquillity. Those who attempt to reason us out of our follies, begin at the wrong end, since the attempt naturally presupposes us capable of reason; but to be made capable of this, is one great point of the cure.

There are but few talents requisite to become a popular preacher; for the people are easily pleased, if they perceive any endeavours in the orator to please them; the meanest qualifications will work this effect, if the preacher sincerely sets about it. Perhaps little, indeed very little more is required, than sincerity and assurance; and a becoming sincerity is always certain of producing a becoming assurance. '*Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi,*' is so trite a quotation, that it almost demands an apology to repeat it; yet though all allow the justice of the remark, how few do we find put it in practice! Our orators, with the most faulty bashfulness, seem impressed rather with an awe of their audience, than with a just respect for the truths they are about to deliver: they, of all professions seem the most bashful, who have the greatest right to glory in their commission.

The French preachers generally assume all that dignity which becomes men who are ambassadors from Christ; the English divines, like erroneous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employer. The bishop of Massillon, in the first sermon he ever preached, found the whole audience, upon his getting into the pulpit, in a disposition no way favourable to his intentions; their nods, whispers, or drowsy behaviour, shewed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his sowing in a soil so improper; however, he soon changed the disposition of his audience by his manner of beginning. 'If,' says he, 'a cause, the most important that could be conceived, were to be tried at the bar before qualified judges; if this cause interested ourselves in particular; if the eyes of the whole kingdom were fixed upon the event; if the most eminent counsel were employed on both sides; and if we had heard from our infancy of this yet undetermined trial; would you not all sit with due attention, and warm expectation, to the pleadings on each side? Would not all your hopes and fears be hinged upon the final decision? and yet, let me tell you, you have this moment a cause of much greater importance before you; a cause where not one nation, but all the world, are spectators; tried not before a fallible tribunal, but the

awful throne of Heaven; where not your temporal and transitory interests are the subject of debate, but your eternal happiness or misery; where the cause is still undetermined, but, perhaps, the very moment I am speaking may fix the irrevocable decree that shall last for ever: and yet notwithstanding all this, you can hardly sit with patience to hear the tidings of your own salvation; I plead the cause of Heaven, and yet I am scarcely attended to,' &c.

The style, the abruptness of a beginning like this, in the closet would appear absurd; but, in the pulpit, it is attended with the most lasting impressions: that style which, in the closet, might justly be called flimsy, seems the true mode of eloquence here. I never read a fine composition under the title of a sermon, that I do not think the author has miscalled his piece; for the talents to be used in writing well entirely differ from those of speaking well. The qualifications for speaking, as has been already observed, are easily acquired; they are accomplishments which may be taken up by every candidate who will be at the pains of stooping. Impressed with a sense of the truths he is about to deliver, a preacher disregards the applause or the contempt of his audience, and he insensibly assumes a just and manly sincerity. With this talent alone we see what crowds are drawn around enthusiasts, even destitute of common sense; what numbers converted to Christianity. Folly may sometimes set an example for wisdom to practise; and our regular divines may borrow instruction from even methodists, who go their circuits, and preach prizes among the populace. Even Whitfield may be placed as a model to some of our young divines: let them join to their own good sense his earnest manner of delivery.

It will be perhaps objected, that by confining the excellencies of a preacher to proper assurance, earnestness, and openness of style, I make the qualifications too trifling for estimation; there will be something called oratory brought up on this occasion; action, attitude, grace, elocution, may be repeated as absolutely necessary to complete the character: but let us not be deceived; common sense is seldom swayed by fine tones, musical periods, just attitudes, or the display of a white handkerchief; oratorical behaviour, except in very able hands indeed, generally sinks into awkward and paltry affectation.

It must be observed, however, that these rules are calculated only for him who would instruct the vulgar, who stand in most need of instruction; to address philosophers, and to obtain the character of a polite preacher among the polite—a much more useless, though more sought for character—requires a different method of proceeding. All I shall observe on this head is, to entreat the polemic divine, in his controversy with the deist, to act rather offensively than to defend; to push home the grounds of his belief, and the impracticability of their's, rather than to spend time in solving the objections of every opponent. 'It is

ten to one,' says a late writer on the art of war, but that the assailant who attacks the enemy in his trenches is always victorious.'

Yet, upon the whole, our clergy might employ themselves more to the benefit of society, by declining all controversy, than by exhibiting even the profoundest skill to polemic disputes: their contests with each other often turn on speculative trifles; and their disputes with the deist are almost at an end, since they can have no more than victory; and that they are already possessed of, as their antagonists have been driven into a confession of the necessity of revelation, or an open avowel of atheism. To continue the dispute longer would endanger it; the sceptic is ever expert at puzzling a debate which he finds himself unable to continue, 'and, like an Olympic boxer, generally fights best when undermost.'

---

#### ON THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM SENDING A JUDICIOUS TRAVELLER INTO ASIA.

I HAVE frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almost all the European travellers, who have penetrated any considerable way eastward into Asia. They have all been influenced either by motives of commerce or piety, and their accounts are such as might reasonably be expected from men of a very narrow or very prejudiced education—the dictates of superstition, or the result of ignorance. Is it not surprising, that, of such a variety of adventurers, not one single philosopher should be found among the number? For, as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an imposture.

There is scarce any country, how rude or uncultivated soever, where the inhabitants are not possessed of some peculiar secrets, either in nature or art, which might be transplanted with success; thus, for instance, in Siberian Tartary, the natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret probably unknown to the chemists in Europe. In the most savage parts of India they are possessed of the secret of dying vegetable substances scarlet, and likewise that of refining lead into a metal, which, for hardness and colour, is little inferior to silver; not one of which secrets but would, in Europe, make a man's fortune. The power of the Asiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, because they have no instances of the like nature among themselves: but they would have treated the secrets of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, in the same manner, had they been told the Chinese used such arts before the invention was common with themselves at home.

Of all the English philosophers, I must reverence Bacon, that

great and hardy genius; he it is, who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature; and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes, to human control. Oh! had a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travelled to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! and what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!

There is probably no country so barbarous, that would not disclose all it knew, if it received equivalent information; and I am apt to think, that a person who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling should only be, to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed; he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar astronomy, nor yet instruct the polite Chinese in the arts of subsistence: he should endeavour to improve the barbarian in the secrets of living comfortably: and the inhabitant of a more refined country, in the speculative pleasures of science. How much more nobly would a philosopher, thus employed, spend his time, than by sitting at home, earnestly intent upon adding one star more to his catalogue, or one monster more to his collection; or still, if possible, more triflingly sedulous, in the incatenation of fleas, or the sculpture of cherry-stones.

I never consider this subject without being surprised that none of those societies so laudably established in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have ever thought of sending one of their members into the most eastern parts of Asia, to make what discoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of such an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers. It will there be found, that they are as often deceived themselves as they attempt to deceive others. The merchants tell us, perhaps, the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the properest manner for a European to preserve his health in the country. The missionary, on the other hand, informs us with what pleasure the country to which he was sent embraced Christianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep Lent in a region where there were no fish, or the shifts he made to celebrate the rites of his religion, in places where there was neither bread nor wine; such accounts, with the usual appendages of marriages and funerals, inscriptions, rivers, and mountains, make up the whole of an European traveller's diary: but as to all the secrets of which the inhabitants are possessed, those are universally attributed to magic; and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he sees performed, he very contentedly ascribes them to the devil.



It was a usual observation of Boyle, the English chemist, that, if every artist would but discover what new observations occurred to him in the exercise of his trade, philosophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be observed with still greater justice, that, if the useful knowledge of every country, howsoever barbarous, was gleaned by a judicious observer, the advantages would be inestimable. Are there not, even in Europe, many useful inventions known or practised but in one place? Their instrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany, is much more handy and expeditious, in my opinion, than the sickle used in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar, without previous fermentation, is known only in a part of France. If such discoveries, therefore, remain still to be known at home, what funds of knowledge might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only passed through by ignorant travellers in hasty caravans.

The caution with which foreigners are received in Asia, may be alleged as an objection to such a design. But how readily have several European merchants found admission into regions the most suspicious, under the character of sanjapins, or northern pilgrims? To such not even China itself denies access.

To send out a traveller properly qualified for these purposes, might be an object of a national concern: it would, in some measure, repair the breaches made by ambition; and might shew that there were still some who boasted a greater name than that of patriots, who professed themselves lovers of men.

The only difficulty would remain in choosing a proper person for so arduous an enterprise. He should be a man of a philosophical turn; one apt to deduce consequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither swollen with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one peculiar system, nor instructed only in one particular science; neither wholly a botanist, nor quite an antiquarian: his mind should be tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanized by an intercourse with men. He should be, in some measure, an enthusiast to the design: fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination, and an innate love of change; furnished with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger.

---

### A REVERIE AT THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN, IN EASTCHEAP.

THE improvements we make in mental acquirements only render us each day more sensible of the defects of our constitution: with this in view, therefore, let us often recur to the amusements of youth; endeavour to forget age and wisdom, and, as far as innocence goes, be as much a boy as the best of them.



Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the age, but, in my opinion, every age is the same. This I am sure of, that man, in every season, is a poor, fretful being, with no other means to escape the calamities of the times, but by endeavouring to forget them; for, if he attempts to resist, he is certainly undone. If I feel poverty and pain, I am not so hardy as to quarrel with the executioner, even while under correction: I find myself no way disposed to make fine speeches, while I am making wry faces. In a word, let me drink when the fit is on, to make me insensible; and drink when it is over, for joy that I feel pain no longer.

The character of old Falstaff, even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom: I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and shewing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical, as he. Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity?—Age, care, wisdom, reflection, begone!—I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle: here's to the memory of Shakspeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap.

Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral, merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again; but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight; and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflection back into antiquity; the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time: the watchman had gone twelve: my companions had all stolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had such a long succession of customers; I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages; but my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze, and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do, and, though he said nothing, yet was never silent; one good joke followed another good joke, and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and his conversation operate by degrees: he insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilled into a ruff, and his breeches swelled into a fardingale. I now fancied him changing sexes; and, as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined

my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation: the tavern, the apartment, and the table, continued as before; nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking, which seemed converted into sack and sugar.

‘My dear Mrs. Quickly,’ cried I, (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight) “I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs? Brave and hearty, I hope?”—‘In good sooth,’ replied she, ‘he did deserve to live for ever; but he maketh foul work o’nt where he hath flitted. Queen Proserpine and he have quarrelled, for his attempting a rape upon her divinity; and were it not that she still had bowels of compassion, it more than seems probable he might have now been sprawling in Tartarus.’”

I now found that spirits still preserve the frailties of the flesh; and that, according to the laws of criticism and dreaming, ghosts have been known to be guilty of even more than Platonic affection: wherefore, as I found her too much moved on such a topic to proceed, I was resolved to change the subject; and, desiring she would pledge me in a bumper, observed with a sigh, that our sack was nothing now to what it was in former days. ‘Ah, Mrs. Quickly, those were merry times when you drew sack for Prince Henry: men were twice as strong, and twice as wise, and much braver, and ten thousand times more charitable, than now. Those were the times! The battle of Agincourt was a victory, indeed! Ever since that, we have only been degenerating; and I have lived to see the day when drinking is no longer fashionable. When men wear clean shirts, and women shew their necks and arms, all are degenerated, Mrs. Quickly: and we shall probably, in another century, be fritted away into beaux or monkeys. Had you been on earth to see what I have seen, it would congeal all the blood in your body (your soul I mean.) Why, our very nobility now have the intolerable arrogance, in spite of what is every day remonstrated from the press; our very nobility, I say, have the assurance to frequent assemblies, and presume to be as merry as the vulgar. See, my very friends have scarce manhood enough to sit till eleven: and I only am left to make a night on’t. Pr’ythee do me the favour to console me a little for their absence by the story of your own adventures, or the history of the tavern where we are now sitting. I fancy the narrative may have something singular.’

‘Observe this apartment,’ interrupted my companion, ‘of neat device and excellent workmanship—In this room I have lived, child, woman, and ghost, more than three hundred years; I am ordered by Pluto to keep an annual register of every transaction that passeth here: and I have whilom compiled three hundred tomes, which eftsoons may be submitted to thy regards.’—‘None of your whiloms nor eftsoons, Mrs. Quickly, if you please,’

I replied; 'I know you can talk every whit as well as I can: for, as you have lived here so long, it is but natural to suppose you should learn the conversation of the company. Believe me, dame, at best, you have neither too much sense, nor too much language, to spare; so give me both as well as you can: but, first, my service to you; old women should water their clay a little now and then; and now to your story.'

'The story of my own adventures,' replied the vision, 'is but short and unsatisfactory; for, believe me, Mr. Rigmarole, believe me, a woman with a butt of sack at her elbow is never long-lived. Sir John's death afflicted me to such a degree, that I sincerely believe, to drown sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I drew for my customers: my grief was sincere, and the sack was excellent. The prior of a neighbouring convent, (for our priors then had as much power as a Middlesex justice now,) he, I say, it was who gave me a licence for keeping a disorderly house; upon condition that I should never make hard bargains with the clergy: that he should have a bottle of sack every morning, and the liberty of confessing which of my girls he thought proper in private every night. I had continued for several years to pay this tribute; and he, it must be confessed, continued as rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly; my customers continued, however, to compliment my looks while I was by, but I could hear them say I was wearing when my back was turned. The prior, however, still was constant, and so were half his convent; but one fatal morning he missed the usual beverage, for I had incautiously drunk over-night the last bottle myself. What will you have on't? The very next day Doll Tearsheet and I were sent to the house of correction, and accused of keeping a low bawdy-house. In short, we were so well purified there with stripes, mortification, and penance, that we were afterward utterly unfit for worldly conversation: though sack would have killed me, had I stuck to it, yet I soon died for want of a drop of something comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the beadle.

'Such is my own history; but that of the tavern, where I have ever since been stationed, affords greater variety. In the history of this, which is one of the oldest in London, you may view the different manners, pleasures, and follies of men, at different periods.—You will find mankind neither better nor worse now than formerly: the vices of an uncivilized people are generally more detestable, though not so frequent, as those in polite society. It is the same luxury which formerly stuffed your alderman with plum-porridge, and now crams him with turtle. It is the same low ambition that formerly induced a courtier to give up his religion to please his king, and now persuades him to give up his conscience to please his minister. It is the same vanity that formerly stained our ladies' cheeks and necks with woad, and now paints them with carmine. Your ancient Briton formerly powdered his hair with red earth, like

brick-dust, in order to appear frightful; your modern Briton cuts his hair on the crown, and plasters it with hogs'-lard and flour; and this to make him look killing. It is the same vanity, the same folly, and the same vice, only appearing different, as viewed through the glass of fashion. In a word, all mankind are a —.

'Sure the woman is dreaming,' interrupted I.—'None of your reflections, Mrs. Quickly, if you love me; they only give me the spleen. Tell me your history at once. I love stories, but hate reasoning.'

'If you please then, sir,' returned my companion, 'I'll read you an abstract, which I made, of the three hundred volumes I mentioned just now:—

'My body was no sooner laid in the dust, than the prior and several of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollutions with which they said I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, relics were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a deluge of holy water. My habitation was soon converted into a monastery; instead of customers now applying for sack and sugar, my rooms were crowded with images, relics, saints, whores, and friars. Instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was now filled with continued lewdness. The prior led the fashion, and the whole convent imitated his pious example. Matrons came hither to confess their sins, and to commit new. Virgins came hither who seldom went virgins away. Nor was this a convent peculiarly wicked; every convent at that period was equally fond of pleasure, and gave a boundless loose to appetite. The laws allowed it; each priest had a right to a favourite companion, and a power of discarding her as often as he pleased. The laity grumbled, quarrelled with their wives and daughters, hated their confessors, and maintained them in opulence and ease. These, these were happy times, Mr. Rigmarole: these were times of piety, bravery, and simplicity!—'Not so very happy, neither, good madam; pretty much like the present: those that labour, starve; and those that do nothing, wear fine clothes and live in luxury.'

'In this manner the fathers lived, for some years, without molestation: they transgressed, confessed themselves to each other, and were forgiven. One evening, however, our prior keeping a lady of distinction somewhat too long at confession, her husband unexpectedly came upon them, and testified all the indignation which was natural upon such an occasion. The prior assured the gentleman that it was the devil who had put it into his heart; and the lady was very certain, that she was under the influence of magic, or she could never have behaved in so unfaithful a manner. The husband, however, was not to be put off by such evasions, but summoned both before the tribunal of justice. His proofs were flagrant, and he expected large damages. Such, indeed, he had a right to expect, were



the tribunals of those days constituted in the same way as they are now. The cause of the priest was to be tried before an assembly of priests; and a layman was to expect redress only from their impartiality and candour. What plea, then, do you think the prior made to obviate this accusation? He denied the fact, and challenged the plaintiff to try the merits of their cause by single combat. It was a little hard, you may be sure, upon the poor gentleman, not only to be made a cuckold, but to be obliged to fight a duel into the bargain; yet such was the justice of the times. The prior threw down his glove, and the injured husband was obliged to take it up, in token of his accepting the challenge. Upon this, the priest supplied his champion, for it was not lawful for the clergy to fight; and the defendant and plaintiff, according to custom, were put in prison; both ordered to fast and pray, every method being previously used to induce both to a confession of the truth. After a month's imprisonment, the hair of each was cut, their bodies anointed with oil, the field of battle appointed, and guarded by soldiers, while his majesty presided over the whole in person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confessed upon their knees; and, after these ceremonies, the rest was left to the courage and conduct of the combatants. As the champion whom the prior had pitched upon, had fought six or eight times upon similar occasions, it was no way extraordinary to find him victorious in the present combat. In short, the husband was discomfited; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped to his shirt, and, after one of his legs was cut off, as justice ordained in such cases, he was hanged as a terror to future offenders. These, these were the times, Mr. Rigmarole! you see how much more just, and wise, and valiant, our ancestors were than we.'—'I rather fancy, madam, that the times then were much like our own; where a multiplicity of laws give a judge as much power as a want of law; since he is ever sure to find among the number some to countenance his partiality.'

'Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The lady became a nun, the prior was made a bishop, and three Wickliffites were burned in the illuminations and fire-works that were made on the present occasion. Our convent now began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of hating heretics so much as our's. Ladies of the first distinction chose from our convent their confessors; in short, it flourished, and might have flourished to this hour, but for a fatal accident, which terminated in its overthrow. The lady whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to visit for some time with great punctuality, began at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Secluded from conversation, as usual, she now entertained the visions of a devotee; found herself strangely disturbed! but hesitated in



determining whether she was possessed by an angel or a demon. She was not long in suspense: for, upon vomiting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech, and when she seemed to speak, every body that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched; and all the difficulty lay in determining who it could be that bewitched her. The nuns and the monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply; for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked him, unless they are put by a bishop, and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop, therefore, was sent for, and now the whole secret came out: the devil reluctantly owned that he was the servant of the prior; that by his command he resided in his present habitation; and that, without his command, he was resolved to keep in possession. The bishop was an able exorcist; he drove the devil out by force of mystical arms; the prior was arraigned for witchcraft; the witnesses were strong and numerous against him, not less than fourteen persons being by who heard the devil speak Latin. There was no resisting such a cloud of witnesses; the prior was condemned; and he who had assisted at so many burnings, was burned himself in turn. These were times, Mr. Rigmarole; the people of those times were not infidels, as now, but sincere believers!—'Equally faulty with ourselves, they believed what the devil was pleased to tell them; and we seem resolved, at last, to believe neither God nor devil.'

'After such a stain upon the convent, it was not to be supposed it could subsist any longer; the fathers were ordered to decamp, and the house was once again converted into a tavern. The king conferred it on one of his cast-off mistresses; she was constituted landlady by royal authority; and, as the tavern was in the neighbourhood of the court, and the mistress a very polite woman, it began to have more business than ever, and sometimes took not less than four shillings a-day.

'But perhaps you are desirous of knowing what were the peculiar qualifications of women of fashion at that period; and in a description of the present landlady, you will have a tolerable idea of all the rest. This lady was the daughter of a nobleman, and received such an education in the country as became her quality, beauty, and great expectations. She could make shifts and hose for herself, and all the servants of the family, when she was twelve years old. She knew the names of the four-and-twenty letters, so that it was impossible to bewitch her; and this was a greater piece of learning than any lady in the whole country could pretend to. She was always up early, and saw breakfast served in the great hall by six o'clock. At

this scene of festivity she generally improved good humour, by telling her dreams, relating stories of spirits, several of which she herself had seen, and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black-hafted knife. From hence she usually went to make pastry in the larder, and here she was followed by her sweethearts, who were much helped on in conversation by struggling with her for kisses. About ten, miss generally went to play at hot cockles and blindman's buff in the parlour; and when the young folks (for they seldom played at hot cockles when grown old) were tired of such amusements, the gentlemen entertained miss with the history of their greyhounds, bear-baitings, and victories at cudgel-playing. If the weather was fine, they ran at the ring, or shot at butts, while miss held in her hand a riband, with which she adorned the conqueror. Her mental qualifications were exactly fitted to her external accomplishments. Before she was fifteen, she could tell the story of Jack the Giant Killer; could name every mountain that was inhabited by fairies; knew a witch at first sight; and could repeat four Latin prayers without a prompter. Her dress was perfectly fashionable; her arms and her hair were completely covered; a monstrous muff was put round her neck, so that her head seemed like that of John the Baptist placed in a charger. In short, when completely equipped, her appearance was so very modest, that she discovered little more than her nose. These were the times, Mr. Rigmarole, when every lady that had a good nose might set up for a beauty; when every woman that could tell stories might be cried up for a wit.—'I am as much displeased at those dresses which conceal too much, as at those which discover too much: I am equally an enemy to a female dunce, or a female pedant.'

'You may be sure that miss chose a husband with qualifications resembling her own; she pitched upon a courtier equally remarkable for hunting and drinking, who had given several proofs of his great virility among the daughters of his tenants and domestics. They fell in love at first sight (for such was the gallantry of the times), were married, came to court, and madam appeared with superior qualifications. The king was struck with her beauty. All property was at the king's command; the husband was obliged to resign all pretensions in his wife to the sovereign whom God anointed, to commit adultery where he thought proper. The king loved her for some time; but, at length, repenting of his misdeeds, and instigated by his father's confessor, from a principle of conscience, removed her from his levee to the bar of this tavern, and took a new mistress in her stead. Let it not surprise you to behold the mistress of a king degraded to so humble an office. As the ladies had no mental accomplishments, a good face was enough to raise them to the royal couch; and she who was this day a royal mistress, might the next, when her beauty palled upon enjoyment, be deemed to infamy and want.'

'Under the care of this lady, the tavern grew into great reputation; the courtiers had not yet learned to game, but they paid it off by drinking; drunkenness is ever the vice of a barbarous, and gaming of a luxurious age. They had not such frequent entertainments as the moderns have, but were more expensive and more luxurious in those they had. All their fooleries were more elaborate, and more admired by the great and the vulgar, than now. A courtier has been known to spend his whole fortune at a single combat; a king to mortgage his dominions to furnish out the frippery of a tournament. There were certain days appointed for riot and debauchery, and to be sober at such times was reputed a crime. Kings themselves set the example; and I have seen monarchs in this room drunk before the entertainment was half concluded. These were the times, sir, when the kings kept mistresses, and got drunk in public; they were too plain and simple in those happy times to hide their vices, and act the hypocrite as now.'—'Lord, Mrs. Quickly!' interrupting her, 'I expected to hear a story, and here you are going to tell me I know not what of times and vices; pr'ythe let me entreat thee once more to waive reflections, and give thy history without deviation.'

'No lady upon earth,' continued my visionary correspondent, 'knew how to put off her damaged wine or women with more art than she. When these grew flat, or those paltry, it was but changing their names; the wine became excellent, and the girls agreeable. She was also possessed of the engaging leer, the chuck under the chin, winked at a double-entendre, could nick the opportunity of calling for something comfortable, and perfectly understood the distinct moments when to withdraw. The gallants of those times pretty much resembled the bloods of our's; they were fond of pleasure, but quite ignorant of the art of refining upon it: thus a court-bawd of those times resembled the common, low-lived harridan of a modern bagnio.—Witness, ye powers of debauchery! how often I have been present at the various appearances of drunkenness, riot, guilt, and brutality. A tavern is a true picture of human infirmity; in history we find only one side of the age exhibited to our view; but in the accounts of a tavern, we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious.

'Upon this lady's decease, the tavern was successively occupied by adventurers, bullies, pimps, and gamesters. Towards the conclusion of the reign of Henry VII. gaming was more universally practised in England than even now. Kings themselves have been known to play off, at primero, not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The last Henry played away, in this very room, not only the four great bells of St. Paul's cathedral, but the fine image of St. Paul, which stood upon the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and sold them by auction. Have you, then, any cause to regret being

born in the times you now live in, or do you still believe that human nature continues to run on declining every age? If we observe the actions of the busy part of mankind, your ancestors will be found infinitely more gross, servile, and even dishonest, than you. If, forsaking history, we only trace them in their hours of amusement and dissipation, we shall find them more sensual, more entirely devoted to pleasure, and infinitely more selfish.

‘The last hostess of note I find upon record was Jane Rouse. She was born among the lower ranks of the people; and by frugality and extreme complaisance, contrived to acquire a moderate fortune: this she might have enjoyed for many years, had she not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her neighbours, a woman who was in high repute for sanctity through the whole parish. In the times of which I speak, two women seldom quarrelled that one did not accuse the other of witchcraft, and she who first contrived to vomit crooked pins was sure to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times; the fascination of a lady’s eyes, at present, is regarded as a compliment; but if a lady formerly should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better, both for her soul and body, that she had no eyes at all.

‘In short, Jane Rouse was accused of witchcraft, and though she made the best defence she could, it was all to no purpose: she was taken from her own bar to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned, and executed accordingly. These were times indeed! when even women could not scold in safety.

‘Since her time, the tavern underwent several revolutions, according to the spirit of the times, or the dispositions of the reigning monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthusiasts. It was one year noted for harbouring Whigs, and the next infamous for a retreat to Tories. Some years ago it was in high vogue, but at present it seems declining. This only may be remarked in general, that whenever taverns flourish most, the times are then most extravagant and luxurious.’—‘Lord, Mrs. Quickly!’ interrupted I, ‘you have really deceived me; I expected a romance, and here you have been this half-hour giving me only a description of the spirit of the times; if you have nothing but tedious remarks to communicate, seek some other hearer; I am determined to hearken only to stories.’

I had scarce concluded, when my eyes and ears seemed opened to my landlord, who had been all this while giving me an account of the repairs he had made in the house, and was now got into the story of the cracked glass in the dining-room.



## ON QUACK DOCTORS.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which our advertising doctors are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation: but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine: the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty: be the disorder ever so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hinderance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only, in general, give their medicines for half-value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient, who refuses so much health upon such easy terms! Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever? or feel as much pleasure in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose: he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success: he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick:—only sick did I say? there are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die! though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half-a-crown at every corner.

I can never enough admire the sagacity of this country for the encouragement given to the professors of this art: with what indulgence does she foster up those of her own growth, and kindly cherish those that come from abroad! Like a skilful gardener, she invites them from every foreign climate to herself. Here, every great exotic strikes as soon as imported, and feels the genial beam of favour; while the mighty metropolis, like one vast munificent dunghill, receives them indiscriminately to her breast, and supplies each with more than native nourishment.

In other countries, the physician pretends to cure disorders in the lump; the same doctor who combats the gout in the toe, shall pretend to prescribe for a pain in the head; and he who at one time cures a consumption, shall at another give drugs for



a dropsy. How absurd and ridiculous! this is being a mere jack of all trades. Is the animal machine less complicated than a brass pin? Not less than ten different hands are required to make a brass pin; and shall the body be set right by one single operator?

The English are sensible of the force of this reasoning; they have therefore one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes; and have their sciatica doctors, and inoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modestly content with securing them from bug-bites, and five hundred who prescribe for the bite of mad dogs.

But as nothing pleases curiosity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I must present you, inadequate as my abilities are to the subject, with an account of one or two of those personages who lead in this honourable profession.

The first upon the list of glory is Doctor Richard Rock, F. U. N. This great man is short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig, nicely combed, and frizzled upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never; it is indeed very remarkable that this extraordinary personage should never wear a hat; but so it is, a hat he never wears. He is usually drawn, at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gallipots. No man can promise fairer or better than he; for, as he observes, 'Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness, make yourself quite easy, I can cure you.'

The next in fame, though by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is Doctor Timothy Franks, F. O. G. H. living in the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is as remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian era 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly sixty-eight years three months and four days old. Age, however, has no ways impaired his usual health and vivacity; I am told he generally walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming assurance, which carries him gently through life; for, except Dr. Rock, none are more blessed with the advantages of face than Dr. Franks.

And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almost ashamed to mention it. Let the foibles of the great rest in peace. Yet I must impart the whole. These two great men are actually now at variance; like mere men, mere common mortals.—Rock advises the world to beware of bog-trotting quacks: Franks retorts the wit and sarcasm, by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumpling Dick. He calls the serious Doctor Rock, Dumpling Dick! Head of Confucius, what profanation! Dumpling Dick! What a pity, ye powers, that the learned, who were born mutually to assist in enlightening

the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make even the profession ridiculous! Sure the world is wide enough, at least, for two great personages to figure in: men of science should leave controversy to the little world below them; and then we might see Rock and Franks walking together, hand in hand, smiling onward to immortality.

---

### ADVENTURES OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

I AM fond of amusement, in whatever company it is to be found: and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who stayed seemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite, than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and, at last, ventured upon conversation. 'I beg pardon, sir,' cried I, 'but I think I have seen you before; your face is familiar to me.'—'Yes, sir,' replied he, 'I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary, or live crocodile. You must understand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years merry-andrew to a puppet show: last Bartholomew fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary-lane, and I to starve in St. James's Park.'

'I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties.'—'O sir,' returned he, 'my appearance is very much at your service: but, though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier; if I had twenty thousand a year I should be very merry; and, thank the Fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have threepence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three halfpence; and, if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay the reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner.'

As I never refuse a small expense for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse, and, in a few moments, had a frothing tankard, and a smoking steak, spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. 'I like this dinner, sir,' says he, for 'three

reasons; first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay.'

He, therefore, now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough; 'and yet, sir,' returns he, 'bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very fondlings of Nature; the rich she treats like an arrant step-mother; they are pleased with nothing; cut a steak from what part you will and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles, and even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar; Calvert's butt out-tastes champagne, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels tokay. Joy, joy, my blood; though our estates lie nowhere, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds in Cornwall, I am content; I have no land there: if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness: I am no Jew.' The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances; and I entreated that he would indulge my desire.—'That I will,' said he, 'and welcome; only let us drink, to prevent our sleeping; let us have another tankard; while we are awake, let us have another tankard; for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full!

'You must know, then, that I am very well descended; my ancestors have made some noise in the world, for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum: I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a noble cannot show so respectful a genealogy; but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of a drummer to a puppet-show. Thus, the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music: so, at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman: besides, I was obliged to obey my captain; he has his will, I have mine, and you have your's: now I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

'The life of a soldier soon, therefore, gave me the spleen: I asked leave to quit the service: but, as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my

father a very dismal, penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was (sir, my service to you), and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges: in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done? If I had not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way; and that must be by running away. I deserted, and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

'Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment, I sold my soldier's clothes, bought worse, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterward found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance: I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked a hundred questions; as, whose son I was; from when I came; and whether I would be faithful. I answered him greatly to his satisfaction, and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety (sir, I have the honour of drinking your health), discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived about two months; we did not much like each other; I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder: I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear. in short, they found I would not do; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and sixpence for two months' wages.

'While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure; two hens were hatching in an out-house, I went and took the eggs from habit, and, not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money, and, with my knapsack on my back and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu with tears in my eyes to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house when I heard behind me the cry of "Stop thief!" but this only increased my dispatch: it would have been foolish for me to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold, I think I passed those two months at the curate's without drinking; come, the times are dry, and may this be my poison if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life.

'Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon



but a company of strolling players? The moment I saw them at a distance, my heart warmed to them: I had a sort of natural love for everything of the vagabond order; they were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way; I offered my assistance, which they accepted; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me; they sung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till then; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them; I was a very good figure as you see; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

‘I love a straggling life above all things in the world; sometimes good, sometimes bad: to be warm to-day and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Greyhound, where we resolved to exhibit Romeo and Juliet, with the funeral procession, the grave and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane; Juliet, by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before; and I was to snuff the candles; all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet’s petticoat and pall; a pestle and mortar, from a neighbouring apothecary’s, answered all the purposes of a bell: and our landlord’s own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety; I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction: the whole audience were enchanted with our powers.

‘There is one rule by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life, is not playing, nor is it what people come to see: natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it: but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling-sickness; that is the way to work for applause; that is the way to gain it.

‘As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself; I snuffed the candles; and, let me tell you, that without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable good houses: but the evening before our intended



departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when, behold! one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company: they were resolved to go, in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that too of a disorder that threatened to be expensive. I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate; they accepted my offer; and I accordingly sat down with the part in my hand, and a tankard before me (sir, your health), and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

I found my memory excessively helped by drinking: I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that Nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearse, and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. Let the sick man, said I, be under no uneasiness to get well again: I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction; he may even die, if he thinks proper; I'll engage that he shall never be missed. I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself, that as I brought money to the house, I ought to have my share in the profits. Gentlemen (said I, addressing our company), I don't pretend to direct you; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude; you have published my name in the bills with the utmost good-nature; and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me; so, gentlemen, to shew you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I declare off; I'll brandish my snuffers and clip candles as usual. This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found that it was impossible to refuse it; it was irresistible, it was adamant: they consented, and I went on in *King Bajazet*: my frowning brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captived arms I brandished a jack-chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part; I was tall, and had a loud voice; my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By *Alla!* it is almost inconceivable how I went through it. *Tamerlane* was but a fool to me; though he was loud enough, too, yet I was still louder than he; but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance; in general, I kept my arms folded up thus upon the pit of my stomach; it is the way at *Drury Lane*, and has always a fine effect. The

tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits: in short, I came off like a prodigy; and such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me on my success: one praised my voice, another my person: Upon my word, says the squire's lady, he will make one of the finest actors in Europe; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.—Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour; but when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time; we obeyed, and I was applauded even more than before.

‘At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, sir. We quitted the town, I say: and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out: I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it a hero!—Such is the world—little to day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject, something truly sublime, upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

‘The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there, too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor of Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly frost which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed: if I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

‘There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London, and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits: every body praised me; yet she refused at first going to see me perform; she could not perceive, she said, anything but stuff from a stroller: talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences. She was, at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition; however, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my

bosom, as usual at Drury Lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hands, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff; the lady was solemn, and so were the rest. I broke my cudgel on Alderman Smuggler's back; still gloomy, melancholy all; the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders. I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy. I found it would not do; all my good humour now became forced; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning; and, while I pretended spirits, my eyes shewed the agony of my heart! In short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was; my fame expired:—I am here, and——the tankard is no more!’

---

#### RULES ENJOINED TO BE OBSERVED AT A RUSSIAN ASSEMBLY.

WHEN Catharina Alexowna was made empress of Russia, the women were in an actual state of bondage; but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe; she altered the women's dress by substituting the fashions of England; instead of furs, she brought in the use of taffeta and damask; and coronets and commodes instead of caps of sable. The women now found themselves no longer shut up in separate apartments, but saw company, visited each other, and were present at every entertainment.

But as the laws to this effect were directed to a savage people, it is amusing enough to see the manner in which the ordinances ran. Assemblies were quite unknown among them: the czarina was satisfied with introducing them, for she found it impossible to render them polite. An ordinance was therefore published according to their notions of breeding, which, as it is a curiosity, and has never before been printed that we know of, we shall give our readers:—

I. The person at whose house the assembly is to be kept, shall signify the same by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.

II. The assembly shall not be open sooner than four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than ten at night.

III. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or keep them company; but though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs,

candles, liquors, and all other necessities that company may ask for: he is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.

IV. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away; it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.

V. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game, as he pleases: nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exception at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great eagle (a pint-bowl of brandy): it shall likewise be sufficient, at entering or retiring, to salute the company.

VI. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants, and tradesmen of note, head workmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assemblies; as likewise their wives and children.

VII. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartments designed for the assembly.

VIII. No ladies are to be drunk upon any pretence whatsoever, nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.

IX. Ladies who play at forfeiture, questions and commands, &c. shall not be riotous: no gentlemen shall attempt to force a kiss, and no person shall offer to strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion.

Such are the statutes upon this occasion, which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule and satire. But politeness must enter every country by degrees; and these rules resemble the breeding of a clown, awkward but sincere.

## THE GENIUS OF LOVE: AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

THE formalites, delays, and disappointments, that precede a treaty of marriage here, are usually as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce, but the commerce between the sexes. Their encouragement for propagating hemp, madder, and tobacco, are indeed admirable! Marriages are the only commodity that meets with none.

Yet, from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here love might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel amidst gales, wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it seems he has forsaken the island; and, when a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or a union of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's



mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove; the match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love—according to act of parliament.

Thus they who have a fortune are possessed, at least, of something that is lovely; but I actually pity those that have none. I am told that there was a time when ladies, with no other merit but youth, virtue, and beauty, had a chance for husbands, at least among the ministers of the church or the officers of the army. The blush and innocence of sixteen, was said to have a powerful influence over these two professions; but, of late, all the little traffic of blushing, ogling, dimpling, and smiling, has been forbidden by an act in that case wisely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of smiles, sighs, and whispers, is declared utterly contraband, till she arrives in the warm latitude of twenty-two, where commodities of this nature are found too often to decay. She is then permitted to dimple and smile, when the dimples and smiles begin to forsake her; and, when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably intrusted with an unlimited use of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time, have forsaken her; the captain has changed for another mistress; the priest himself leaves her in solitude, to bewail her virginity, and she dies even without benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the Europeans discouraging love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of Sofala. The genius is surely now no more. In every region I find enemies in arms to oppress him. Avarice in Europe, jealousy in Persia, ceremony in China, poverty among the Tartars, and lust in Circassia, are all prepared to oppose his power. The genius is certainly banished from earth, though once adored under such a variety of forms. He is nowhere to be found; and all that the ladies of each country can produce, are but a few trifling relics, as instances of his former residence and favour.

'The genius of love,' says the eastern apologue, 'had long resided in the happy plains of Abra, where every breeze was health, and every sound produced tranquillity. His temple at first was crowded, but every age lessened the number of his votaries, or cooled their devotion. Perceiving, therefore, his altars at length quite deserted, he was resolved to remove to some more propitious region; and he apprised the fair sex of every country, where he could hope for a proper reception, to assert their right to his presence among them. In return to this proclamation, embassies were sent from the ladies of every part of the world to invite him, and to display the superiority of their claims.

'And, first, the beauties of China appeared. No country could compare with them for modesty, either of look, dress, or behaviour; their eyes were never lifted from the ground; their robes, of the most beautiful silk, hid their hands, bosom, and neck, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might express loose desire, and they seemed to



study only the graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth, and plucked eye-brows, were, however, alleged by the genius against them; but he set them entirely aside when he came to examine their little feet.

'The beauties of Circassia next made their appearance. They advanced hand in hand, singing the most immodest airs, and leading up a dance in the most luxurious attitudes. Their dress was but half a covering; the neck, the left breast, and all the limbs, were exposed to view, which, after some time, seemed rather to satiate, than inflame desire. The lily and the rose contended in forming their complexions; and a soft sleepiness of eye added irresistible poignance to their charms; but their beauties were obtruded, not offered to their admirers; they seemed to give, rather than receive courtship; and the genius of love dismissed them, as unworthy his regard, since they exchanged the duties of love, and made themselves not the pursued, but the pursuing sex.

'The kingdom of Kashmire next produced its charming deputies. This happy region seemed peculiarly sequestered by nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it on one side from the scorching sun; and sea-born breezes, on the other, gave peculiar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almost transparent, while the crimson tulip seemed to blossom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the statuary's power to express; and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almost persuaded to reside among them, when unfortunately one of the ladies talked of appointing his seraglio.

'In this procession, the naked inhabitants of Southern America would not be left behind; their charms were found to surpass whatever the warmest imagination could conceive; and served to shew, that beauty could be perfect, even with the seeming disadvantage of a brown complexion. But their savage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper use of their power, and they were rejected as being incapable of uniting mental with sensual satisfaction. In this manner the deputies of other kingdoms had their suites rejected: the black beauties of Benin, and the tawny daughters of Borneo; the women of Wida with scarred faces, and the hideous virgins of Caffraria; the squab ladies of Lapland, three feet high, and the giant fair ones of Patagonia.

'The beauties of Europe at last appeared: grace was in their steps, and sensibility sat smiling in every eye. It was the universal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the genius seemed to lend them his most favourable attention.—They opened their pretensions with the utmost modesty; but unfortunately, as their orator proceeded, she happened to let fall the words, *house in town*, *settlement*, and *pin-money*. These seemingly harmless terms, had instantly a surprising effect: the genius, with ungovernable rage, burst

from amidst the circle; and, waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to those ethereal mansions from whence he descended.

'The whole of the assembly was struck with amazement: they now justly apprehended that female power would be no more, since Love had forsaken them. They continued sometime thus in a state of torpid despair, when it was proposed by one of the number, that, since the real genius of love had left them, in order to continue their power, they should set up an idol in his stead; and that the ladies of every country should furnish him with what each liked best. This proposal was instantly relished and agreed to. An idol of gold was formed by uniting the capricious gifts of all the assembly, though no way resembling the departed genius. The ladies of China furnished the monster with wings; those of Kashmire supplied him with horns; the dames of Europe clapped a purse in his hand; and the virgins of Congo furnished him with a tail. Since that time, all the vows addressed to love are, in reality, paid to the idol; and, as in other false religions, the adoration seems more fervent where the heart is least sincere.'

---

### HISTORY OF THE DISTRESSES OF AN ENGLISH DISABLED SOLDIER.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that 'one half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives.' The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity: but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope, to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted

station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling on their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without a shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:—

‘As for my misfortunes, master, I can’t pretend to have gone through any more than other folks: for except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don’t know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

‘I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years; I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the

liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

'In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

'People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air: and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. And as I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

'When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

'I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.



'When the peace came on I was discharged, and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

'The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, merely to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

'Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died because they were not used to live in a jail: but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. Jack, says he to me, will you knock out the French sentries' brains? I don't care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. Then follow me, says he, and I hope we shall do business. So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

'Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days, before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands: and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much good luck as we expected. In three days, we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

'I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to



Brest: but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not abroad a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and old England. Liberty, property, and old England for ever, huzza!

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

---

## ON THE FRAILTY OF MAN.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE ORDINARY OF NEWGATE.

MAN is a most frail being, incapable of directing his steps, unacquainted with what is to happen in this life; and perhaps no man is a more manifest instance of the truth of this maxim than Mr. The. Cibber, just now gone out of the world. Such a variety of turns of fortune, yet such a persevering uniformity of conduct, appears in all that happened in his short span, that the whole may be looked upon as one regular confusion; every action of his life was matter of wonder and surprise, and his death was an astonishment.

This gentleman was born of creditable parents, who gave him a very good education, and a great deal of good learning, so that he could read and write before he was sixteen. However, he early discovered an inclination to follow lewd courses; he refused to take the advice of his parents, and pursued the bent of his inclination: he played at cards on the Sundays, called himself a gentleman, fell out with his mother and laundress; and, even in these early days, his father was frequently heard to observe, that the young The. —would be hanged.

As he advanced in years, he grew more fond of pleasure; would eat an ortolan for dinner, though he begged the guinea that bought it; and was once known to give three pounds for a plate of green peas, which he had collected over-night as charity for a friend in distress; he ran into debt with everybody that would trust him, and none could build a scone better than he; so that, at last, his creditors swore with one accord that The. —would be hanged.

But, as getting into debt by a man who had no visible means but impudence for subsistence, is a thing that every reader is not acquainted with, I must explain that point a little, and that to his satisfaction.

There are three ways of getting into debt: first, by pushing a face; as thus, 'You, Mr. Lustring, send me home six yards of that paduasoy, damme;—but, hark ye, don't think I ever intend to pay you for it—damme.' At this the mercer laughs heartily, cuts off the paduasoy, and sends it home; nor is he, till too late, surprised to find the gentleman had said nothing but truth, and kept his word.

The second method of running into debt is called *fineering*; which is getting goods made up in such a fashion as to be unfit for every other purchaser; and if the tradesman refuses to give them upon credit, then threaten to leave them upon his hands.

But the third and best method is called, 'Being the good customer.' The gentleman first buys some trifle, and pays for it in ready money; he comes a few days after with nothing about him but bankbills, and buys, we will suppose, a sixpenny tweezer case; the bills are too great to be changed, so he promises to return punctually the day after, and pay for what he has bought. In this promise he is punctual; and this is repeated for eight or ten times, till his face is well known, and he has got, at last, the character of a good customer. By this means he gets credit for something considerable, and then never pays it.

In all this, the young man, who is the unhappy subject of our present reflections, was very expert; and could face, *fineer*, and bring custom to a shop, with any man in England; none of his companions could exceed him in this; and his companions at last said, that The.—would be hanged.

As he grew old, he grew never the better; he loved ortolans and green peas, as before; he drank gravy-soup when he could get it, and always thought his oysters tasted best when he got them for nothing, or, which was just the same, when he bought them upon tick; thus the old man kept up the vices of the youth, and what he wanted in power he made up by inclination; so that all the world thought that old The.—would be hanged.

And now, reader, I have brought him to his last scene; a scene where, perhaps, my duty should have obliged me to assist. You expect, perhaps, his dying words, and the tender farewell of his wife and children; you expect an account of his coffin and white gloves, his pious ejaculations, and the papers he left behind him. In this I cannot indulge your curiosity: for, oh, the mysteries of fate! The.—was drowned.

'Reader,' as Hervey saith, 'pause and ponder, and ponder and pause,' who knows what thy own end may be?

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of friendship. To follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connexion, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind; they persuade us to friendship, which we find it impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life, under proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself; a similitude of minds of studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts filled with good nature for each other, when they were, at first, only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings which dependance gathers round us, is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the terms of their connexions more nearly equal; and, where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds, only increases their burden; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man that thought that every good was to be brought from riches; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily, among a number of others, loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept: but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he even found his aim disappointed; Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts,

which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude; and such indeed, in the common acceptation of the world, it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and, by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity:—Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had fought many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred a union of hearts. They were remarked through the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued, without interruption, till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a centurion under the famous John, who headed a particular part of the Jewish malcontents.

From this moment, their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and sought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner, they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole Temple was in flames; and thousands were seen amidst them within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things, that the now successful soldier saw his former friend, upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and unable to withstand the impulse, he ran, spreading his arms, and cried out to his friend to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The centurion from above heard and obeyed; and, casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.



## FOLLY OF ATTEMPTING TO LEARN WISDOM IN RETIREMENT.

Books, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail; and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert. I dislike, therefore, the philosopher who describes the inconveniences of life in such pleasing colours, that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniences till he severely feels them.

A youth who has thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man but by philosophic information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the errors of the wise; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own skill in the direction, he sets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himself at last undone.

He first has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in excess: and he has been long taught to detest vice and love virtue. Warm, therefore, in attachments, and steadfast in enmity, he treats every creature as a friend or foe; expects from those he loves unerring integrity; and consigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds; and here begin his disappointments: upon a closer inspection of human nature, he perceives, that he should have moderated his friendship, and softened his severity; for he often finds the excellencies of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue; he finds no character so sanctified that has not its failings, none so infamous, but has somewhat to attract our esteem; he beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters.

He now, therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent; that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendship with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment even of the wicked; every moment gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely; and that those whom he has treated with disrespect, more than retaliate the injury: at length, therefore, he is obliged to confess, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to espouse his quarrel.

Our book-taught philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking: philosophers have



described poverty in most charming colours; and even his vanity is touched in thinking he shall shew the world, in himself, one more example of patience, fortitude, and resignation: 'Come, then, O Poverty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the wise? Temperance, health, and frugality walk in thy train; cheerfulness and liberty are ever thy companions. Shall any be ashamed of thee, of whom Cincinnatus was not ashamed? The running brook, the herbs of the field, can amply satisfy nature; man wants but little, nor that little long. Come then, O Poverty! while kings stand by, and gaze with admiration at the true philosopher's resignation.'

The goddess appears; for Poverty ever comes at the call; but, alas! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his own imagination had painted. As when an eastern bride, whom her friends and relations had long described as a model of perfection, pays her first visit, the longing bridegroom lifts the veil to see a face he had never seen before; but, instead of a countenance blazing with beauty like the sun, he beholds deformity shooting icicles to his heart; such appears Poverty to her new entertainer: all the fabric of enthusiasm is at once demolished, and a thousand miseries rise upon its ruins; while contempt, with pointing finger, is foremost in the hideous procession.

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating: he finds that, in proportion as he grows poor, the world turn its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philosopher in all the majesty of solitude. It might be agreeable enough to play the philosopher, while we are conscious that mankind are spectators; but what signifies wearing the mask of sturdy contentment, and mounting the stage of restraint, when not one creature will assist at the exhibition! Thus is he forsaken of men, while his fortitude wants the satisfaction even of self-applause; for either he does not feel his present calamities, and that is natural insensibility: or he disguises his feelings, and that is dissimulation.

Spleen now begins to take up the man; not distinguishing in his resentment, he regards all mankind with detestation: and, commencing man-hater, seeks solitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been said, that he who retires to solitude is either a beast or an angel: the censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited; the discontented being, who retires from society, is generally some good-natured man who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind.

## LETTER,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A COMMON COUNCILMAN, AT  
THE TIME OF THE CORONATION.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour of being a common-councilman, and am greatly pleased with a paragraph from Southampton in your's of yesterday. There we learn that the mayor and alderman of that loyal borough had the particular satisfaction of celebrating the royal nuptials by a magnificent turtle feast. By this means, the gentlemen had the pleasure of filling their bellies, and shewing their loyalty, together. I must confess, it would give me pleasure to see some such method of testifying our loyalty practised in this metropolis, of which I am an unworthy member. Instead of presenting his Majesty (God bless him) on every occasion with our formal addresses, we might thus sit comfortably down to dinner, and wish him prosperity in a sirloin of beef; upon our army levelling the walls of a town, or besieging a fortification, we might at our city-feast imitate our brave troops, and demolish the walls of a venison pasty, or besiege the shell of a turtle, with as great a certainty of success.

At present, however, we have got into a sort of dry, unsocial manner of drawing up addresses upon every occasion; and though I have attended upon six cavalcades, and two foot-processions, in a single year, yet I came away as lean and hungry, as if I had been a jurymen at the Old Bailey. For my part, Mr. Printer, I don't see what is got by these processions and addresses, except an appetite; and that, thank Heaven, we have all in a pretty good degree, without ever leaving our own houses for it. It is true, our gowns of mazarine blue, edged with fur, cut a pretty figure enough, parading through the streets, and so my wife tells me.—In fact, I generally bow to all my acquaintance, when thus in full dress; but alas! as the proverb has it, fine clothes never fill the belly.

But even though all this bustling, parading, and powdering, through the streets, be agreeable enough to many of us; yet, I would have my brethren consider whether the frequent repetition of it be so agreeable to our betters above. To be introduced to court, to see the queen, to kiss hands, to smile upon lords, to ogle the ladies, and all the other fine things there, may, I grant, be a perfect show to us that view it but seldom; but it may be a troublesome business enough to those who are to settle such ceremonies as these every day. To use an instance adapted to all our apprehensions: suppose my family and I should go to Bartholomew fair. Very well, going to Bartholomew fair, the whole sight is perfect rapture to us, who are only spectators once and away; but I am of opinion, that the wire-walker and the fire-eater find no such great sport in all this; I am of opinion they had as lief remain behind the curtain, at their own pastime, drinking beer, eating shrimps, and smoking tobacco.

Besides, what can we tell his Majesty in all we say on these occasions, but what he knows perfectly well already? I believe, if I were to reckon up, I could not find above five hundred disaffected in the whole kingdom; and here we are every day telling his Majesty how loyal we are. Suppose the addresses of a people, for instance, should run thus:—

‘May it please your M——y, we are many of us worth a hundred thousand pounds, and are possessed of several other inestimable advantages. For the preservation of this money and those advantages, we are chiefly indebted to your M——y. We are, therefore, once more assembled, to assure your M——y of our fidelity. This, it is true, we have lately assured your M——y five or six times; but we are willing once more to repeat what can’t be doubted, and to kiss your royal hand, and the queen’s hand, and thus sincerely to convince you, that we shall never do any thing to deprive you of one loyal subject, or any one of ourselves of one hundred thousand pounds.’ Should we not, upon reading such an address, think that people a little silly, who thus made such unmeaning professions? Excuse me, Mr. Printer: no man upon earth hath a more profound respect for the abilities of the aldermen and common-council than I; but I could wish they would not take up a monarch’s time in these good-natured trifles, who, I am told, seldom spends a moment in vain.

The example set by the city of London will, probably, be followed by every other community in the British empire. Thus we shall have a new set of addresses from every little borough with but four freemen and a burgess; day after day shall we see them come up with hearts filled with gratitude, ‘laying the vows of a loyal people at the foot of the throne.’ Death! Mr. Printer, they’ll hardly leave our courtiers time to scheme a single project for beating the French; and our enemies may gain upon us, while we are thus employed in telling our governor how much we intend to keep them under.

But a people, by too frequent use of addresses, may by this means come at last to defeat the very purpose for which they are designed. If we are thus exclaiming in raptures upon every occasion, we deprive ourselves of the powers of flattery, when there may be a real necessity. A boy three weeks ago swimming across the Thames, was every minute crying out for his amusement, ‘I’ve got the cramp, I’ve got the cramp:’ the boatmen pushed off once or twice, and they found it was fun; he soon after cried out in earnest, but nobody believed him, and he sank to the bottom.

In short, sir, I am quite displeased with any unnecessary cavalcade whatever. I hope we shall soon have occasion to triumph, and then I shall be ready myself either to eat at a turtle-feast, or to shout at a bonfire: and will either lend my faggot at the fire, or flourish my hat at every loyal health that may be proposed.

I am, Sir, &c.

## A SECOND LETTER,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A COMMON-COUNCILMAN,  
DESCRIBING THE CORONATION.

SIR,

I AM the same common councilman who troubled you some days ago. To whom can I complain but to you? for you have many a dismal correspondent; in this time of joy, my wife does not choose to hear me, because, she says, I'm always melancholy when she's in spirits. I have been to see the coronation, and a fine sight it was, as I am told, to those who had the pleasure of being near spectators. The diamonds, I am told, were as thick as Bristol stones in a show-glass; the ladies and gentlemen walked along, one foot before another, and threw their eyes about them, on this side and that, perfectly like clock-work. O! Mr. Printer, it had been a fine sight indeed, if there was but a little more eating.

Instead of that, there we sat, penned up in our scaffolding, like sheep upon a market-day in Smithfield; but the devil a thing could I get to eat (God pardon me for swearing) except the fragments of a plum cake, that was all squeezed into crumbs in my wife's pocket, as she came through the crowd. You must know, sir, that in order to do the thing genteelly, and that all my family might be amused at the same time, my wife, my daughter, and I, took two-guinea places for the coronation, and I gave my two eldest boys (who by the by, are twins, fine children) eighteen-pence apiece to go to Sudrick fair, to see the Court of the Black King of Morocco, which will serve to please children well enough.

That we might have good places on the scaffolding, my wife insisted upon going at seven o'clock in the evening before the coronation, for, she said, she would not lose a full prospect for the world. This resolution, I own, shocked me. 'Grizzle,' said I to her, 'Grizzle, my dear, consider that you are but weakly, always ailing, and will never bear sitting all night upon the scaffold. You remember what a cold you got the last fast-day by rising but half an hour before your time to go to church, and how I was scolded as the cause of it. Besides, my dear, our daughter Anna Amelia Wilhelmina Carolina will look like a perfect fright if she sits up: and you know the girl's face is something at her time of life, considering her fortune is but small.' 'Mr. Grogan,' replied my wife, 'Mr. Grogan, this is always the case, when you find me in spirits; I don't want to go, not I, nor I don't care whether I go at all; it is seldom that I am in spirits, but this is always the case.' In short, Mr. Printer, what will you have on't? to the coronation we went.

What difficulties we had in getting a coach; how we were shoved about in the mob; how I had my pocket picked of the last new almanack, and my steel tobacco box; how my daughter



st half an eye-brow, and her laced shoe in a gutter; my wife's lamentation upon this, with the adventures of a crumbled plum-cake; relate all these; we suffered this and ten times more before we got to our places.

At last, however, we were seated. My wife is certainly a heart of oak; I thought sitting up in the damp night-air would have killed her; I have known her for two months take possession of our easy chair, mobbed up in flannel night-caps, and trembling at a breath of air; but she now bore the night as merrily as if she had sat up at a christening. My daughter and she did not seem to value it a farthing. She told me two or three stories that she knows will always make me laugh, and my daughter sung me 'the noontide air,' towards one o'clock in the morning. However, with all their endeavours, I was as cold and as dismal as ever I remember. If this be the pleasures of a coronation, cried I to myself, I had rather see the Court of King Solomon in all his glory, at my ease in Bartholomew fair.

Towards morning, sleep began to come fast upon me: and the sun rising and warming the air, still inclined me to rest a little. You must know, sir, that I am naturally of a sleepy constitution; I have often sat up at table with my eyes open, and have been asleep all the while. What will you have on't? just about eight o'clock in the morning I fell asleep. I fell into the most pleasing dream in the world. I shall never forget it; I dreamed that I was at my lord mayor's feast, and had scaled the crust of a venison-pasty; I kept eating and eating, in my sleep, and thought I could never have enough. After some time, the pasty methought was taken away, and the dessert was brought in its room. Thought I to myself, if I have not got enough of venison, I am resolved to make it up by the largest snap at the sweet meats. Accordingly, I grasped a whole pyramid; the rest of the guests seeing me with so much, one gave me a snap, the other gave me a snap; I was pulled this way by my neighbour on my right hand, and that way by my neighbour on the left, but still kept my ground without flinching, and continued eating and pocketing as fast as I could. I never was so pulled and handled in my whole life. At length, however, going to smell to a lobster that lay before me, methought it caught me with its claws fast by the nose. The pain I felt upon this occasion is inexpressible; in fact, it broke my dream; when awaking, I found my wife and daughter applying a smelling bottle to my nose, and telling me it was time to go home; they assured me every means had been tried to awake me, while the procession was going forward, but that I still continued to sleep till the whole ceremony was over. Mr. Printer, this is a hard case, and as I read your most ingenious work, it will be some comfort, when I see this inserted, to find that—I write for it, too.

I am, Sir,

Your most distressed humble servant,

L. Grogan.



AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF  
ENGLAND.

THE history of the rise of language and learning is calculated to gratify curiosity rather than to satisfy the understanding. An account of that period only, when language and learning arrived at its highest perfection, is the most conducive to real improvement, since it at once raises emulation, and directs to the proper objects. The age of Leo X. in Italy, is confessed to be the Augustan age with them. The French writers seem agreed to give the same appellation to that of Lewis XIV., but the English are yet undermined with respect to themselves.

Some have looked upon the writers in the times of Queen Elizabeth as the true standard for future imitation; others have descended to the reign of James I. and others still lower, to that of Charles II. Were I to be permitted to offer an opinion upon this subject, I should readily give my vote for the reign of Queen Anne, or some years before that period. It was then that taste was united to genius, and, as before, our writers charmed with their strength of thinking, so then they pleased with strength and grace united. In that period of British glory, though no writer attracts our attention singly, yet, like stars lost in each other's brightness, they have cast such a lustre upon the age in which they lived, that their minutest transactions will be attended to by posterity with a greater eagerness than the most important occurrences of even empires, which have been transacted in greater obscurity.

At that period, there seemed to be a just balance between patronage and the press. Before it, men were little esteemed whose only merit was genius; and since, men who can prudently be content to catch the public, are certain of living without dependance. But the writers of the period of which I am speaking, were sufficiently esteemed by the great, and not rewarded enough by booksellers, to set them above independence. Fame, consequently then, was the truest road to happiness; a sedulous attention to the mechanical business of the day, makes the present never-failing resource.

The age of Charles II. which our countrymen term the age of wit and immorality, produced some writers, that at once served to improve our language and corrupt our hearts. The king, himself, had a large share of knowledge, and some wit, and his courtiers were generally men who had been brought up in the school of affliction and experience. For this reason, when the sunshine of their fortune returned, they gave too great a loose to pleasure, and language was by them cultivated only as a mode of elegance. Hence, it became more enervated, and was dashed with quaintnesses, which gave the public writings of those times a very illiberal air.

L'Estrange, who was by no means so bad a writer as some have represented him, was sunk in party faction, and having generally the worst side of the argument, often had recourse to scolding, pertness, and consequently a vulgarity, that discovers itself even in his more liberal compositions. He was the first writer who regularly enlisted himself under the banners of a party for pay, and fought for it through right and wrong for upwards of forty literary campaigns. This intrepidity gained him the esteem of Cromwell himself, and the papers he wrote even just before the revolution, almost with the rope about his neck, have his usual characters of impudence and perseverance. That he was a standard-writer cannot be disowned, because a great many very eminent authors formed their style by his. But his standard was far from being a just one; though, when party considerations are set aside, he certainly was possessed of elegance, ease, and perspicuity.

Dryden, though a great and undisputed genius, had the same cast as L'Estrange. Even his plays discover him to be a party man, and the same principle infects his style in subjects of the lightest nature; but the English tongue, as it stands at present, is greatly his debtor. He first gave it regular harmony, and discovered its latent powers. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priors, and the Addisons, who succeeded him; and had it not been for Dryden, we never should have known a Pope, at least in the meridian lustre he now displays. But Dryden's excellencies as a writer were not confined to poetry alone. There is in his prose writings an ease and elegance, that have never yet been so well united in works of taste or criticism.

The English language owes very little to Otway, though, next to Shakspeare, the greatest genius England ever produced in tragedy. His excellencies lay in painting directly from nature, in catching every emotion just as it rises from the soul, and in all the powers of the moving and pathetic. He appears to have had no learning, no critical knowledge, and to have lived in great distress. When he died, (which he did in an obscure house near the Minories,) he had about him the copy of a tragedy, which it seems he had sold for a trifle to Bentley the bookseller. I have seen an advertisement at the end of one of L'Estrange's political papers, offering a reward to any one who should bring it to his shop. What an invaluable treasure was there irretrievably lost, by the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in!

Lee had a great command of language, and vast force of expression, both which the best of our succeeding dramatic poets thought proper to take for their models. Rowe, in particular, seems to have caught that manner, though in all other respects inferior. The other poets of that reign contributed but little towards improving the English tongue, and it is not certain whether they did not injure rather than improve it.

Immorality has its cant as well as party, and many shocking expressions now crept into the language, and became the transient fashion of the day. The upper galleries, by the prevalence of party-spirit, were courted with great assiduity, and a horse-laugh following ribaldry was the highest instance of applause, the chastity, as well as energy of diction, being overlooked or neglected.

Virtuous sentiment was recovered, but energy of style never was. This, though disregarded in plays and party writings, still prevailed amongst men of character and business. The dispatches of Sir Richard Fanshaw, Sir William Godolphin, Lord Arlington, and many other ministers of state, are all of them, with respect to diction, manly, bold, and nervous. Sir William Temple, though a man of no learning, had great knowledge and experience. He wrote always like a man of sense and a gentleman, and his style is the model by which the best prose writers in the reign of Queen Anne formed their's. The beauties of Mr. Locke's style, though not so much celebrated, are as striking as that of his understanding. He never says more nor less than he ought, and never makes use of a word that he could have changed for a better. The same observation holds good of Dr. Samuel Clarke.

Mr. Locke was a philosopher; his antagonist Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, was a man of learning, and therefore the contest between them was unequal. The clearness of Mr. Locke's head renders his language perspicuous, the learning of Stillingfleet's clouds his. This is an instance of the superiority of good sense over learning towards the improvement of every language.

There is nothing peculiar to the language of Archbishop Tillotson, but his manner of writing is inimitable; for one who reads him, wonders why he himself did not think and speak in that very manner. The turn of his periods is agreeable, though artless, and everything he says seems to flow spontaneously from inward conviction. Barrow, though greatly his superior in learning, falls short of him in other respects.

The time seems to be at hand, when justice will be done to Mr. Cowley's prose, as well as poetical writings; and though his friend Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, in his diction falls far short of the abilities for which he has been celebrated, yet there is sometimes an happy flow in his periods, something that looks like eloquence. The style of his successor, Atterbury, has been much commended by his friends, which always happens when a man distinguishes himself in party, but there is in it nothing extraordinary. Even the speech which he made for himself at the bar of the House of Lords, before he was sent into exile, is void of eloquence, though it has been cried up by his friends to such a degree, that his enemies have suffered it to pass uncensured.

The philosophical manner of Lord Shaftesbury's writing is

nearer to that of Cicero than any English author has yet arrived at; but, perhaps, had Cicero written in English, his composition would have greatly exceeded that of our countryman. The diction of the latter is beautiful, but such beauty as, upon nearer inspection, carries with it evident symptoms of affectation. This has been attended with very disagreeable consequences. Nothing is so easy to copy as affectation, and his lordship's rank and fame have procured him more imitators in Britain than any other writer I know; all faithfully preserving his blemishes, but, unhappily, not one of his beauties.

Mr. Trenchard and Dr. Davenant, were political writers of great abilities in diction, and their pamphlets are now standards in that way of writing. They were followed by Dean Swift, who, though in other respects far their superior, never could arise to that manliness and clearness of diction in political writing for which they were so justly famous.

They were all of them exceeded by the late Lord Bolingbroke, whose strength lay in that province; for as a philosopher and a critic, he was ill qualified, being destitute of virtue for the one, and of learning for the other. His writings against Sir Robert Walpole are incomparably the best part of his works. The personal and perpetual antipathy he had for that family, to whose places he thought his own abilities had a right, gave a glow to his style, and an edge to his manner, that never yet have been equalled in political writing. His misfortunes and disappointments gave his mind a turn, which his friends mistook for philosophy; and at one time of life, he had the art to impose the same belief upon some of his enemies. His idea of a patriot king, which I reckon (as indeed it was) amongst his writings against Sir Robert Walpole, is a masterpiece of diction. Even in his other works, his style is excellent; but where a man either does not, or will not understand the subject he writes on, there must always be a deficiency. In politics, he was generally master of what he undertook; in morals, never.

Mr. Addison, for a happy and natural style, will be always an honour to British literature. His diction indeed wants strength, but it is equal to all the subjects he undertakes to handle, as he never (at least in his finished works) attempts anything either in the argumentative or demonstrative way.

Though Sir Richard Steele's reputation as a public writer was owing to his connections with Mr. Addison, yet after their intimacy was formed, Steele sunk in his merit as an author. This was not owing so much to the evident superiority on the part of Addison, as to the unnatural efforts which Steele made to equal or eclipse him. This emulation destroyed that genuine flow of diction which is discoverable in all his former compositions.

Whilst their writings engaged attention and the favour of the public, reiterated but unsuccessful endeavours were made towards forming a grammar of the English language. The



authors of those efforts went upon wrong principles. Instead of endeavouring to retrench the absurdities of our language, and bringing it to a certain criterion, their grammars were no other than a collection of rules attempting to naturalize those absurdities, and bring them under a regular system.

Somewhat effectual, however, might have been done towards fixing the standard of the English language, had it not been for the spirit of party. For both Whigs and Tories being ambitious to stand at the head of so great a design, the queen's death happened before any plan of an academy could be resolved on.

Meanwhile, the necessity of such an institution became every day more apparent. The periodical and political writers, who then swarmed, adopted the very worst manner of L'Estrange, till not only all decency, but all propriety of language, was lost in the nation. Leslie, a pert writer, with some wit and learning, insulted the government every week with the grossest abuse. His style and manner, both of which were illiberal, were imitated by Ridpath, De Foe, Duntan, and others of the opposite party, and Toland pleaded the cause of atheism and immorality in much the same strain; his subject seemed to debase his diction, and he ever failed most in one, when he grew most licentious in the other.

Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, some of the greatest men in England devoted their time to party, and then a much better manner obtained in political writing. Mr. Walpole, Mr. Addison, Mr. Mainwaring, Mr. Steele, and many members of both houses of Parliament, drew their pens for the Whigs; but they seemed to have been over-matched, though not in argument yet in writing, by Bolingbroke, Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, and the other friends of the opposite party. They who oppose a ministry have always a better field for ridicule and reproof than those who defend it.

Since that period, our writers have either been encouraged above their merits or below them. Some who were possessed of the meanest abilities, acquired the highest preferments; while others, who seemed born to reflect a lustre upon their age, perished by want and neglect. More, Savage, and Amherst, were possessed of great abilities, yet they were suffered to feel all the miseries that usually attend the ingenious and the imprudent; that attend men of strong passions, and no phlegmatic reserve in their command.

At present, were a man to attempt to improve his fortune or increase his friendship by poetry, he would soon feel the anxiety of disappointment. The press lies open, and is a benefactor to every sort of literature but that alone.

I am at a loss whether to ascribe this falling off of the public to a vicious taste in the poet, or in them. Perhaps both are to be reprehended. The poet either drily didactic gives us rules, which might appear abstruse even in a system of ethics, or triflingly volatile writes upon the most unworthy subjects;



content, if he can give music instead of sense; content, if he can paint to the imagination without any desires or endeavours to affect; the public, therefore, with justice discard such empty sound, which has nothing but a jingle, or, what is worse, the unmusical flow of blank verse to recommend it. The late method, also, into which our newspapers have fallen, of giving an epitome of every new publication, must greatly damp the writer's genius. He finds himself in this case at the mercy of men who have neither abilities nor learning to distinguish his merit. He finds his own composition mixed with the sordid trash of every daily scribbler. There is a sufficient specimen given of his work to abate curiosity, and yet so mutilated as to render him contemptible. His first, and perhaps his second work, by these means sink, among the crudities of the age, into oblivion. Fame, he finds, begins to turn her back; he therefore flies to Profit, which invites him; and he enrolls himself in the list of Dulness and of Avarice for life.

Yet there are still among us men of the greatest abilities, and who, in some parts of learning, have surpassed their predecessors: justice and friendship might here impel me to speak of names which will shine out to all posterity, but prudence restrains me from what I should otherwise eagerly embrace. Envy might rise against every honoured name I should mention, since scarcely one of them has not those who are his enemies, or those who despise him, &c.

## SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO CHARLES XII.

NOT COMMONLY KNOWN.

SIR,

*Stockholm.*

I CANNOT resist your solicitations, though it is possible I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity. The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterize a people, and from them it is that I take my picture of the Swedes.

Though the Swedes, in general, appear to languish under oppression, which often renders others wicked, or of malignant dispositions, it has not, however, the same influence upon them, as they are faithful, civil, and incapable of atrocious crimes. Would you believe, that in Sweden highway robberies are not so much as heard of? for my part, I have not in the whole country seen a gibbet or a gallows. They pay an infinite respect to their ecclesiastics, whom they suppose to be the privy counsellors of Providence, who, on their part, turn this credulity to

their own advantage, and manage their parishioners as they please. In general, however, they seldom abuse their sovereign authority. Harkened to as oracles, regarded as the dispensers of eternal rewards and punishments, they readily influence their hearers into justice, and make them practical philosophers without the pains of study.

As to their persons, they are perfectly well made, and the men, particularly, have a very engaging air. The greatest part of the boys which I saw in the country, had very white hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was something open and entirely happy in their little chubby faces. The girls, on the contrary, have neither such fair, nor such even complexions, and their features are much less delicate, which is a circumstance different from that of almost every other country. Besides this, it is observed that the women are generally afflicted with the itch, for which Scania is particularly remarkable. I had an instance of this in one of the inns on the road. The hostess was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; she had so fine a complexion, that I could not avoid admiring it. But what was my surprise, when she opened her bosom in order to suckle her child, to perceive that seat of delight all covered with this disagreeable distemper. The careless manner in which she exposed to our eyes so disgusting an object, sufficiently testifies that they regard it as no very extraordinary malady, and seem to take no pains to conceal it. Such are the remarks, which probably you may think trifling enough, I have made in my journey to Stockholm, which, to take it altogether, is a large, beautiful, and even a populous city.

The arsenal appears to me one of its greatest curiosities; it is an handsome spacious building, but, however, scantily supplied with the implements of war. To recompense this defect, they have almost filled it with trophies, and other marks of their former military glory. I saw there several chambers filled with Danish, Saxon, Polish, and Russian standards. There was, at least, enough to suffice half a dozen armies; but new standards are more easily made than new armies can be enlisted. I saw, besides, some very rich furniture, and some of the crown jewels of great value; but what principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholy, were the bloody yet precious spoils of the two greatest heroes the North ever produced. What I mean are, the clothes in which the great Gustavus Adolphus, and the intrepid Charles XII. died, by a fate not unusual to kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of a buff waistcoat, made antique fashion, very plain, and without the least ornaments; the second, which was even more remarkable, consisted only of a coarse blue cloth coat, a large hat of less value, a shirt of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves made to cover a great part of the arm. His saddle, his pistols, and his sword, have nothing in them remarkable; the meanest soldier was, in this respect, no way inferior to his

gallant monarch. I shall use this opportunity to give you some particulars of the life of a man already so well known, which I had from persons who knew him when a child, and who now, by a fate not unusual to courtiers, spend a life of poverty and retirement, and talk over in raptures all the actions of their old victorious king, companion, and master.

Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years, he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarcely seven years old, being at dinner with the queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapped too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer who attended at table at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, who he knew intended no injury.

At another time, when in the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the prince more calm, he entreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. 'A blow,' replied Charles, 'I don't remember anything of it; I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow, which brought him to the ground.'

What great effects might not these two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, had they at first received a just direction. Charles, with proper instructions, thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and the glory of his age. Happy those princes, who are educated by men who are at once virtuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction; who weigh happiness against glory, and teach their royal pupils the real value of fame: who are ever showing the superior dignity of man to that of royalty; that a peasant who does his duty is a nobler character than a king of even middling reputation. Happy, I say, were princes, could such men be found to instruct them: but those to whom such an education is generally intrusted, are men who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to know mankind. Puffed up themselves with the ideas of false grandeur, and measuring merit by adventitious circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate those

fatal prejudices to their pupils, confirm their pride by adulation, or increase their ignorance by teaching them to despise that wisdom which is found among the poor.

But not to moralize when I only intend a story; what is related of the journeys of this prince is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on horseback for four and twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last, none of his officers were found capable of following him; he thus consequently rode the greatest part of his journeys quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without any other subsistence but a bit of bread. In one of these rapid courses, he underwent an adventure singular enough. Riding thus post one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and, thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which, by good fortune, was not far off. Entering the stable, he here found an horse entirely to his mind; so, without further ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housing with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman, who owned the horse, was apprized of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon asking the king, whom he had never seen, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, that he took the horse because he wanted one; 'for you see,' continued he, 'if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the saddle myself.' This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the king was not much behindhand with him, and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprise which was natural to see arms in the hand of a subject against his king. Imagine whether the gentleman was less surprised than they at his unpremeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the king, who, taking him by the hand, assured him he was a brave fellow, and himself would take care he should be provided for. This promise was afterwards fulfilled, and I have been assured the king made him a captain.

---

#### UPON UNFORTUNATE MERIT.

EVERY age seems to have its favourite pursuits, which serve to amuse the idle, and relieve the attention of the industrious. Happy the man who is born excellent in the pursuit in vogue, and whose genius seems adapted to the times in which he lives.



How many do we see, who might have excelled in arts or sciences, and who seem furnished with talents equal to the greatest discoveries, had the road not been already beaten by their predecessors, and nothing left for them, except trifles, to discover; while others of very moderate abilities become famous, because happening to be first in the reigning pursuit!

Thus, at the renewal of letters in Europe, the taste was not to compose new books, but to comment on the old ones. It was not to be expected that new books should be written, when there were so many of the ancients either not known or not understood. It was not reasonable to attempt new conquests, while they had such an extensive region lying waste for want of cultivation. At that period, criticism and erudition were the reigning studies of the times; and he who had only an inventive genius, might have languished in hopeless obscurity. When the writers of antiquity were sufficiently explained and known, the learned set about imitating them: hence proceeded the number of Latin orators, poets, and historians, in the reigns of Clement the Seventh, and Alexander the Sixth. This passion for antiquity lasted for many years, to the utter exclusion of every other pursuit; till some began to find, that those works which were imitated from nature, were more like the writings of antiquity, than even those written in express imitation. It was then modern language began to be cultivated with assiduity, and our poets and orators poured forth their wonders upon the world.

As writers become more numerous, it is natural for readers to become more indolent; whence must necessarily arise a desire of attaining knowledge with the greatest possible ease. No science or art offers its instruction and amusement in so obvious a manner as statuary and painting. Hence we see, that a desire of cultivating those arts generally attends the decline of science. Thus the finest statutes, and the most beautiful paintings of antiquity, preceded but a little the absolute decay of every other science. The statutes of Antonius, Comodus, and their contemporaries, are the finest productions of the chisel, and appeared but just before learning was destroyed by comment, criticism, and barbarous innovations.

What happened in Rome, may probably be the case with us at home. Our nobility are now more solicitous in patronizing painters and sculptors than those of any other polite profession; and from the lord, who has his gallery, down to the 'prentice, who has his twopenny copper-plate, all are admirers of this art. The great, by their caresses, seem insensible to all other merit but that of the pencil; and the vulgar buy every book rather from the excellence of the sculptor than the writer.

How happy were it now, if men of real excellence in that profession were to arise! Were the painters of Italy now to appear, who once wandered like beggars from one city to another, and produce their almost breathing figures, what



rewards might they not expect? But many of them lived without rewards, and therefore rewards alone will never produce their equals. We have often found the great exert themselves not only without promotion, but in spite of opposition. We have often found them flourishing, like medical plants, in a region of savageness and barbarity, their excellence unknown, and their virtues unheeded.

They who have seen the paintings of Caravagio are sensible of the surprising impression they make; bold, swelling, terrible to the last degree; all seems animated, and speaks him among the foremost of his profession; yet this man's fortune and his fame seemed ever in opposition to each other.

Unknown how to flatter the great, he was driven from city to city in the utmost indigence, and might truly be said to paint for his bread.

Having one day insulted a person of distinction, who refused to pay him all the respect which he thought his due, he was obliged to leave Rome, and travel on foot, his usual method of going his journey down into the country, without either money or friends to subsist him.

After he had travelled in this manner as long as his strength would permit, faint with famine and fatigue, he at last called at an obscure inn by the way side. The host knew, by the appearance of his guest, his indifferent circumstances, and refused to furnish him a dinner without previous payment.

As Caravagio was entirely destitute of money, he took down the innkeeper's sign, and painted it anew for his dinner.

Thus refreshed, he proceeded on his journey, and left the innkeeper not quite satisfied with this method of payment. Some company of distinction, however, coming soon after, and struck with the beauty of the new sign, bought it at an advanced price, and astonished the innkeeper with their generosity; he was resolved, therefore, to get as many signs as possible drawn by the same artist, as he found he could sell them to good advantage; and accordingly set out after Caravagio, in order to brink him back. It was night-fall before he came up to the place where the unfortunate Caravagio lay dead by the road-side, overcome by fatigue, resentment, and despair.

### CUSTOM AND LAWS COMPARED.

WHAT, say some, can give us a more contemptible idea of a large state, than to find it mostly governed by custom; to have few written laws, and no boundaries to mark the jurisdiction between the senate and people? Among the number who speak in this manner is the great Montesquieu, who asserts that every

nation is free in proportion to the number of its written laws, and seems to hint at a despotic and arbitrary conduct in the present King of Prussia, who has abridged the laws of his country into a very short compass.

As Tacitus and Montesquieu happen to differ in sentiment upon a subject of so much importance, (for the Roman expressly asserts, that the state is generally vicious in proportion to the number of its laws;) it will not be amiss to examine it a little more minutely, and see whether a state which, like England, is burthened with a multiplicity of written laws, or which, like Switzerland, Geneva, and some other republics, is governed by custom and the determination of the judge, is best.

And to prove the superiority of custom to written law, we shall at least find history conspiring. Custom, or the traditional observance of the practice of their forefathers, was what directed the Romans as well in their public as private determinations. Custom was appealed to in pronouncing sentence against a criminal, where part of the formulary was *more majorum*. So Sallust, speaking of the expulsion of Tarquin, says, *mutato more*, and not *lege mutata*; and Virgil, *pacisque imponere morem*. So that in those times of the empire in which the people retained their liberty, they were governed by custom; when they sunk into oppression and tyranny, they were restrained by new laws, and the laws of tradition abolished.

As getting the ancients on our side is half a victory, it will not be amiss to fortify the argument with an observation of Chrysostom's: 'That the enslaved are the fittest to be governed by laws, and free men by custom.' Custom partakes of the nature of parental injunction; it is kept by the people themselves, and observed with a willing obedience. The observance of it must, therefore, be a mark of freedom, and coming originally to a state from the revered founders of its liberty, will be an encouragement and assistance to it in the defence of that blessing; but a conquered people, a nation of slaves, must pretend to none of this freedom, or these happy distinctions, having, by degeneracy, lost all right to their brave forefather's free institutions, their masters will, in a policy, take the forfeiture; and the fixing a conquest must be done by giving laws, which may every moment serve to remind the people enslaved of their conquerors, nothing being more dangerous than to trust a late-subdued people with old customs, that presently upbraid their degeneracy, and provoke them to revolt.

The wisdom of the Roman republic, in their veneration for custom, and backwardness to introduce a new law, was, perhaps, the cause of their long continuance, and of the virtues of which they have set the world so many examples. But to show in what that wisdom consists, it may be proper to observe, that the benefit of new-written laws is merely confined to the consequences of their observance; but customary laws, keeping up a veneration for the founders, engage men in the imitation of

their virtues as well as policy. To this may be ascribed the religious regard the Romans paid to their forefathers' memory, and their adhering for so many ages to the practice of the same virtues, which nothing contributed more to efface than the introduction of a voluminous body of new laws over the neck of venerable custom.

The simplicity, conciseness, and antiquity of custom, gives an air of majesty and immutability that inspires awe and veneration; but new laws are too apt to be voluminous, perplexed, and indeterminate; whence must necessarily arise neglect, contempt, and ignorance.

As every human institution is subject to gross imperfections, so laws must necessarily be liable to the same inconveniences, and their defects soon discovered. Thus, through the weakness of one part, all the rest are liable to be brought into contempt. But such weaknesses in a custom, for very obvious reasons, evade an examination; besides, a friendly prejudice always stands up in their favour.

But let us suppose a new law to be perfectly equitable and necessary; yet, if the procurers of it have betrayed a conduct that confesses by-ends and private motives, the disgust to the circumstances disposes us, unreasonably indeed, to an irreverence of the law itself; but we are indulgently blind to the most visible imperfections of an old custom. Though we perceive the defects ourselves, yet we remain persuaded, that our wise forefathers had good reason for what they did; and though such motives no longer continue, the benefit will still go along with the observance, though we don't know how. It is thus the Roman lawyers speak: *Non omnium, quæ a majoribus constituta sunt, ratio reddi potest, et ideo rationes eorum quæ constituuntur inquiri non oportet, alioquin multa ex his quæ certa sunt subvertuntur.*

Those laws which preserve to themselves the greatest love and observance, must needs be best; but custom, as it executes itself, must be necessarily superior to written laws in this respect, which are to be executed by another. Thus nothing can be more certain, than that numerous written laws are a sign of a degenerate community, and are frequently not the consequences of vicious morals in a state, but the causes.

Hence we see, how much greater benefit it would be to the state rather to abridge than increase its laws. We every day find them increasing; acts and reports, which may be termed the acts of judges, are every day becoming more voluminous, and loading the subject with new penalties.

Laws ever increase in number and severity, until they at length are strained so tight as to break themselves. Such was the case of the latter empire, whose laws were at length become so strict, that the barbarous invaders did not bring servitude but liberty.

## A REVERIE.

SCARCELY a day passes in which we do not hear compliments paid to Dryden, Pope, and other writers of the last age, while not a month comes forward that is not loaded with invective against the writers of this. Strange, that our critics should be fond of giving their favours to those who are insensible of the obligation, and their dislike to those who, of all mankind, are most apt to retaliate the injury.

Even though our present writers had not equal merit with their predecessors, it would be politic to use them with ceremony. Every compliment paid them would be more agreeable, in proportion as they least deserved it. Tell a lady with an handsome face that she is pretty, she only thinks it her due: it is what she has heard a thousand times before from others, and disregards the compliment: but assure a lady, the cut of whose visage is something more plain, that she looks killing to-day, she instantly brides up, and feels the force of the well-timed flattery the whole day after. Compliments, which we think are deserved, we accept only as debts with indifference; but those which conscience informs us we do not merit, we receive with the same gratitude that we do favours given away.

Our gentlemen, however, who preside at the distribution of literary fame, seem resolved to part with praise neither from motives of justice nor generosity: one would think, when they take pen in hand, that it was only to blot reputations, and to put their seals to the packet which consigns every new-born effort to oblivion.

Yet, notwithstanding the republic of letters hangs at present so feebly together; though those friendships which once promoted literary fame seem now to be discontinued, though every writer who now draws the quill seems to aim at profit, as well as applause, many among them are probably laying in stores for immortality, and are provided with a sufficient stock of reputation to last the whole journey.

As I was indulging these reflections, in order to eke out the present page, I could not avoid pursuing the metaphor of going a journey in my imagination, and formed the following reverie, too wild for allegory, and too regular for a dream.

I fancied myself placed in the yard of a large inn, in which there were an infinite number of waggons and stage-coaches, attended by fellows who either invited the company to take their places, or were busied in packing their baggage. Each vehicle had its inscription showing the place of its destination. On one I could read, *The Pleasure Stage-coach*; on another, *The Waggon of Industry*; on a third, *The Vanity Whim*; and on a fourth, *The Landau of Riches*. I had some inclination to step into each of these, one after another; but I know not by what means, I



passed them by, and at last fixed my eye upon a small carriage, Berlin fashion, which seemed the most convenient vehicle, at a distance, in the world; and upon my nearer approach, found it to be *The Fame Machine*.

I instantly made up to the coachman, whom I found to be an affable and seemingly good-natured fellow. He informed me, that he had but a few days ago returned from the Temple of Fame, to which he had been carrying Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, Congreve, and Colley Cibber. That they made but indifferent company by the way, and that he once or twice was going to empty his berlin of the whole cargo; however, says he, I got them all safe home, with no other damage than a black eye, which Colley gave Mr. Pope, and am now returned for another coachful. 'If that be all, friend,' said I, 'and if you are in want of company, I'll make one with all my heart. Open the door; I hope the machine rides easy.' 'Oh, for that, sir, extremely easy.' But still keeping the door shut, and measuring me with his eye, 'Pray, sir, have you no luggage? You seem to be a good-natured sort of a gentleman; but I don't find you have got any luggage, and I never permit any to travel with me but such as have something valuable to pay for coach-hire.' Examining my pockets, I own I was not a little disconcerted at this unexpected rebuff; but considering that I carried a number of the BEE under my arm, I was resolved to open it in his eyes, and dazzle him with the splendour of the page. He read the title and contents, however, without any emotion, and assured me he had never heard of it before. 'In short, friend,' said he, now losing all his former respect, 'you must not come in. I expect better passengers; but, as you seem an harmless creature, perhaps if there be room left, I may let you ride awhile for charity.'

I now took my stand by the coachman at the door, and since I could not command a seat, was resolved to be as useful as possible, and earn by my assiduity what I could not by my merit.

The next that presented for a place was a most whimsical figure indeed. He was hung round with papers of his own composing, not unlike those who sing ballads in the streets, and came dancing up to the door with all the confidence of instant admittance. The volubility of his motion and address prevented my being able to read more of his cargo than the word 'Inspector,' which was written in great letters at the top of some of the papers. He opened the coach-door himself without any ceremony, and was just slipping in, when the coachman, with as little ceremony, pulled him back. Our figure seemed perfectly angry at this repulse, and demanded gentleman's satisfaction. 'Lord, sir!' replied the coachman, 'instead of proper luggage, by your bulk you seem loaded for a West-India voyage. You are big enough with all your papers to crack twenty stage-coaches. Excuse me, indeed, sir, for you must not enter.' Our figure now began to expostulate: he assured the coachman, that



though his baggage seemed so bulky, it was perfectly light, and that he would be contented with the smallest corner of room. But Jehu was inflexible, and the carrier of the 'Inspectors' was sent to dance back again with all his papers fluttering in the wind. We expected to have no more trouble from this quarter, when in a few minutes the same figure changed his appearance, like harlequin upon the stage, and with the same confidence again made his approaches, dressed in lace, and carrying nothing but a nosegay. Upon coming near, he thrust the nosegay to the coachman's nose, grasped the brass, and seemed now resolved to enter by violence. I found the struggle soon begin to grow hot, and the coachman, who was a little old, unable to continue the contest; so, in order to ingratiate myself, I stepped in to his assistance, and our united efforts sent our literary Proteus, though worsted, unconquered still, clear off, dancing a rigadon, and smelling to his own nosegay.

The person who, after him, appeared as candidate for a place in the stage, came up with an air not quite so confident, but somewhat, however, theatrical; and, instead of entering, made the coachman a very low bow, which the other returned, and desired to see his baggage; upon which he instantly produced some farces, a tragedy, and other miscellany productions. The coachman, casting his eye upon the cargo, assured him, at present, he could not possibly have a place, but hoped in time he might aspire to one, as he seemed to have read in the book of Nature, without a careful perusal of which none ever found entrance at the Temple of Fame. 'What!' replied the disappointed poet, 'shall my tragedy, in which I have vindicated the cause of liberty and virtue'——'Follow Nature,' returned the other, 'and never expect to find lasting fame by topics which only please from their popularity. Had you been first in the cause of freedom, or praised in virtue more than an empty name, it is possible you might have gained admittance; but at present I beg, sir, you will stand aside for another gentleman whom I see approaching.'

This was a very grave personage, whom at some distance I took for one of the most reserved, and even disagreeable figures I had seen; but as he approached, his appearance improved, and, when I could distinguish him thoroughly, I perceived that in spite of the severity of his brow, he had one of the most good-natured countenances that could be imagined. Upon coming to open the stage-door, he lifted a parcel of folios into the seat before him, but our inquisitorial coachman at once shoved them out again. 'What! not take in my dictionary?' exclaimed the other in a rage. 'Be patient, sir,' replied the coachman; 'I have drove a coach, man and boy, these two thousand years; but I do not remember to have carried above one dictionary during the whole time. That little book which I perceive peeping from one of your pockets, may I presume to ask what it contains?' 'A mere trifle,' replied the author, 'it is called

"The Rambler." "The Rambler!" says the coachman, 'I beg sir, you'll take your place; I have heard our ladies in the court of Apollo frequently mention it with rapture: and Clio, who happens to be a little grave, has been heard to prefer it to the 'Spectator:' though others have observed, that the reflections, by being refined, sometimes become minute.'

This grave gentleman was scarcely seated, when another, whose appearance was something more modern, seemed willing to enter, yet afraid to ask. He carried in his hand a bundle of essays, of which the coachman was curious enough to enquire the contents. These, replied the gentleman, 'are rhapsodies against the religion of my country.' 'And how can you expect to come into my coach, after thus choosing the wrong side of the question?' 'Ay, but I am right,' replied the other; 'and if you give me leave, I shall in a few minutes state the argument.' 'Right or wrong,' said the coachman, 'he who disturbs religion is a blockhead, and he shall never travel in a coach of mine.' 'If then,' said the gentleman, mustering up all his courage, 'if I am not to have admittance as an essayist, I hope I shall not be repulsed as an historian; the last volume of my history met with applause.' 'Yes,' replied the coachman, 'but I have heard only the first approved at the Temple of Fame; and as I see you have it about you, enter without further ceremony.' My attention was now diverted to a crowd, who were pushing forward a person that seemed more inclined to the *Stage Coach of Riches*: but, by their means, he was driven forward to the same machine, which he, however, seemed heartily to despise. Impelled, however, by their solicitations, he steps up, flourishing a voluminous history, and demanding admittance. 'Sir, I have formerly heard your name mentioned,' says the coachman, 'but never as an historian. Is there no other work upon which you may claim a place?' 'None,' replied the other, 'except a romance; but this is a work of too trifling a nature to claim future attention.' 'You mistake,' says the inquisitor, 'a well-written romance is no such easy task as is generally imagined. I remember formerly to have carried Cervantes and Segrais, and if you think fit, you may enter.'

Upon our three literary travellers coming into the same coach, I listened attentively to hear what might be the conversation that passed upon this extraordinary occasion; when, instead of agreeable or entertaining dialogue, I found them grumbling at each other, and each seemed discontented with his companions. Strange! thought I to myself, that they who are thus born to enlighten the world, should still preserve the narrow prejudices of childhood, and by disagreeing, make even the highest merit ridiculous. Were the learned and the wise to unite against the dunces of society, instead of sometimes siding into opposite parties with them, they might throw a lustre upon each other's reputation, and teach every rank of subordinate merit, if not to admire, at least not to avow dislike.

In the midst of these reflections, I perceived the coachman, unmindful of me, had now mounted the box. Several were approaching to be taken in, whose pretensions I was sensible were very just; I therefore desired him to stop, and take in more passengers, but he replied, as he had now mounted the box, it would be improper to come down; but that he should take them all, one after the other, when he should return. So he drove away, and for myself, as I could not get in, I mounted behind, in order to hear the conversation on the way.

---

### A WORD OR TWO ON THE LATE FARCE, CALLED 'HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.'

JUST as I had expected, before I saw this farce, I found it formed on too narrow a plan to afford a pleasing variety. The sameness of the humour in every scene could not but, at last, fail of being disagreeable. The poor, affecting the manners of the rich, might be carried on through one character, or two at the most, with great propriety; but to have almost every personage on the scene almost of the same character, and reflecting the follies of each other, was unartful in the poet to the last degree.

The scene was also almost a continuation of the same absurdity; and my Lord Duke and Sir Harry (two footmen who assume these characters) have nothing else to *do* but to talk like their masters, and are only introduced to speak, and to show themselves. Thus, as there is a sameness of character, there is a barrenness of incident, which, by a very small share of address, the poet might have easily avoided.

From a conformity to critic rules, which, perhaps, on the whole have done more harm than good, our author has sacrificed all the vivacity of the dialogue to nature; and though he makes his characters talk like servants, they are seldom absurd enough, or lively enough, to make us merry. Though he is always natural, he happens seldom to be humorous.

The satire was well intended, if we regard it as being masters ourselves; but probably a philosopher would rejoice in that liberty which Englishmen give their domestics; and for my own part, I cannot avoid being pleased at the happiness of those poor creatures, who in some measure contribute to mine. The Athenians, the politest and best-natured people upon earth, were the kindest to their slaves: and if a person may judge who has seen the world, our English servants are the best treated, because the generality of our English gentlemen are the politest under the sun.

But not to lift my voice among the pack of feeble critics, who probably have no other occupation but that of cutting up every

thing new, I must own, there are one or two scenes that are fine satire, and sufficiently humorous: particularly the first interview between the two footmen, which at once ridicules the manners of the great, and the absurdity of their imitators.

Whatever defects there might be in the composition, there were none in the action; in this the performers showed more humour than I had fancied them capable of. Mr. Palmer and Mr. King were entirely what they desired to represent; and Mrs. Clive, (but what need I talk of her, since, without the least exaggeration, she has more true humour than any actor or actress upon the English or any other stage I have seen;) she, I say, did the part all the justice it was capable of. And upon the whole, a farce which has only this to recommend it, that the author took his plan from the volume of Nature, by the sprightly manner in which it was performed, was for one night a tolerable entertainment. Thus much may be said in its vindication, that people of fashion seemed more pleased in the representation, than the subordinate ranks of people.

## OF ELOQUENCE.

OF all kinds of success, that of an orator is the most pleasing. Upon other occasions, the applause we deserve is conferred in our absence, and we are insensible of the pleasure we have given; but in eloquence, the victory and triumph are inseparable. We read our own glory in the face of every spectator, the audience is moved, the antagonist is defeated, and the whole circle bursts into unsolicited applause.

The rewards which attend excellence in this way are so pleasing, that numbers have written professed treatises to teach us the art; schools have been established with no other intent; rhetoric has taken place among the institutions, and pedants have ranged under proper heads, and distinguished with long learned names, some of the strokes of nature, or of passion, which orators have used, I say only some; for a folio volume could not contain all the figures which have been used by the truly eloquent, and scarcely a good speaker, or writer, but makes use of some that are peculiar or new.

Eloquence has preceded the rules of rhetoric, as languages have been formed before grammar. Nature renders men eloquent in great interests, or great passions. He that is sensibly touched, sees things with a very different eye from the rest of mankind. All nature to him becomes an object of comparison and metaphor, without attending to it; he throws life into all, and inspires his audience with a part of his own enthusiasm.

It has been remarked, that the lower parts of mankind generally express themselves most figuratively, and that tropes are



found in the most ordinary forms of conversation. Thus in every language the heart burns; the courage is roused; the eyes sparkle; the spirits are cast down; passion inflames, pride swells, and pity sinks the soul. Nature every where speaks in those strong images, which from their frequency pass unnoticed.

Nature it is which inspires those rapturous enthusiasms, those irresistible turns; a strong passion, a pressing danger, calls up all the imagination, and gives the orator irresistible force. Thus a captain of the first caliphs, seeing his soldiers fly, cried out, 'Whither do ye run? the enemy are not there! You have been told that the caliph is dead; but God is still living. He regards the brave, and will regard the courageous. Advance!'

*A man therefore may be called eloquent, who transfers the passion or sentiment with which he is moved himself into the breast of another; and this definition appears the more just, as it comprehends the graces of silence, and of action. An intimate persuasion of the truth to be proved, is the sentiment and passion to be transferred; and who affects this, is truly possessed of the talent of eloquence.*

I have called eloquence a talent, and not an art, as so many rhetoricians have done, as art is acquired by exercise and study, and eloquence is the gift of nature. Rules will never make either a work or a discourse eloquent; they only serve to prevent faults, but not to introduce beauties; to prevent those passages, which are truly eloquent and dictated by nature, from being blended with others, which might disgust, or at least abate our passion.

What we clearly conceive, says Boileau, we can clearly express. I may add, that what is felt with emotion is expressed also with the same movements; the words arise as readily to paint our emotions, as to express our thoughts with perspicuity. The cool care an orator takes to express passions which he does not feel, only prevents his rising into that passion he would seem to feel. In a word, to feel your subject thoroughly, and to speak without fear, are the only rules of eloquence, properly so called, which I can offer. Examine a writer of genius on the most beautiful parts of his work, and he will always assure you that such passages are generally those which have given him the least trouble, for they came as by inspiration. To pretend that cold and didactic precepts will make a man eloquent, is only to prove that he is incapable of eloquence.

But, as in being perspicuous, it is necessary to have a full idea of the subject, so in being eloquent, it is not sufficient, if I may so express it, to feel by halves. The orator should be strongly impressed, which is generally the effect of a fine and exquisite sensibility, and not that transient and superficial emotion which he excites in the greatest part of his audience. It is even impossible to effect the hearers in any great degree without being affected ourselves. In vain it will be objected, that many writers have had the heart to inspire their readers with a



passion for virtue, without being virtuous themselves; since it may be answered, that sentiments of virtue filled their minds at the time they were writing. They felt the inspiration strongly, while they praised justice, generosity, or good-nature; but unhappily for them, these passions might have been discontinued, when they laid down the pen. In vain will it be objected again, than we can move without being moved, as we can convince without being convinced. It is much easier to deceive our reason than ourselves; a trifling defect in reasoning may be overseen, and lead a man astray; for it requires reason and time to detect the falsehood; but our passions are not easily imposed upon; our eyes, our ears, and every sense, are watchful to detect the imposture.

No discourse can be eloquent that does not elevate the mind. Pathetic eloquence, it is true, has for its only object to affect; but I appeal to men of sensibility, whether their pathetic feelings are not accompanied with some degree of elevation. We may then call eloquence and sublimity the same thing, since it is impossible to be one without feeling the other. Hence it follows, that we may be eloquent in any language, since no language refuses to paint those sentiments with which we are thoroughly impressed. What is usually called sublimity of style seems to be only an error. Eloquence is not in the words, but in the subject; and in great concerns, the more simply anything is expressed, it is generally the more sublime. True eloquence does not consist, as the rhetoricians assure us, in saying great things in a sublime style, but in a simple style; for there is, properly speaking, no such thing as a sublime style, the sublimity lies only in the things; and when they are not so, the language may be turgid, affected, metaphorical, but not affecting.

What can be more simply expressed than the following extract from a celebrated preacher, and yet what was ever more sublime? Speaking of the small number of the elect, he breaks out thus among his audience: 'Let me suppose that this was the last hour of us all; that the heavens were opened over our heads; that time was passed, and eternity begun; that Jesus Christ in all his glory, that man of sorrows in all his glory, appeared on the tribunal, and that we were assembled here to receive our final decree of life or death eternal. Let me ask, impressed with terror like you, and not separating my lot from yours', but putting myself in the same situation in which we must all one day appear before God, our judge: let me ask, if Jesus Christ should now appear to make the terrible separation of the just from the unjust, do you think the greatest number would be saved? Do you think the number of the elect would even be equal to that of the sinners? Do you think, if all our works were examined with justice, would he find ten just persons in this great assembly? Monsters of ingratitude! would he find one?' Such passages as these are sublime in every language. The expression may be less striking, or more indistinct, but the

greatness of the idea still remains. In a word, we may be eloquent in every language and in every style, since elocution is only an assistant, but not a constitutor of eloquence.

Of what use, then, will it be said, are all the precepts given us upon this head both by the ancients and moderns? I answer, that they cannot make us eloquent, but they will certainly prevent us from becoming ridiculous. They can seldom procure a single beauty, but they may banish a thousand faults. The true method of an orator is not to attempt always to move, always to affect, to be continually sublime, but, at proper intervals, to give rest both to his own and the passions of his audience. In these periods of relaxation, or of preparation rather, rules may teach him to avoid anything low, trivial, or disgusting. Thus criticism, properly speaking, is intended not to assist those parts which are sublime, but those which are naturally mean and humble, which are composed with coolness and caution, and where the orator rather endeavours not to offend, than attempts to please.

I have hitherto insisted more strenuously on that eloquence which speaks to the passions, as it is a species of oratory almost unknown in England. At the bar, it is quite discontinued, and I think with justice. In the senate, it is used but sparingly, as the orator speaks to enlightened judges. But in the pulpit, in which the orator should chiefly address the vulgar, it seems strange that it should be entirely laid aside.

The vulgar of England are, without exception, the most barbarous and the most unknowing of any in Europe. A great part of their ignorance may be chiefly ascribed to their teachers, who, with the most pretty gentlemen-like serenity, deliver their cool discourses, and address the reason of men, who have never reasoned in all their lives. They are told of cause and effect, of beings self-existent, and the universal scale of beings. They are informed of the excellence of the Bangorian controversy, and the absurdity of an intermediate state. The spruce preacher reads his lucubration without lifting his nose from the text, and never ventures to earn the shame of an enthusiast.

By this means, though his audience feel not one word of all he says, he earns, however, among his acquaintance the character of a man of sense; among his acquaintance only, did I say? nay, even with his bishop.

The polite of every country have several motives to induce them to a rectitude of action; the love of virtue for its own sake, the shame of offending, and the desire of pleasing. The vulgar have but one, the enforcements of religion; and yet those who should push this motive home to their hearts, are basely found to desert their post. They speak to the squire, the philosopher, and the pedant; but the poor, those who really want instruction, are left uninstructed.

I have attended most of our pulpit orators, who, it must be owned, write extremely well upon the text they assume. To give them their due also, they read their sermons with elegance

and propriety; but this goes but a very short way in true eloquence. The speaker must be moved. In this, in this alone, our English divines are deficient. Where they to speak to a few calm, dispassionate hearers, they certainly use the properest methods of address; but their audience is chiefly composed of the poor, who must be influenced by motives of reward and punishment, and whose only virtues lie in self-interest or fear.

How then are such to be addressed? not by studied periods or cold disquisitions: not by the labours of the head, but the honest, spontaneous dictates of the heart. Neither writing a sermon with regular periods, and all the harmony of elegant expression; neither reading it with emphasis, propriety, and deliberation; neither pleasing with metaphor, smile, or rhetorical fustian; neither arguing coolly, and untying consequences united in *a priori*, nor bundling up inductions *a posteriori*: neither pedantic jargon, nor academical trifling, can persuade the poor; writing a discourse coolly in the closet, then getting it by memory, and delivering it on Sundays, even that will not do. What then is to be done? I know of no expedient to speak at once intelligibly, and feelingly, except to understand the language. To be convinced of the truth of the object, to be perfectly acquainted with the subject in view, to prepossess yourself with a low opinion of your audience, and to do the rest extempore; by this means strong expressions, new thoughts, rising passions, and the true declamatory style, will naturally ensue.

Fine declamation does not consist in flowery periods, delicate allusions, or musical cadences; but in a plain, open, loose style, where the periods are long and obvious; where the same thought is often exhibited in several points of view; all this, strong sense, a good memory, and a small share of experience, will furnish to every orator; and without these, a clergyman may be called a fine preacher, a judicious preacher, and a man of good sense; he may make his hearers admire his understanding, but will seldom enlighten theirs'.

When I think of the Methodist preachers among us, how seldom they are endued with common sense, and yet how often and how justly they affect their hearers, I cannot avoid saying within myself, had these been bred gentlemen, and been endued with even the meanest share of understanding, what might they not effect! Did our bishops, who can add dignity to their expostulations, testify the same fervour, and *intreat* their hearers, as well as *argue*, what might not be the consequence! The vulgar, by which I mean the bulk of mankind, would then have a double motive to love religion, first from seeing its professors honoured here, and next from the consequences hereafter. At present, the enthusiasms of the poor are opposed to law; did law conspire with their enthusiasms, we should not only be the happiest nation upon earth, but the wisest also.

Enthusiasm in religion, which prevails only among the vulgar, should be the chief object of politics. A society of enthusiasts,

governed by reason among the great, is the most indissoluble, the most virtuous, and the most efficient of its own decrees, that can be imagined. Every country, possessed of any degree of strength, have had their enthusiasms, which ever serve as laws among the people. The Greeks had their *Kalokagathia*, the Romans their *Amor Patriæ*, and we the truer and firmer bond of the *Protestant religion*. The principle is the same in all; how much, then, is it the duty of those whom the law has appointed teachers of this religion, to enforce its obligations, and to raise those enthusiasms among people, by which alone political society can subsist.

From eloquence, therefore, the morals of our people are to expect emendation; but how little can they be improved by men, who get into the pulpit rather to show their parts than convince us of the truth of what they deliver, who are painfully correct in their style, musical in their tones, where every sentiment, every expression, seems the result of meditation and deep study?

Tillotston has been commended as the model of pulpit eloquence; thus far he should be imitated, where he generally strives to convince rather than to please; but to adopt his long, dry, and sometimes tedious discussions, which serve to amuse only divines, and are utterly neglected by the generality of mankind; to praise the intricacy of his periods, which are too long to be spoken, to continue his cool, phlegmatic manner of enforcing every truth, is certainly erroneous. As I said before, the good preacher should adopt no model, write no sermons, study no periods; let him but understand his subject, the language he speaks, and be convinced of the truths he delivers. It is amazing to what heights eloquence of this kind may reach! This is that eloquence the ancients represented as lightning, bearing down every opposer; this the power which has turned whole assemblies into astonishment, admiration, and awe, that is described by the torrent, the flame, and every other instance of irresistible impetuosity.

But to attempt such noble heights belongs only to the truly great, or the truly good. To discard the lazy manner of reading sermons, or speaking sermons by rote; to set up singly against the opposition of men, who are attached to their own errors, and to endeavour to be great, instead of being prudent, are qualities we seldom see united. A minister of the Church of England, who may be possessed of good sense and some hopes of preferment, will seldom give up such substantial advantages for the empty pleasure of improving society. By his present method, he is liked by his friends, admired by his dependants, not displeasing to his bishop; he lives as well, eats and sleeps as well, as if a real orator, and an eager asserter of his mission; he will hardly, therefore, venture all this to be called perhaps an enthusiast; nor will he depart from customs established by the brotherhood, when, by such a conduct, he only singles himself out for their contempt.



## THE SAGACITY OF SOME INSECTS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BEE.

SIR,

ANIMALS, in general, are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver show the greatest signs of this when united; but when man intrudes into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and testify but a very small share of that sagacity, for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labours of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist; but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions, to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state, nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster, and their vast length, like spears, serve to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation, than for an attack or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with an horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the impliments of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which proceeding from the anus, it spins into thread coarser or finer, as it chooses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with his claws the thread which would otherwise



be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner, it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely, fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch, and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them by doubling the threads sometimes six-fold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal; what follows, is the result of my own observations upon that species of the insect called an *house-spider*. I perceived about four years ago, a large spider in the corner of my room, making its web, and although the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days, the web was, with incredible diligence, completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon then a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this, I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his strong hold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings were stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it

subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of animal it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I now had a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and, at first, was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and, at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for, upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose; the manner then, is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then it becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first, it dreaded my approach to its web; but, at last, it became so familiar, as to take a fly out of my hand; and, upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed, that the male spiders are much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their maternal affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering,

they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall too with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

---

### THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GREATNESS.

IN every duty, in every science in which we would wish to arrive at perfection, we should propose for the object of our pursuit some certain station even beyond our abilities: some imaginary excellence, which may amuse and serve to animate our enquiry. In deviating from others, in following an unbeaten road, though we perhaps may never arrive at the wished-for object, yet it is possible we may meet several discoveries by the way; and the certainty of small advantages, even while we travel with security, is not so amusing as the hopes of great rewards, which inspire the adventurer. *Evenit nonnunquam*, says Quintilian, *ut aliquid grande inveniat qui semper querit quod nimium est*.

This enterprising spirit is, however, by no means the character of the present age; every person who should now leave received opinions, who should attempt to be more than a commentator upon philosophy, or an imitator in polite learning, might be regarded as a chimerical projector. Hundreds would be ready not only to point out his errors, but to load him with reproach. Our probable opinions are now regarded as certainties; the difficulties hitherto undiscovered as utterly inscrutable; and the writers of the last age inimitable, and, therefore, the properest models of imitation.

One might be almost induced to deplore the philosophic spirit of the age, which, in proportion as it enlightens the mind, increases its timidity, and represses the vigour of every undertaking. Men are now content with being prudently in the right; which, though not the way to make new acquisitions, it must be owned, is the best method of securing what we have. Yet this is certain, that the writer who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought, or a new expression, though his friends may compliment him upon his sagacity, though criticism lifts her feeble voice in his praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire lasting esteem, is not by the fewness of a writer's faults, but the greatness of his

beauties, and our noblest works are generally most replete with both.

An author, who would be sublime, often runs his thought into burlesque; yet I can readily pardon his mistaking ten times for once succeeding. True genius walks along a line, and, perhaps, our greatest pleasure is in seeing it so often near falling, without being ever actually down.

Every science has its hitherto undiscovered mysteries, after which men should travel undiscouraged by the failure of former adventurers. Every new attempt serves, perhaps, to facilitate its future invention. We may not find the philosopher's stone, but we shall probably hit upon new inventions in pursuing it. We shall, perhaps, never be able to discover the longitude; yet, perhaps, we may arrive at new truths in the investigation.

Were any of those sagacious minds among us, (and surely no nation, or no period, could ever compare with us in this particular) were any of those minds, I say, who now sit down contented with exploring the intricacies of another's system, bravely to shake off admiration, and undazzled with the splendour of another's reputation, to chalk out a path to fame for themselves, and boldly cultivate untried experiment, what might not be the result of their enquiries, should the same study that has made them wise, make them enterprising also? What could not such qualities united produce? But such is not the character of the English; while our neighbours of the continent launch out into the ocean of science, without proper store for the voyage, we fear shipwreck in every breeze, and consume in port those powers which might, probably, have weathered every storm.

Projectors in a state are generally rewarded above their deserts; projectors in the republic of letters, never. If wrong, every inferior dunce thinks himself entitled to laugh at their disappointment; if right, men of superior talents think their honour engaged to oppose, since every new discovery is a tacit diminution of their own pre-eminence.

To aim at excellence, our reputation, our friends, and our all must be ventured; by aiming only at mediocrity, we run no risque, and we do little service. Prudence and greatness are ever persuading us to contrary pursuits. The one instructs us to be content with our station, and to find happiness in bounding every wish. The other impels us to superiority, and calls nothing happiness but rapture. The one directs us to follow mankind, and to act and think with the rest of the world. The other drives us from the crowd, and exposes us as a mark to all the shafts of envy or ignorance.

*Nec minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala.*—TACIT.

The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid; those attending excellence, generally paid in reversion. In a word,



the little mind who loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar; but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence.

But let me turn from a scene of such distress to the sanctified hypocrite, *who has been talking of virtue till the time of bed*, and now steals out, to give a loose to his vices under the protection of midnight; vices more atrocious, because he attempts to conceal them. See how he pants down the dark alley, and, with hastening steps, fears an acquaintance in every face. He has passed the whole day in company he hates, and now goes to prolong the night among company that as heartily hate him. May his vices be detected; may the morning rise upon his shame; yet I wish to no purpose; villainy, when detected, never gives up, but boldly adds impudence to imposture.

### THE SENTIMENTS OF A FRENCHMAN ON THE TEMPER OF THE ENGLISH.

NOTHING is so uncommon among the English as that easy affability, that instant method of acquaintance, or that cheerfulness of disposition, which make, in France, the charm of every society. Yet, in this gloomy reserve they seem to pride themselves, and think themselves less happy, if obliged to be more social. One may assert, without wronging them, that they do not study the method of going through life with pleasure and tranquillity, like the French. Might not this be a proof that they are not so much philosophers as they imagine? Philosophy is no more than the art of making ourselves happy; that is, of seeking pleasure in regularity, and reconciling what we owe to society with what is due to ourselves.

This cheerfulness, which is the characteristic of our nation in the eye of an Englishman, passes almost for folly. But is their gloominess a greater mark of their wisdom? and folly against folly, is not the most cheerful sort the best? If our gaiety makes them sad, they ought not to find it strange, if their seriousness makes us laugh.

As this disposition to levity is not familiar to them, and as they look on everything as a fault which they do not find at home, the English who live among us are hurt by it. Several of their authors reproach us with it as a vice, or at least as a ridicule.

Mr. Addison styles us a comic nation. In my opinion, it is not acting the philosopher on this point, to regard as a fault that quality, which contributes most to the pleasure of society and happiness of life. Plato convinced, that whatever makes



men happier, makes them better, advises to neglect nothing that may excite and convert to an early habit this sense of joy in children. Seneca places it in the first rank of good things. Certain it is, at least, that gaiety may be a concomitant of all sorts of virtue, but that there are some vices with which it is incompatible.

As to him who laughs at everything, and him who laughs at nothing, neither of them has sound judgment. All the difference I find between them is, that the last is constantly the most unhappy. Those who speak against cheerfulness prove nothing else but that they were born melancholic, and that in their hearts they rather envy than condemn that levity they affect to despise.

The 'Spectator,' whose constant object was the good of mankind in general, and of his own nation in particular, should, according to his own principles, place cheerfulness among the most desirable qualities; and probably, whenever he contradicts himself in this particular, it is only to conform to the tempers of the people whom he addresses. He asserts that gaiety is one great obstacle to the prudent conduct of women. But are those of a melancholic temper, as the English women generally are, less subject to the foibles of love? I am acquainted with some doctors in this science, to whose judgment I would more willingly refer than to his. And perhaps, in reality, persons naturally of a gay temper are too easily taken off by different objects, to give themselves up to all the excesses of this passion.

Mr Hobbes, a celebrated philosopher of his nation, maintains that laughing proceeds from our pride alone. This is only a paradox, if asserted of laughing in general; and only argues that misanthropical disposition for which he was remarkable.

To bring the causes he assigns for laughing under suspicion, it is sufficient to remark, that proud people are commonly those who laugh least. Gravity is the inseparable companion of pride. To say that a man is vain, because the humour of a writer, or the buffooneries of an harlequin excite his laughter, would be advancing a great absurdity. We should distinguish between laughter inspired by joy, and that which arises from mockery. The malicious sneer is improperly called laughter. It must be owned, that pride is the parent of such laughter as this; but this is, in itself, vicious; whereas, the other sort has nothing in its principles or effects that deserves condemnation. We find this amiable in others, and is it unhappiness to feel a disposition towards it in ourselves?

When I see an Englishman laugh, I fancy I rather see him hunting after joy than having caught it; and this is more particularly remarkable in their women, whose tempers are inclined to melancholy. A laugh leaves no more traces on their countenance, than a flash of lightning on the face of the heavens. The most laughing air is instantly succeeded by the most gloomy. One would be apt to think that their souls open

with difficulty to joy; or, at least, that joy is not pleased with its habitation there.

In regard to fine raillery, it must be allowed, that it is not natural to the English, and, therefore, those who endeavour at it make but an ill figure. Some of their authors have candidly confessed, that pleasantry is quite foreign to their character; but, according to the reason they give, they lose nothing by this confession. Bishop Sprat gives the following one: 'The English,' says he, 'have too much bravery to be derided, and too much virtue and honour to mock others.'

---

### SABINUS AND OLINDA.

IN a fair, rich, and flourishing country, whose cliffs are washed by the German ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conquest wherever he thought proper; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with Olinda. He was indeed superior to her in fortune, but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and in a short time, by joining hands publicly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But alas! none, however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the shafts of envy, and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable are they who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them in errors they would have shuddered at, even in apprehension! Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and injuriously treated, since his marriage with Olinda. By incautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion; she forgot those many virtues for which she had been so long and so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion and mistaken resentment, betrayed her into all the gloom of discontent; she sighed without ceasing; the happiness of others gave her intolerable pain; she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was, the cheerful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana!

She continually laboured to disturb an union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions; the circumstances of Sabinus had been long embarrassed by a tedious law-suit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch

of penury from the highest affluence. From the nearness of relationship, Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties, and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised that her fortune, her interest, and her all, should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation, which were to be purchased at so high a price. Ariana was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth, which she had long endeavoured to suppress. Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel rose to such a height, that Sabinus was marked for destruction; and the very next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to gaol, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries. In this mansion of distress, they lived together with resignation, and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal; and he read to her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow prisoners admired their contentment, and whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lighted it, by bearing each a share of the load imposed by Providence. Whenever Sabinus showed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them for ever, not to discompose himself; that so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship; that nothing could make her miserable but his seeming to want happiness, nothing pleased but his sympathizing with her pleasure. A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet still neither was found to murmur; they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead, and that her will in favour of a very distant relation, who was now in another country, might easily be procured and burnt, in which case all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and falling upon each other's neck, indulged in an agony of sorrow; for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she loved at once and persecuted. This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious, and friendly. She found that all

her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual; she had therefore begun to reflect, and to wonder how she could so long, and so unprovoked, injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had, from the next room, herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue; she therefore reassumed her former goodness of heart; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs of her fortune. From this moment, Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana, who, dying soon after, left them in possession of a large estate, and in her last moments confessed that virtue was the only path to true glory; and that, however innocence may, for a time, be depressed, a steady perseverance will, in time, lead it to a certain victory.

---

#### OF THE PRIDE AND LUXURY OF THE MIDDLE CLASS OF PEOPLE.

OF all the follies and absurdities under which this great metropolis labours, there is not one, I believe, that at present appears in a more glaring and ridiculous light, than the pride and luxury of the middling class of people; their eager desire of being seen in a sphere far above their capacities and circumstances, is daily, nay hourly, instanced by the prodigious numbers of mechanics who flock to the races, and gaming-tables, brothels, and all public diversions this fashionable town affords.

You shall see a grocer, or a tallow-chandler, sneak from behind the counter, clap on a laced coat and a bag, fly to the E. O. table, throw away fifty pieces with some sharpening man of quality; while his industrious wife is selling a penny-worth of sugar, or a pound of candles, to support her fashionable spouse in his extravagances.

I was led into this reflection by an odd adventure, which happened to me the other day at Epsom races, whither I went, not through any desire, I do assure you, of laying bets or winning thousands, but at the earnest request of a friend, who had long indulged the curiosity of seeing the sport, very natural for an Englishman. When we had arrived at the course, and had taken several turns to observe the different objects that made up this whimsical groupe, a figure suddenly darted by us, mounted and dressed in all the elegance of those polite gentry who come to show you they have a little money, and rather



than pay their just debts at home, generously come abroad to bestow it on gamblers and pickpockets. As I had not an opportunity of viewing his face till his return, I gently walked after him, and met him as he came back, when, to my no small surprise, I beheld, in this gay Narcissus, the visage of Jack Varnish, an humble vender of prints. Disgusted at the sight, I pulled my friend by the sleeve, pressed him to return home, telling him all the way, that I was so enraged at the fellow's impudence, I was resolved never to lay out another penny with him.

And now, pray sir, let me beg of you to give this a place in your paper, that Mr. Varnish may understand he mistakes the thing quite, if he imagines horse-racing recommendable in a tradesman; and that he, who is revelling every night in the arms of a common strumpet (though blessed with an indulgent wife), when he ought to be minding his business, will never thrive in this world. He will find himself soon mistaken, his finances decrease, his friends shun him, customers fall off, and himself thrown into a gaol. I would earnestly recommend this adage to every mechanic in London, 'Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you.' A strict observance of these words will, I am sure, in time gain them estates. Industry is the road to wealth, and honesty to happiness; and he who strenuously endeavours to pursue them both, may never fear the critic's lash, or the sharp cries of penury and want.

---

### THE HISTORY OF HYPASIA.

MAN, when secluded from society, is not a more solitary being, than the woman who leaves the duties of her own sex to invade the privileges of our's. She seems, in such circumstances, like one in banishment; she appears like a neutral being between the sexes; and though she may have the admiration of both, she finds true happiness from neither.

Of all the ladies of antiquity, I have read of none who was ever more justly celebrated than the beautiful Hypasia, the daughter of Leon, the philosopher. This most accomplished of women was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the Younger. Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as she was with the most exalted understanding, and the happiest turn to science. Education completed what nature had begun, and made her the prodigy, not only of her age, but the glory of her sex.

From her father, she learned geometry and astronomy; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philo-



sophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences.

What cannot be conquered by natural penetration and a passion for study? The boundless knowledge, which, at that period of time, was required to form the character of a philosopher, no way discouraged her; she delivered herself up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in all Alexandria understood so perfectly as she, all the difficulties of these two philosophers.

But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect, were quite familiar to her; and to this knowledge, she added that of polite learning, and the art of oratory. All the learning which it was possible for the human mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.

The city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia to see and hear her. As for the charms of her person, they might not probably have been mentioned, did she not join to a beauty the most striking, a virtue that might repress the most assuming; and though in the whole capital, famed for charms, there was not one who could equal her in beauty; though in a city, the resort of all the learning then existing in the world, there was not one who could equal her in knowledge; yet, with such accomplishments, Hypasia was the most modest of her sex. Her reputation for virtue was not less than her virtues; and though in a city divided between two factions, though visited by the wits and the philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals, or attempt her character. Both the Christians and the heathens who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes, have but one voice when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue. Nay, so much harmony reigns in their accounts of this prodigy of perfection, that, in spite of the opposition of their faith, we should never have been able to judge of what religion was Hypasia, were we not informed, from other circumstances, that she was an heathen. Providence had taken so much pains in forming her, that we are almost induced to complain of its not having endeavoured to make her a Christian; but from this complaint we are deferred by a thousand contrary observations; which lead us to reverence its inscrutable mysteries.

This great reputation, of which she so justly was possessed, was at last, however, the occasion of her ruin.

The person who then possessed the patriarchate of Alexandria, was equally remarkable for his violence, cruelty, and pride. Conducted by an ill-grounded zeal for the Christian religion, or, perhaps, desirous of augmenting his authority in the city, he had long meditated the banishment of the Jews. A difference arising between them and the Christians, with respect to some public

games, seemed to him a proper juncture for putting his ambitious designs into execution. He found no difficulty in exciting the people, naturally disposed to revolt. The prefect, who at that time commanded the city, interposed on this occasion, and thought it just to put one of the chief creatures of the patriarch to the torture, in order to discover the first promoter of the conspiracy. The patriarch, enraged at the injustice he thought offered to his character and dignity, and piqued at the protection which was offered to the Jews, sent for the chiefs of the synagogue, and enjoined them to renounce their designs, upon pain of incurring his highest displeasure.

The Jews, far from fearing his menaces, excited new tumults, in which several citizens had the misfortune to fall. The patriarch could no longer contain; at the head of a numerous body of Christians, he flew to the synagogues, which he demolished, and drove the Jews from a city, of which they had been possessed since the time of Alexander the Great. It may be easily imagined that the prefect could not behold, without pain, his jurisdiction thus insulted, and the city deprived of a number of its most industrious inhabitants.

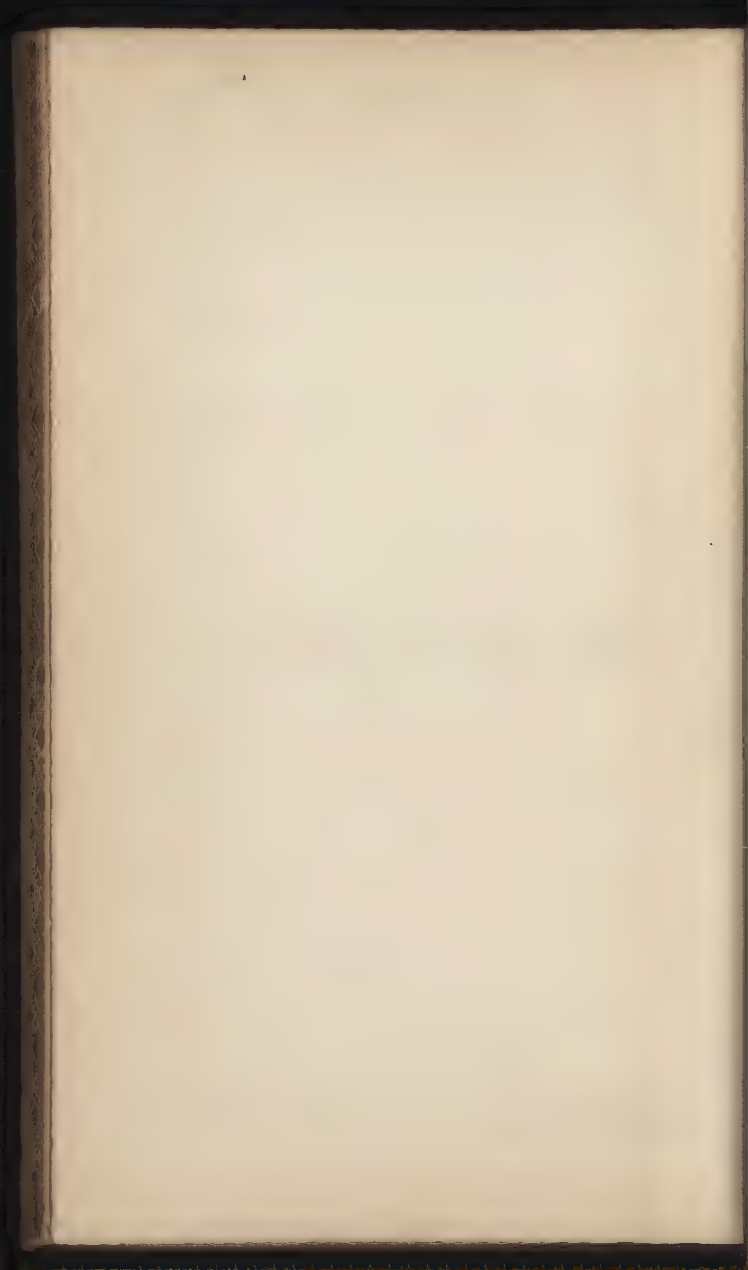
The affair was, therefore, brought before the emperor. The patriarch complained of the excesses of the Jews, and the prefect of the outrages of the patriarch. At this very juncture, five hundred monks of mount Nitria, imagining the life of their chief to be in danger, and that their religion was threatened in his fall, flew into the city with ungovernable rage, attacked the prefect in the streets, and, not content with loading him with reproaches, wounded him in several places.

The citizens had, by this time, notice of the fury of the monks; they, therefore, assembled in a body, put the monks to flight, seized on him who had been found throwing a stone, and delivered him to the prefect, who caused him to be put to death without further delay.

The patriarch immediately ordered the dead body, which had been exposed to view, to be taken down, procured for it all the pomps and rites of burial, and went even so far as himself to pronounce the funeral oration, in which he classed a seditious monk among the martyrs. This conduct was by no means generally approved of; the most moderate even among the Christians perceived and blamed his indiscretion; but he was now too far advanced to retire. He had made several overtures towards a reconciliation with the prefect, which not succeeding, he bore all those an implacable hatred whom he imagined to have any hand in traversing his designs; but Hypasia was particularly destined to ruin. She could not find pardon, as she was known to have a most refined friendship for the prefect; wherefore the populace were incited against her. Peter, a reader of the principal church, one of those vile slaves by which men in power are too frequently attended, wretches ever ready to commit any crime which they hope may render them

agreeable to their employer; this fellow, I say, attended by a crowd of villains, waited for Hypasia, as she was returning from a visit, at her own door, seized her as she was going in, and dragged her to one of the churches called Cesarea, where stripping her in a most inhuman manner, they exercised the most inhuman cruelties upon her, cut her into pieces, and burnt her remains to ashes. Such was the end of Hypasia, the glory of her own sex, and the astonishment of our's.

The Vicar of Wakefield.





THE  
VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

---

CHAP. I.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD, IN WHICH  
A KINDRED LIKENESS PREVAILS AS WELL OF MINDS AS OF  
PERSONS.

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world, or each other. We had an elegant house, situate in a fine country and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral and rural amusement; in visiting our neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. we had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us, to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table: so that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction to find that he never came back to return them. By this, the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well-formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during

her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand god-mother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, 'Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country,'—'Ah, neighbour,' she would answer, 'they are as Heaven made them—handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is, that handsome does.' And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first; but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features; at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fear to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribands has given her youngest sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

---

## CHAP. II.

FAMILY MISFORTUNES—THE LOSS OF FORTUNE ONLY SERVES  
TO INCREASE THE PRIDE OF THE WORTHY.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to about thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that, in a few years, it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield—a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained, with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second: to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy few. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not, like me, made it a subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the only wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience, till death; and, having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her

a large fortune; but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such a happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced, by experience, that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period: and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a-hunting. The hour between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner, my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country-dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce-ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till, at last, it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object—the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish, in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid showing it to my old friend, Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation: but, not till too late, I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but, on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large



It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox; I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. 'How!' cried I, 'relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be a husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity? You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument.'—'Your fortune,' returned my friend, 'I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account, till after the wedding: but now it may serve to moderate your wrath in the argument: for I suppose your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembeling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure.'—'Well,' returned I, 'if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, and induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment, and inform the company of my circumstances, and as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favour, nor will I allow him now to be a husband in any sense of the expression.'

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families, when I divulged the news of our misfortune; but what others felt was slight, to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined; one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence—too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

---

### CHAP. III.

**A MIGRATION—THE FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES OF OUR LIVES ARE GENERALLY FOUND AT LAST TO BE OF OUR OWN PROCURING.**

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone, would have been trifling: the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled, without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and, at last, a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well know that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. 'You cannot be ignorant, my children,' cried I, 'that no prudence of our's could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us to conform to our humble situation. Let us, then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek, in humble circumstances, that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why then should we not learn to live without their's? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness, if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortunes.'

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. 'You are going, my boy,' cried I, 'to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good Bishop Jewel, this staff; and take this book too, in will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million—"I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy, whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell.' As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten miles from home, filled us with apprehension, and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our further retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn, in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill the next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures; being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed, that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that there was scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. 'Want money!' replied the host, 'that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog stealing.' The hostess, however, still persisting in the first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern for the stranger, at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. 'I take it with all my heart, sir,' replied he, 'and am glad that a late oversight, in giving what money I had about me, has shown me that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible.' In

this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name, and late misfortune, but the place to which I was going to remove. 'This,' cried he, 'happens still more lucky than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two or three days by the floods, which, I hope, by to-morrow, will be found passable.' I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and children joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stop supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire, and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning, we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the footpath by the road-side, observing, with a smile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. 'That,' cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, 'belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town.'—'What!' cried I, 'is my young landlord, then, the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities, are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, yet whimsical, men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence.' 'Something, perhaps, too much so,' replied Mr. Burchell: 'at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young, for his passions were then strong, and as they all were upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar; was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that they were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this



gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit: his profusion began to impair his fortune, but not his good-nature; that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other seemed to decay; he grew improvident as he grew poor; and though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made upon him, instead of *money* he gave *promises*. They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependents, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet he wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But, in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and, that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learned to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect; the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation. Approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice; and advice, when rejected, produces their reproaches. He now, therefore, found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him were little estimable; he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found that—that—I forgot what I was going to observe; in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he travelled through Europe on foot, and now, though he has scarce attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more rational and moderate than before; but he still preserves the character of a humorist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues.'

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward, as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family; when turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of the rapid stream, thrown from her house, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must certainly have perished, had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to



receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey, my wife observing, as we went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as our's, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain, but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

---

#### CHAP. IV.

A PROOF THAT EVEN THE HUMBLEST FORTUNE MAY GRANT HAPPINESS, WHICH DEPENDS NOT ON CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT CONSTITUTION.

THE place of our retreat was a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love knots on Valentine-morning, eat pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their fine clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor; a feast was also provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my enclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were

nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well-scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments—one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third with two beds, for the rest of our children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner : by sun-rise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant; after we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and my daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and a pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the recipe nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad—Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a halfpenny on Sunday, to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all in my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribands, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of my congregation. They punc-

tually obeyed my directions: but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour, their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. 'Surely, my dear, you jest,' cried my wife, 'we can walk it perfectly well; we want no coach to carry us now.'—'You mistake, child,' returned I, 'we do want a coach: for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children of the parish will hoot after us.'—'Indeed,' replied my wife, 'I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him.'—'You may be as neat as you please,' interrupted I, 'and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children,' continued I more gravely, 'those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming to us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.'

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

---

## CHAP. V.

A NEW AND GREAT ACQUAINTANCE INTRODUCED—WHAT WE PLACE MOST HOPES UPON GENERALLY PROVES MOST FATAL.

At a small distance from the house, my predecessor had made a seat overshadowed by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here, too, we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it

diffused a new joy, the preparation for it being made with no small bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar: and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue-bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner, we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own peculiar pleasures: every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and, by its panting, it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprise, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman, of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopped short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless, superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was the owner of the estate that lay for some extent around us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family; and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother, so that, with a cheerful air, they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones



were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a courtesy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and taking a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at: my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket-holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening, he took leave: but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit; for she had known even stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither; nor why Mr. Simpkins got the ten thousand pounds' prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a blank. 'I protest, Charles,' cried my wife, 'this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in spirits. Tell me, Soph, my dear, what do you think of my new visitor? Don't you think he seemed good-natured?'—'Immensely so, indeed mamma,' replied she; 'I think he has a great deal to say about everything, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say.'—'Yes,' cried Olivia, 'he is well enough for a man; but, for my part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking.' These two last speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this, that Sophia internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him. 'Whatever may be your opinion of him, my children,' cried I, 'to confess a truth, he has not prepossessed me in his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to companions of our own rank. There is no character more contemptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be contemptible, too. Thus, at best, we shall be contemptible if his views are honourable; but if they be otherwise! I should shudder but to think of that! It is true, I have no apprehen-



sions from the conduct of my children, but I think there are some from his character.' I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour than anything I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.

---

## CHAP. VI.

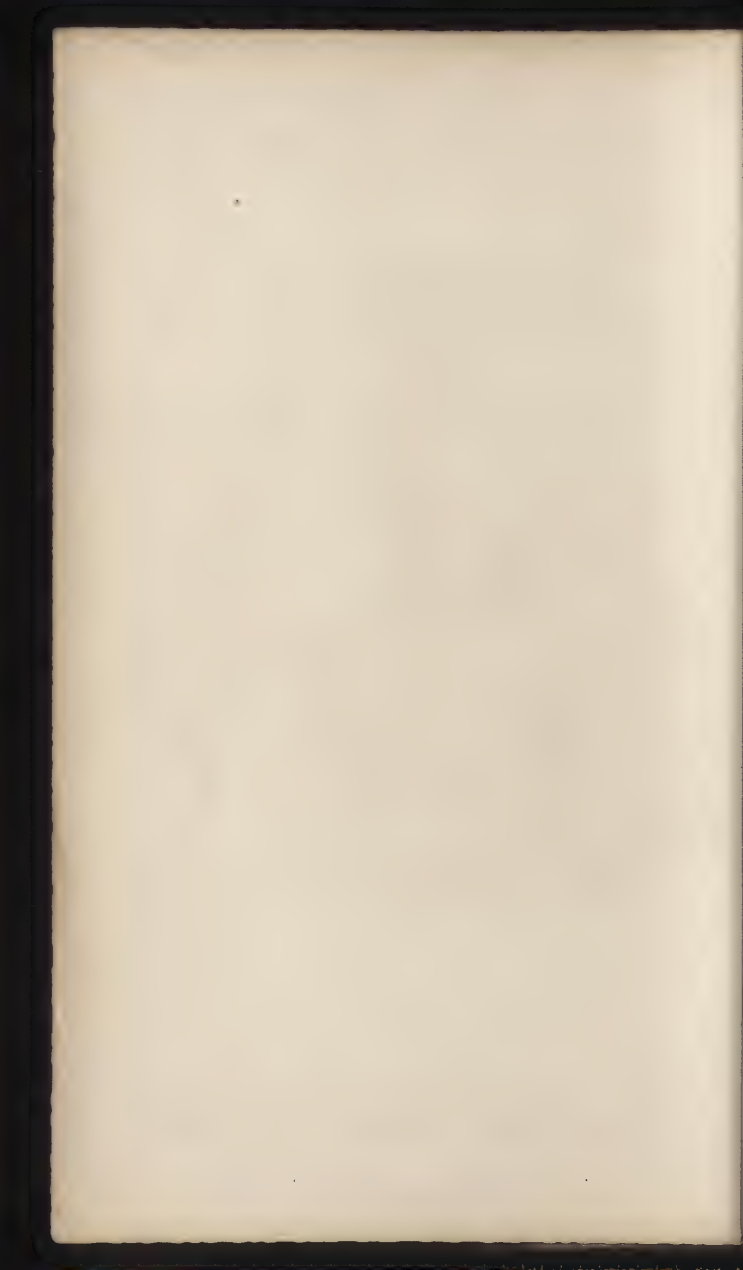
### THE HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY FIRE-SIDE.

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. 'I am sorry,' cried I, 'that we have no neighbour or stranger to take part in this good cheer; feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality.'—'Bless me!' cried my wife, 'here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument.'—'Confute me in argument, child!' cried I, 'you mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that: I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pie, and I beg you'll leave argument to me.' As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for two reasons: because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would, at intervals, talk with great good sense; but, in general, he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories; and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them—a piece of gingerbread, or a halfpenny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbour's hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry-wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the



For he wrought among us with vigour  
and either in the meadow or at the hayrick  
put himself foremost.



story of the Buck of Beverland, with the History of Patient Grizzle, the Adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's Bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose: but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next alehouse. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him. 'And I,' cried Bill, 'will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to their's.' 'Well done, my good children,' cried I, 'hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to his shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world, was He who came to save it: he never had a house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us. 'Deborah, my dear,' cried I, to my wife, 'give those boys a lump of sugar each; and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first.'

In the morning, early, I called out my whole family, to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly; we turned the swath to the wind; I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in aiding my daughter Sophia in her part of the task.—When he had finished his own, he would join in her's, and enter into a close conversation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited, as on the night before, but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. 'What a strong instance,' said I, 'is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance! He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature! where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command? Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander: their former raptures at his wit are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful.' Prompted, perhaps, by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. 'Whatever his former conduct may have been, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly: and I have heard my papa himself say, that we should never strike one unneces-

sary blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment.'—'You are right, Sophia,' cried my son Moses; 'and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rustic to flay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another; besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartments sufficiently lightsome. And, to confess the truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station; for I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to-day, when he conversed with you.' This was said without the least design: however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh; assuring him that she scarcely took any notice of what he said to her; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve: but I repressed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord next day, my wife went to make the venison-pasty; Moses sat reading while I taught the little ones: my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I, at first, supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me, in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that, instead of mending the complexion, they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair, by slow degrees, to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition; and it was too late to begin another.

---

## CHAP. VII.

A TOWN WIT DESCRIBED—THE DULLEST FELLOWS MAY LEARN  
TO BE COMICAL FOR A NIGHT OR TWO.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may be also conjectured, that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage on this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain, and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse: but my wife, in the



triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us, the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; for, one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed, with an oath, that he never knew anything more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty; 'for, strike me ugly,' continued he, 'if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's.' At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections. 'Come, tell us honestly, Frank,' said the squire, with his usual archness, 'suppose the church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the other, which would you be for?'—'For both, to be sure,' cried the chaplain.—'Right, Frank,' cried the squire: 'for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation; for what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture? and I can prove it.'—'I wish you would,' cried my son Moses, 'and I think,' continued he, 'that I should be able to answer you.'—'Very well, sir,' cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company to prepare us for the sport: 'if you are for a cool argument upon the subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically, or dialogically?'—'I am for managing it rationally,' cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. 'Good again,' cried the squire: 'and, firstly, of the first. I hope you you'll not deny that whatever is, is: if you don't grant me that, I can go no further.'—'Why,' returned Moses, 'I think I may grant that, and make the best of it.'—'I hope, too,' returned the other, 'you will grant that a part is less than the whole.'—'I grant that, too,' cried Moses: 'it is but just and reasonable.'—'I hope,' cried the squire, 'you will not deny, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones.'—'Nothing can be plainer,' returned t'other, and looked round him with his usual importance. 'Very well,' cried the squire, speaking very quick; 'the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which, in some measure, proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.'—'Hold, hold,' cried the other, 'I deny that. Do you

think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?'—  
'What!' replied the squire, as if in a passion, 'not submit! Answer me one plain question. Do you think Aristotle right, when he says, that relatives are related?'—'Undoubtedly,' replied the other.—'If so, then,' cried the squire, 'answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient *secundum quoad*, or *quoad minus*? and give me your reasons, I say, directly.'—'I protest,' cried Moses, 'I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one single proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer.'—'O, sir,' cried the squire, 'I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir, there, I protest, you are too hard for me.' This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him, therefore, a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who, by education, was taught to value an appearance in herself, and, consequently, to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visiter. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah, herself, seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory, as if it were her own. 'And now, my dear,' cried she to me, 'I'll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?'—'Ay, who knows that, indeed!' answered I, with a groan: 'for my part, I don't much like it: and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest than this fine gentleman, with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine.'

'Sure, father,' cried Moses, 'you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that allowing his

sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors than the governor of a city without walls, for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy.'

'True, my son,' cried I; 'but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable; and such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet, as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent, in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly.'

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument; she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were freethinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: 'And who knows, my dear,' continued she, 'what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and, to my knowledge, is very well skilled in controversy.'

'Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?' cried I. 'It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly overrate her merit.'—'Indeed, papa,' replied Olivia, 'she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the savage: and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship.'—'Very well,' cried I, 'that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie.'

## CHAP. VIII.

AN AMOUR, WHICH PROMISES LITTLE GOOD FORTUNE, YET  
MAY BE PRODUCTIVE OF MUCH.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true, his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought amongst us with vigour, and, either in the meadow or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say, that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would, in a jesting manner, call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribands, her's was the

finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and picked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echoe of tranquillity. 'I never sit thus,' says Sophia, 'but I think of the two lovers so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it a hundred times with new rapture.'—'In my opinion,' cried my son, 'the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the *Acis and Galatea* of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of *contrast* better, and upon that figure, artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic depends.'—'It is remarkable,' cried Mr. Burchell, 'that both the poets you mention have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithet. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects; and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without a plot or connexion; a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense. But, perhaps, madam, while I thus reprehend others, you'll think it just that I should give them an opportunity to retaliate; and indeed, I have made this remark only to have an opportunity of introducing to the company a ballad, which, whatever be its other defects, is, I think, at least free from those I have mentioned.'

#### A BALLAD.

'Turn gentle hermit of the dale,  
And guide my lonely way  
To where yon taper cheers the vale  
With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
With fainting steps and slow;  
Where wilds immeasurably spread  
Seem length'ning as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the Hermit cries,  
'To tempt the dangerous gloom;  
For yonder faithless phantom flies  
To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houseless child of want  
My door is open still;  
And though my portion is but scant,  
I give it with good will.

'Then turn to night, and freely share  
 Whate'er my cell bestows;  
 My rushy couch, and frugal fare,  
 My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free  
 To slaughter I condemn;  
 Taught by that Power that pities me,  
 I learn to pity them:

'But from the mountain's grassy side  
 A guiltless feast I bring;  
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,  
 And water from the spring.

'Then pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;  
 All earth-born cares are wrong:  
 Man wants but little here below,  
 Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,  
 His gentle accents fell:  
 The modest stranger lowly bends,  
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
 The lonely mansion lay;  
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,  
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
 Required a master's care;  
 The wicket opening with a latch,  
 Received the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire  
 To take their evening rest,  
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
 And cheer'd the pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,  
 And gaily press'd and smil'd;  
 And skill'd in legendary lore,  
 The ling'ring hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth  
 Its tricks the kitten tries:  
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth.  
 'The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
 To soothe the stranger's woe:  
 For grief was heavy at his heart,  
 And tears began to flow.



His rising cares the Hermit spied,  
With answering care oppress.  
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,  
'The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitations spurn'd,  
Reluctant dost thou rove?  
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings  
Are trifling, and decay:  
And those who prize the paltry things  
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep:  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest;  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,  
And spurn the sex,' he said:  
But while he spoke, a rising blush  
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,  
Swift mantling to the view,  
Like colours o'er the morning skies;  
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
Alternate spread alarms:  
The lovely stranger stands confest  
A maid, in all her charms!

And, 'Ah! forgive a stranger rude,  
A wretch forlorn,' she cried;  
'Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude  
Where heaven and you reside:

'But let a maid thy pity share,  
Whom love has taught to stray;  
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
Companion of her way.

'My father lived beside the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;  
He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms,  
 Unnumbered suitors came :  
 Who praised me for imputed charms,  
 And felt or feign'd a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd  
 With richest proffers strove :  
 Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,  
 But never talk'd of love.

In humble, simplest habit clad,  
 No wealth nor power had he ;  
 Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
 But these were all to me.

'The blossom opening to the day,  
 The dews of heav'n refined,  
 Could nought of purity display,  
 To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossom on the tree  
 With charms inconstant shine ;  
 Their charms were his, but, woe to me,  
 Their constancy was mine !

'For still I tried each fickle art,  
 Importunate and vain ;  
 And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
 I triumph'd in his pain :

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,  
 He left me to my pride,  
 And sought a solitude forlorn,  
 In secret where he died !

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
 And well my life shall pay ;  
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
 And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
 I'll lay me down and die ;  
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
 And so for him will I.—

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the Herm'it cried,  
 And clasp'd her to his breast.  
 The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,  
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest !

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,  
 My charmer, turn to see  
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
 Restored to love and thee !

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
And every care resign:  
And shall we never, never part,  
My life—my all that's mine?

'No, never from this hour to part,  
We'll live and love so true:  
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,  
Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon distributed by the report of a gun just by us; and, immediately after, a man was seen bursting through the hedge to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia, in the fright, had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He, therefore, sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper; observing that Sophy had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moon-light on the grass-plot before our door. 'Nor can I deny,' continued he, 'but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be honoured with Miss Sophia's hand as a partner.' To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honour. 'But here,' continued she, 'is a gentleman,' looking at Mr. Burchell, 'who has been my companion in the task for the day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements.' Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions, but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to a harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest, could thus prefer a man of broken fortunes to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgment of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

## CHAP. IX.

TWO LADIES OF GREAT DISTINCTION INTRODUCED.—SUPERIOR FINERY EVER SEEMS TO CONFER SUPERIOR BREEDING.

MR. BURCHELL had scarcely taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the squire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord with a couple of under-gentlemen, and two young ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was, therefore, despatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and, as we were in want of ladies to make up a set of country-dancers, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But an unlucky circumstance was not averted to: though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the roundabout to perfection, yet they were totally unacquainted with country-dances. This at first discomposed us; however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright; Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours, hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers, indeed, owned it was fine, but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that, by the *living jingo*, *she was all of a muck of sweat*. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation, at this time, was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the

shade: for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true, they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable). Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and whatever appeared amiss, was described to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that, had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both, adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing.—To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. 'And what pleasures,' cried Mr. Thornhill, 'do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow? As for my part,' continued he, 'my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasures, are my maxims; but curse me, if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be her's, and the only favour I would ask in return would be, to add myself to the benefit.' I was not such a stranger to the world, as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. 'Sir,' cried I, 'the family which you now condescend to favour with your company, has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you.—Any attempts to injure that may be attended with very dangerous consequences. Honour, sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful.' I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoke this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. 'As to your present hint,' continued he, 'I protest nothing was further from my heart than such a thought. No, by all that's tempting, the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste; for all my amours are carried by a *coup de main*.'

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue; in this, my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and of the sunshine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well



pleased, that my little ones were kept up beyond their usual time to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal; and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till, at length, the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters, for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties: the girls looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that, at last, I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal; for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers for the whole day ensuing.

---

## CHAP. X.

THE FAMILY ENDEAVOURS TO COPE WITH THEIR BETTERS—THE MISERIES OF THE POOR WHEN THEY ATTEMPT TO APPEAR ABOVE THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES.

I NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awakened that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new modelling their old gaiters, or flourishing upon cat-gut. The poor Miss Flamborough's, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation now fell upon high life and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gipsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sybil no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a-piece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being wise, and could not help gratifying their request because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of

them a shilling; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets; but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. 'Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a pennyworth?' 'I protest, papa,' said the girl, 'I believe she deals with somebody that's not right; for she positively declared, that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelvemonth!' 'Well now, Sophy, my child,' said I, 'and what sort of a husband are you to have?' 'Sir,' replied she, 'I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire.' 'How,' cried I, 'is that all you are to have for your two shillings? Only a lord and a squire for two shillings!—You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money.'

This curiosity of theirs however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves destined by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite: in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted that the squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding; at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens: they felt strange kisses on their lips: they saw rings in the candles; purses bounced from the fire; and true-love knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week, we received a card from the town ladies: in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening, they began their operation in a very regular manner, and

my wife undertook to conduct the seige. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus: 'I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to morrow.' 'Perhaps, we may, my dear,' returned I; 'though you need be under no uneasiness about that—you shall have a sermon whether there be or not.' 'That is what I expect,' returned she; 'but I think my dear, we ought to appear as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?' 'Your precautions,' cried I, 'are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance at church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene.' 'Yes,' cried she, 'I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible, not altogether like the scrubs about us.'—'You are quite right, my dear,' returned I; 'and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins.' 'Phoo, Charles,' interrupted she, 'all that is very true; but not what I would be at. I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock-race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this—there are our two plough-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past; they are both grown fat and lazy; why should they not do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure.'

To this proposal I objected,—that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but, as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as was expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two, and when got about half way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church—my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters on the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon

found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it in his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

---

## CHAP. XI.

### THE FAMILY STILL RESOLVE TO HOLD UP THEIR HEADS.

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine; and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before; however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blindman's buff. My wife, too, was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot-cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and, last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primæval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company in this play, plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was



hemmed in and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion, who should enter the room, but our great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe, this new mortification.—Death! to be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been to our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way:—'We were thrown from our horses.' At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

'All that I know of the matter,' cried Miss Skeggs, 'is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true: but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his lordship turned all manner of colours, my lady fell into a swoon; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was her's to the last drop of his blood.'

'Well,' replied our peeress, 'this I can say, that the duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend on as a fact, that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters.'

But, previously, I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out Fudge! an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the risin<sup>g</sup> spirit of the conversation.



'Besides, my dear Skeggs,' continued our peeress, 'there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion.' Fudge!

'I am surprised at that,' cried Miss Skeggs; 'for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your ladyship favour me with a sight of them?' Fudge!

'My dear creature,' replied our peeress, 'do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least, I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces: for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover-square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life amongst them.' Fudge!

'Your ladyship should except,' says t'other, 'your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?' Fudge!

'Why, my dear,' says the lady, 'you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find; and to be sure, thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one.' Fudge!

'That I know,' cried Miss Skeggs, 'by experience; for of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain-work an hour in the day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price: but where is that to be found?' Fudge!

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse, but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty-pounds and twenty-five guineas a year, made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money; all which was in a manner going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own the truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. 'I hope,' cried she, 'your ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours, but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say, my two girls

have had a pretty good education and capacity; at least, the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up small clothes and work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards.' Fudge!

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, 'that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: but a thing of this kind, madam,' cried she, addressing my spouse, 'requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam,' continued she, 'that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion: but there is a form in these things, madam; there is a form.' Fudge!

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious herself: but referred her to all the neighbours for a character: but this our peeress declined, as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested our petition.

---

## CHAP. XII.

FORTUNE SEEMS RESOLVED TO HUMBLE THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD—MORTIFICATIONS ARE OFTEN MORE PAINFUL THAN REAL CALAMITIES.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: 'Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it.'—'Pretty well,' cried I, not knowing what to say.—'What, only pretty well?' returned she: 'I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of

taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day: and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be. *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly: so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they come to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there? — 'Ay,' returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; 'Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!' This was one of those observations I made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled: but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and which indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till, at last, it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. 'No, my dear,' said she, 'our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy or sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.'

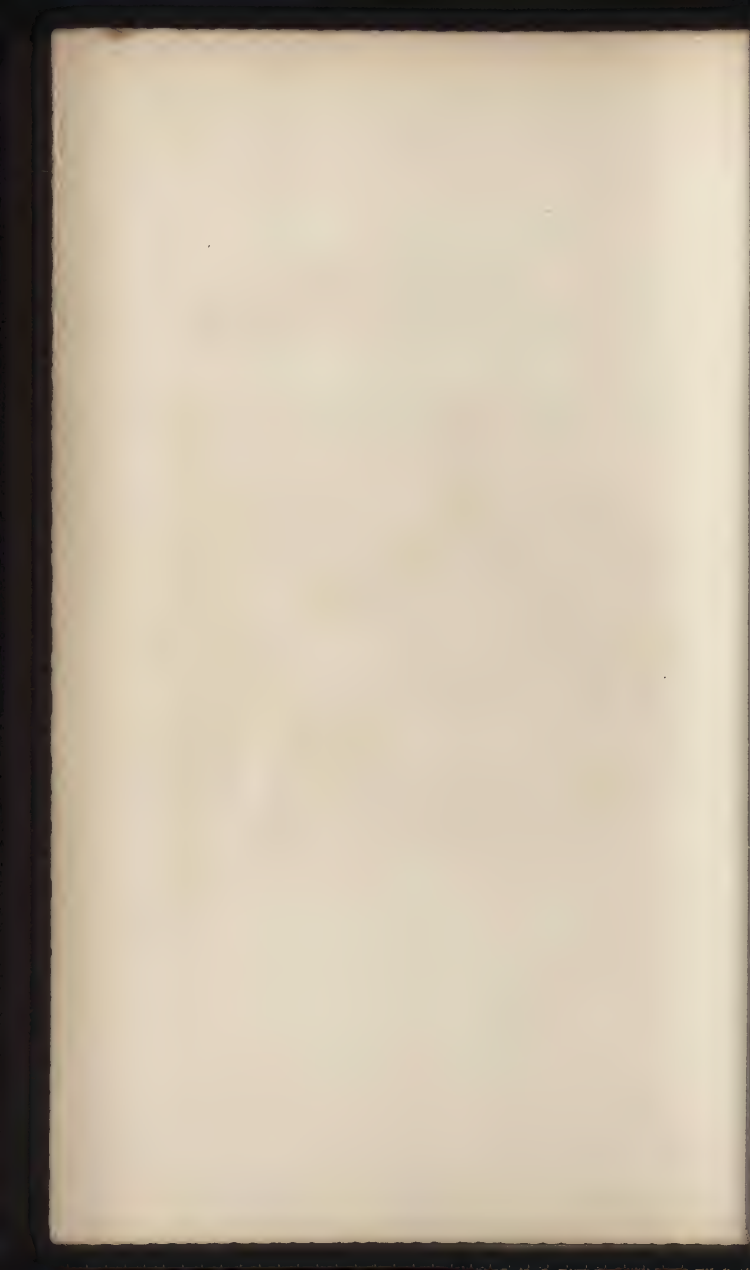
As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission: and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had, at last, the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, 'Good luck! good luck!' till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my



Moses going to the Fair.





daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. 'Ay,' cried my wife, 'I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep.'—To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger seven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. 'I never doubted, sir,' cried she, 'your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves.'—'Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam,' replied he 'is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should, in conscience, give it to those that will.' As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall. 'Never mind our son,' cried my wife; 'depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that make will split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back.'

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. 'Welcome! welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?'—'I have brought you myself,' cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. 'Ah, Moses,' cried my wife, 'that we know, but where is the horse?'—'I have sold him,' cried Moses, 'for three pounds five shillings and two-pence.'—'Well done my

good boy,' returned she; 'I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is no bad day's work. Come let us have it then.'—'I have brought back no money,' cried Moses again, 'I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,' pulling out a bundle from his breast; here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.'—'A gross of green spectacles!' repeated my wife, in a faint voice. 'And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!'—'Dear mother,' cried the boy, 'why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.'—'A fig for the silver rims!' cried my wife, in a passion:—'I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.' 'You need be under no uneasiness,' cried I, 'about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper, varnished over.'—'What,' cried my wife, 'not silver! the rims not silver!'—'No,' cried I, 'no more silver than your saucepan.'—'And so,' returned she, 'we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!'—'There, my dear,' cried I, 'you are wrong; he should not have known them at all.'—'Marry, hang the idiot!' returned she, 'to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them in the fire.'—'There again you are wrong, my dear,' cried I; 'for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.'

By this time, the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. 'Here,' continued Moses, 'we met another man very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for the third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.'

---

## CHAP. XIII.

MR. BURCHELL IS FOUND TO BE AN ENEMY; FOR HE HAS  
THE CONFIDENCE TO GIVE DISAGREEABLE ADVICE.

OUR family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. 'You see, my children,' cried I, 'how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they allow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side; the rich having the pleasure, the poor the inconveniences, that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, repeat the fable you were reading to-day, for the good of the company.'

'Once upon a time,' cried the child, 'a giant and a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they never would forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woeful plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all that, struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the giant was soon up with them, and, had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved, fell in love with the giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The giant, for the first time, was foremost now; but the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him: but the dwarf had liked to have been killed more than once. At last, the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, 'My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.—

'No,' cries the dwarf, who by this time was grown wiser, no; I declare off; I'll fight no more, for I find, in every battle, that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.'

I was going to moralise upon this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughter's intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their secret reasons for what they advised; but for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future.—'Madam,' cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, 'as for secret reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret; but I find my visits here are become troublesome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country.' Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: 'How, woman,' cried I to her, 'is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most displeasing, that ever escaped your lips!'—'Why would he provoke me, then?' replied she; 'but I know his motives perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he.'—'Low-lived, my dear, do you call him?' cried I; 'it is possible we may mistake this man's character; for he seems, upon some occasions, the most finished gentleman I ever knew. Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?'—'His conversation with me, sir,' replied my daughter, 'has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to aught else; no, never. Once, indeed, I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor.'—'Such, my dear,' cried I, 'is the common cant of all



the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who had been so very bad an economist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice.'

What Sophia's reflections were, upon this occasion, I cannot pretend to determine: but I was not displeased at the bottom, that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little; but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

---

#### CHAP. XIV.

##### FRESH MORTIFICATIONS, OR A DEMONSTRATION THAT SEEMING CALAMITIES MAY BE REAL BLESSINGS.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us, by letter, of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated, therefore, in full council, what were the easiest methods of raising money; or, more properly speaking, what we could conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished: it was found that our remaining horse was useless for the plough, without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye: it was therefore determined, that we should dispose of him, for the purpose above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair; and to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt of acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps, and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my



horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last, a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the bots; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair, with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time, I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for although I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption that they were right; and St. Gregory upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman and old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to the public house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation: my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off, by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. 'Make no apologies, my child,' said the old man: 'to do good is a duty we owe to our fellow-creatures: take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome.' The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was in any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. 'Sir,' cried I, 'the applause of so good a man as I am sure you

are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say successfully, fought against the deutero-gamy of the age.' 'Sir,' cried the stranger, struck with awe, 'I fear I have been too familiar; but you'll forgive my curiosity, sir: I beg pardon.' 'Sir,' cried I, grasping his hand, 'you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you will accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem.' 'Then, with gratitude I accept the offer,' cried he, squeezing me by the hand, 'thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy: and do I behold—' I here interrupted what he was going to say: for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects; at first, I thought him rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines, as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much. 'Ay, sir,' replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment, 'Ay, sir, the world is in a dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words: *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser, Asser being a Syriac word, usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglath Prael-Asser; Nabon-Asser—he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we usually say *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate—But, sir, I ask pardon—I am straying from the question.' That he actually was; nor could I, for my life, see how the creation of the world had anything to do with the business I was talking of! but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now revered him the more. I was resolved, therefore, to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us to the fair; mine I told him, was to sell a horse, and very luckily

indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty-pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. 'Here Abraham,' cried he, 'go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbour Jackson's or anywhere.' While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flam-borough in my part of the country: upon replying that he was my next door neighbour, 'If that be the case, then,' returned he, 'I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him payable at sight; and let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg further than I.' A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability: the draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Black-berry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse:—but this was now too late; I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him; he read it twice over. 'You can read the name, I suppose,' cried I, 'Ephraim Jenkinson.' 'Yes,' returned he, 'the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? and did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, cosmogony, and the world?' To this I replied with a groan.—'Ay,' continued he, 'he had but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it wherever he finds a scholar in company; but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet.'

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No

truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were set out that day for London. He could neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these; but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most, was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as our's—too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

---

## CHAP. XV.

### ALL MR. BURCHELL'S VILLANY AT ONCE DETECTED—THE FOLLY OF BEING OVER-WISE.

THAT evening, and part of the following day, was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies; scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinions best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen: and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention was a sealed note, superscribed, 'The copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill Castle.' It instantly occurred, that he was the base informer: and we deliberated whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family; and at their joint solicitations, I read as follows:—

'Ladies,

'The bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and read



to prevent its being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intention of bringing two ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor could I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take, therefore, the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats, where peace and innocence have hitherto resided.'

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarcely patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner, we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us, that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude, yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose, we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach; he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. 'A fine day, Mr. Burchell.'—'A very fine day, doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain, by the shooting of my corns.' 'The shooting of your horns,' cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. 'Dear madam,' replied he, 'I pardon you with all my heart; for I protest I should not have thought it a joke, had you not told me.'—'Perhaps not, sir,' cried my wife, winking at us; 'and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce.'—'I fancy, madam,' returned Burchell, 'you have been reading a jest-book this morning; that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit: and yet, madam, I



had rather see half an ounce of understanding.'—'I believe you might,' cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her. 'And yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding, that have very little.'—'And no doubt,' replied her antagonist, 'you have known ladies set up for wit that had none.' I quickly began to find, that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. 'Both wit and understanding,' cried I, 'are trifles without integrity: it is that which gives value to every character; the ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without a heart?'

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

'I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope,' returned Mr. Burchell, 'as very unworthy a man of genius, and a base description of his own superiority. As the reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties; so should that of men be prized, not from their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar may want prudence: the statesman may have pride, and the champion ferocity; but shall we prefer to these the low mechanic, who laboriously plods on through life without censure or applause? We might as well prefer the tame, correct paintings of the Flemish school, to the erroneous, but sublime animations of the Roman pencil.'

'Sir,' replied I, 'your present observation is just, where there are shining virtues and minute defects; but when it appears that great vices are opposed in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a character deserves contempt.'

'Perhaps,' cried he, 'there may be some such monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to great virtues; yet, in my progress through life, I never yet found one instance of their existence; on the contrary, I have ever perceived, that where the mind was capacious, the affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals; the little vermin race are even treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; whilst those endowed with strength and power are generous, brave, and gentle.'

'These observations sound well,' returned I, 'and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man,' and I fixed my eye stedfastly upon him, 'whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay, sir,' continued I, raising my voice, 'and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, sir—this pocket-book?' 'Yes, sir,' returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance; 'that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it.' 'And do you know,' cried I, 'this letter? Nay,

never falter, man: but look me full in the face: I say, do you know this letter?' 'That letter,' replied he; 'yes, it was I that wrote that letter.'—'And how could you,' said I, 'so basely, so ungratefully, presume to write this letter?'—'And how came you,' replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, 'so basely to presume to break open this letter? Don't you know, now, I could hang you all for this? All that I have to do, is to swear at the next justice's that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang you all up at this door.' This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch that I could scarce govern my passion. 'Ungrateful wretch! be gone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness. Be gone! and never let me see thee again: go from my door, and the only punishment I wish thee is an alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tormentor!' So saying, I threw him his pocket book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps, with the utmost composure, left us quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him ashamed of his villanies. 'My dear,' cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, 'we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected at doing good, but glory in their vices.'

'Guilt and Shame (says the allegory) were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both: Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After long disagreement therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt walked boldly forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind. Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining.'

---

## CHAP. XVI.

### THE FAMILY USE ART, WHICH IS OPPOSED BY STILL GREATER.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence, by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in pro-

curing my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet; or, sometimes, in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned, that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry-wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it: and his slowness was sometimes attributed to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt, that he designed to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters, happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and our's had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and, notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, (for what could I do?) our next deliberation was, to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family-piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame

would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green Joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a Shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing: and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather.

Our taste so much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance, which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large, that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had all been greatly remiss. This picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvass was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long boat, too large to be removed: another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The squire's portrait being found united with our's, was an honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expense, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by our enemies.—These reports were always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him,



by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could overhear the whole conversation: my wife artfully introduced it by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands: 'But Heaven help,' continued she, 'the girls who have none! What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies virtue and all the qualifications in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not, What is she, but What has she? is all the cry.'

'Madam,' returned he, 'I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty, of your remarks: and, if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times for the girls without fortunes; our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide.'

'Ah! sir,' returned my wife, 'you are pleased to be facetious: but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where my eldest daughter should look for a husband; but now that you have put it into my head, seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her: she is now nineteen years old, well grown, and well educated; and, in my humble opinion, does not want for parts.'

'Madam,' replied he, 'if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy, one with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity: such, madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband.'—'Ah, sir,' said she, 'but do you know of any such person?'—'No, madam,' returned he, 'it is impossible to know any person that deserves to be her husband: she's too great a treasure for one man's possession: she's a goddess. Upon my soul, I speak what I think, she is an angel.'—'Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl: but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of our tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager; you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams, a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread; and who has several times made her proposals' (which was actually the case). 'But, sir,' concluded she, 'I should be very glad to have your



approbation of our choice,'—'How, madam!' replied he, 'my approbation! My approbation of such a choice? Never. What? sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons.—' 'Indeed, sir!' cried Deborah, 'if you have your reasons, that's another affair; but I should be glad to know those reasons.'—'Excuse me, madam,' returned he, 'they lie too deep for discovery,' (laying his hand upon his bosom,) 'they remain buried, riveted here.'

After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

---

## CHAP. XVII.

SCARCELY ANY VIRTUE FOUND TO RESIST THE POWER OF  
LONG AND PLEASING TEMPTATION.

As I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that, in an evening or two, he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger: but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquette to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and, with a pensive air, took leave; though I own it puzzled me to find him in so much pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was much greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after

she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gaiety. 'You now see, my child,' said I, 'that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was a dream; he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration.'—'Yes, papa,' returned she, 'but he has his reasons for this delay; I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than your's.'—'Olivia, my darling,' returned I, 'every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration has been proposed and planned by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation, shall be granted; but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me; and my tenderness as a parent shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name, then, your day; let it be as distant as you think proper, and in the mean time, take care to let Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you for ever.' This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other's insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety; but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous, but not more open. On the third he discontinued his visits entirely; and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring happiness to ostention.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future; busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at what-

ever folly came uppermost. 'Well Moses,' cried I, 'we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family; what is your opinion of matters, and things, in general?'—'My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to Farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cider press and brewing-tubs for nothing.'—'That we shall, Moses,' cried I, 'and he will sing us *Death and the Lady*, to raise our spirits, into the bargain.'—'He has taught that song to our Dick,' cried Moses: 'and I think he goes through it very prettily.'—'Does he so?' cried I, 'then let us have it: where is little Dick? let him up with it boldly.'—'My brother Dick,' cried Bill, my youngest, 'is just gone out with sister Livy: but Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I'll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you chose—*The Dying Swan*, or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*?'—'The elegy, child, by all means,' said I; 'I never heard that yet,—and Deborah, my life, grief, you know, is dry; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry-wine, to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that, without an enlivening glass, I am sure this will overcome me. And Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little.'

### AN ELEGY

#### ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song;  
And if you find it wondrous short,  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran,  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes:  
The naked every day he clad,  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found;  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain some private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man!

Around from all the neighb'ring streets  
 The wond'ring neighbours ran;  
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
 To bite so good a man.

Th' wound it seem'd both sore and sad  
 To every Christian eye;  
 And while they swore the dog was mad,  
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
 That show'd the rogues they lied;  
 The man recover'd of the bite,  
 The dog it was that died.

'A very good boy, Bill, upon my word; and an elegy that may truly be called tragical—Come, my children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day be a bishop!'

'With all my heart,' cried my wife; 'and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family, by the mother's side, could sing a good song; it was a common saying, in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them; nor the Hugginsons blow out a candle; that there were none of the Grogams but could sing a song, or of the Majorams but could tell a story.'—  
 'However that be,' cried I, 'the most vulgar ballad of all, generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify us in a single stanza; productions that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass to your brother, Moses. The great fault of these elegiasts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster.'

'That may be the mode,' cried Moses, 'in sublimer compositions; but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould; Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she present him with a nosegay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can.'

'And very good advice, too,' cried I; 'and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there: for, as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife: and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting.'

'Yes, sir,' returned Moses; 'and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe—Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a year, but our English wives are saleable every night.'

'You are right, my boy,' cried his mother, 'Old England is

the only place in the world for husbands to get wives.'—'And for wives to manage their husbands,' interrupted I. 'It is a proverb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the continent would come over to take pattern from our's; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life, and Moses give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to Heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fire-side, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old; but the evening of our life is likely to happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live, they will be our support and our pleasure here; and when we die, they will transmit our honour untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song; let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia? That little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert.' Just as I spoke, Dick came running in—'O papa, papa, she is gone from us—she is gone from us; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!'—'Gone, child!'—'Yes: she has gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise—one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her; and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise and said, "Oh! what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone?"'—'Now then,' cried I, 'my children, go and be miserable: for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And O, may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his! Thus to rob me of my child!—And sure it will—for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to heaven! Such sincerity as my child was posset of! Go, my children, go and be miserable and infamous; for my heart is broken within me!'—'Father,' cried my son, 'is this your fortitude?'—'Fortitude, child! Yes, he shall see I have fortitude—bring me my pistols—I'll pursue the traitor—while he is on earth, I'll pursue him!—Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet—the villain—the perfidious villain!' I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. 'My dearest, dearest husband,' cried she, 'the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us.'—'Indeed, sir,' resumed my son, after a pause, 'your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill-suited you and your reverend character, thus to curse your greatest enemy;—you should not have cursed him, villain as he is.'—'I did not curse him, child, did I?'—'Indeed, sir, you did; you cursed him twice.'—'Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did. And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies!—Blessed



be his holy name for all the good he has given, and for all that he hath taken away. But it is not—it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child—to undo my darling! May confusion seize—Heaven forgive me; what am I about to say? You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming; till this vile moment, all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died—But she is gone; the honour of our family is contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here. But, my child, you saw them go off; perhaps he forced her away. If he forced her, she may yet be innocent.—‘Ah, no, sir,’ cried the child; ‘he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove very fast.’—‘She’s an ungrateful creature,’ cried my wife, who could scarce speak for weeping, ‘to use us thus; she never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation—thus to bring your grey hairs to the grave, and I must shortly follow.’

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortune, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill-suppressed sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. ‘Never,’ cried she, ‘shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No! let the strumpet live with her vile seducer:—she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us.’

‘Wife,’ said I, ‘do not talk thus hardly; my detestation of her guilt is as great as your’s; but even shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning penitent sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time, the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity: but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice, again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there. My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff; I will pursue her, wherever she is; and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of her iniquity.’

## CHAP. XVIII.

## THE PURSUIT OF A FATHER TO RECLAIM A LOST CHILD TO VIRTUE.

THOUGH the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if I could, to bring back my daughter; but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom, by the description, I could only guess to be Mr Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me; I therefore went to the young squire's, and though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately; he soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who, I recollected, had of late several private conferences with her; but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villany, who averred that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and enquired of several by the way; but received no accounts, till entering the town I was met a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the squire's, and he assured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles further, I might depend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly engaged in one pursuit, that of pleasure; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue; I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more.

I now reflected, that it would be to no purpose to continue

my pursuit further: and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, I retired to a little alehouse, by the roadside; and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks, but, at last, my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expences of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend: but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age: and from him I borrowed a few pieces to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home, by easy journeys of ten miles a-day.

My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear, till he tries them: as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we arise shows us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake: but when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit.

The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company; as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. 'Good company upon the road,' says the proverb, 'is the shortest cut.' I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I descanted on such topics with my usual

freedom; but as I was but little acquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who were the Drydens and Otways of the day? 'I fancy, sir,' cried the player, 'few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured by being compared to the writers you mention. Dryden's and Rowe's manner, sir, are quite out of fashion: our taste has gone back a whole century; Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakspeare, are the only things that go down.'—'How!' cried I, 'is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obselete humour, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention?'—'Sir,' returned my companion, 'the public think nothing about dialect, or humour, or character; for that is none of their business; they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Jonson's or Shakspeare's name.'—'So, then, I suppose,' cried I, 'that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakspeare than nature.'—'To say the truth,' returned my companion, 'I don't know that they imitate any thing at all; nor indeed does the public require it of them; it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced, that elicits applause. I have known a piece with not one jest in the whole shrugged into popularity, and another saved by the poet's throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste; our modern dialect is much more natural.'

By this time, the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprised of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us; for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first alehouse that offered, and, being shown into the common room, was accosted by a very well-dressed gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play? Upon my informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down in my mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when, upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house: with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

---



## CHAP. XIX.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A PERSON DISCONTENTED WITH THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT, AND APPREHENSIVE OF THE LOSS OF OUR LIBERTIES.

THE house where we were to be entertained lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that, as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shown was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies in an easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor; to which replying in the negative, 'What, nor the Auditor, I suppose?' cried he. 'Neither, sir,' returned I. 'That's strange, very strange,' replied my entertainer. 'Now, I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen Magazines, and the two Reviews; and though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, sir, liberty is the Briton's boast, and by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I reverence its guardians.'— 'Then it is to be hoped,' cried I, 'you reverence the king.'— 'Yes,' returned my entertainer, 'when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I'll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think only I could have directed some things better. I don't think there has been a sufficient number of advisers; he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another guess manner.'

'I wish,' cried I, 'that such intruding advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of honest men to assist the weaker side of our constitution, that sacred power that has for some years been every day declining, and losing its due share of influence in the state. But these ignorants still continue the cry of liberty, and if they have any weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale.'

'How!' cried one of the ladies, 'do I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons?'



'Can it be possible,' cried our entertainer, 'that there should be any found, at present, advocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons! Can any, sir, be so abject?'

'No, sir,' replied I, 'I am for liberty, that attribute of Gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings. I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne; we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who are called levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But, alas! it would never answer: for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning than others, and these became masters of the rest; for as sure as your groom rides your horses, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since, then, it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command, and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or still farther off, in the metropolis. Now, sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me, the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind, also, are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants. Now the great, who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because, whatever they take from that is naturally restored to themselves: and all they have to do in the state, is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primeval authority. Now the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire in carrying on this business of undermining monarchy. For, in the first place, if the circumstances of our state be such, as to favour the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still more rich, this will increase their ambition. An accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be the consequence, when, as at present, more riches flow in from external commerce than arise from internal industry; for external commerce can only be managed to advantage by the rich, and they have also, at the same time, all the emoluments arising from internal industry; so that the rich, with us, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. For this reason, wealth in all commercial states is found to accumulate; and all such have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Again, the very laws also of the country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth; as when, by their means, the natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken;

and it is ordained, that the rich shall only marry with the rich ; or when the learned are held unqualified to serve their country as counsellors, merely from a defect of opulence ; and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition : by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. Now the possessor of accumulated wealth, when furnished with the necessaries and pleasures of life, has no other method to employ the superfluity of his fortune, but in purchasing power ; that is, differently speaking, in making dependants, by purchasing the liberty of the needy, or the venal, of men who are willing to bear the mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each very opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of the very poorest of the people, and the polity abounding in accumulated wealth may be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing to move in a great man's vortex are only such as must be slaves, the rabble of mankind, whose souls and whose education are adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a large number of the people without the sphere of the opulent man's influence, namely, that order of men which subsists between the very rich, and the very rabble ; those men who are possessed of too large fortunes to submit to the neighbouring man in power, and yet are too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle order of mankind, are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called the people. Now it may happen that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble ; for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs, be ten miles less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is evident, that great numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system, and they, ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state therefore, all that the middle order has left, is to preserve the prerogative and privileges of the one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection. For he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared to a town, of which the opulent are forming the siege, and of which the governor from without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers are in dread of an enemy over them, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms ; to flatter them with sounds, and amuse them with privileges ; but if they once defeat the governor from behind, the walls of the town will be but a small defence to its inhabitants. What they may then expect may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then for, and would

die for, monarchy, sacred monarchy; for if there be any thing sacred amongst men, it must be the anointed sovereign of his people; and every diminution of his power, in war or peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of the subject. The sounds of liberty, patriotism, and Britons, have already done much; it is to be hoped, that the true sons of freedom will prevent their ever doing more. I have known many of these pretended champions for liberty in my time, yet I do not remember one that was not in his heart and in his family a tyrant.'

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good-breeding: but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer. 'What! cried he, then I have been all this while entertaining a jesuit in parson's clothes? but by all the coal mines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name be Wilkinson.'—I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken. 'Pardon!' returned he, in a fury; 'I think such principles demand ten thousand pardons. What! give up liberty, property, and, as the *Gazetteer* says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes! Sir, I insist upon your marching out of this house immediately, to prevent worse consequences. Sir, I insist upon it.' I was going to repeat my remonstrances; but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, 'As sure as death, there is our master and mistress come home!' It seems my entertainer was, all this while, only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do.—But nothing could now exceed my confusion, upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter; nor was their surprise, at finding such company and good cheer, less than our's. 'Gentlemen,' cried the real master of the house, to me and my companion, 'my wife and I are your most humble servants; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation.' However unexpected our company might be to them, their's, I am sure, was still more to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when, whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related! As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. 'My dear sir,' cried she, 'to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have got the good Doctor Primrose for their guest.' Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with the most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling on being informed of the nature of my present visit; but the unfortunate butler, whom they at

first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days; and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shown to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early, Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she inquired, with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. 'Alas! madam,' cried I, 'he has now been near three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is, I know not: perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more. No, my dear madam, we shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fireside at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want, but infamy, upon us.' The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but, as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several offers that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and, at the same time, catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening: the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praise of the new performer, and averred that he never saw any one who bid so fair for excellence.—Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day: 'But this gentleman,' continued he, 'seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally, in our journey down.' This account in some measure excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last; and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son! He was going to begin; when turning his eyes upon the audience,



he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immovable.

The actors behind the scenes, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him, but, instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion, for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description: but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot; who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach and an invitation for him; and, as he persisted in his refusal to appear again on the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport, for I could never counterfeit a false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of irresistible beauty; and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

---

## CHAP. XX.

### THE HISTORY OF A PHILOSOPHIC VAGABOND, PURSUING NOVELTY, BUT LOSING CONTENT.

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth which he could boast of. 'Why, ay, my son,' cried I, 'you left me but poor; and poor, I find, you are come back: and yet, I make no doubt, you have seen a great deal of the world.'—'Yes, sir,' replied my son; 'but travelling after fortune is not the way to secure her: and, indeed, of late, I have desisted from the pursuit.'—'I fancy, sir,' cried Mrs. Arnold, 'that the account of your adventures would be amusing: the first part of them I have often heard from my niece; but could the company prevail for the rest, it



would be an additional obligation.'—'Madam,' replied my son, 'I promise you the pleasure you have in hearing will not be half so great as my vanity in repeating them; and yet, in the whole narrative, I can scarcely promise you one adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw than what I did. The first misfortune of my life, which you all knew, was great; but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her at another; and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress, me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road; and comforted myself with reflecting, that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

'Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true Sardonian grin. "Ay," cried he, "this is, indeed, a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher to a boarding-school myself: and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under turnkey in Newgate! I was up early and late: I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?"—No.—"Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?"—No.—"Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?"—No.—"Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?"—No.—"Then you will never do for a school. "Have you got a good stomach?"—Yes.—"Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir: if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet come," continued he, "I see you are a lad of some spirit and some learning; what do you think of commencing author like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present, I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised: men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them."

'Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and, having the highest respect for literature, hailed the Antiqua

Mater of Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this religion as the parent of excellence; and, however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius. Big with these reflections, I sat down, and, finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things, that, at a distance, looked every bit as well. Witness, you powers, what fancied importance sat perched upon my quill while I was writing! The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine, I sat self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer.'

'Well said, my boy,' cried I; 'and what subject did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over the importance of monogamy. But I interrupt: go on. You published your paradoxes; well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?'

'Sir,' replied my son, 'the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and, unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruelest mortification—neglect.'

'As I was meditating one day, in a coffee-house, on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me; and, after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply, that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse—"I see," cried he, "you are unacquainted with the town. I'll teach you a part of it—Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee; if they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus," continued he, "I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But, between ourselves, I am now too well known; I should be glad to borrow your face a bit; a nobleman of distinction has just returned from

Italy, my face is familiar to his porter; but, if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.”

‘Bless us, George,’ cried I, ‘and is this the employment of poets now? Do men of their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary? Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread?’

‘O no, sir,’ returned he; ‘a true poet can never be so base; for, wherever there is genius, there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so is he equally a coward to contempt; and none but those who are unworthy protection, condescend to solicit it.’

‘Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to insure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence, which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would, therefore, come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautus, Philaethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster, than I.’

‘Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised, each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer’s attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.’

‘In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James’s Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who, had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation—he almost ashamed of being made known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow.’

‘What did you say, George?’ interrupted I.—‘Thornhill! was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord.’—‘Bless me!’ cried Mrs. Arnold, ‘is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour of your’s? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly.’

'My friend's first care,' continued my son, 'was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes, and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when he had a mind for a frolic. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the corkscrew; to stand godfather to all the butler's children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble; and, if I could, to be very happy.

'In this honourable post, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from several for his stupidity, yet he found many of them, who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable: but it came awkward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so every hour, being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it.—Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him with a gentleman, whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with this request, and though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet as it was a debt indispensably due to his friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my friend was to leave the town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me but by recommending me to his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his recommendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with hospitable smiles, for the looks of the domestics ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shown into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and after pausing some minutes—"Pray, sir," cried he, "inform me what you have done for my kinsman, to deserve this warm recommendation? But I suppose, sir, I guess your merits; you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me for being the instrument



of his vices. I wish, sincerely wish, that my present refusal may be some punishment for your guilt; but still more, that it may be some inducement to your repentance." The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shown into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval, I had full time to look around me. Every thing was grand and of happy contrivance; the paintings, the furniture, the gildings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah! thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom; sure his genius must be unfathomable! During these awful reflections, I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself! No, it was only a chamber-maid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be he! No, it was only the great man's valet-de-chambre. At last, his lordship actually made his appearance. "Are you," cried he, "the bearer of this here letter?" I answered with a bow. "I learn this," continued he, "as how that—" But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card; and without taking further notice, he went out of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door. Down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of three or four more, who came, like me, to petition for favours. His lordship, however, went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot-door with large strides, when I hallooed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was by this time got in, and muttered an answer, half of which I only heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot-wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening to catch the glorious sounds, till looking round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate.

'My patience,' continued my son, 'was now quite exhausted. Stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulph to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that Nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half-a-guinea left, and of that I thought Fortune herself should not deprive me: but, in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispo's office seemed invitingly open to give me



a welcome reception. In this office, Mr. Crispe kindly offers all his Majesty's subjects a generous promise of £30 a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with Fortune wreaked her injuries on their own hearts: but Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who, for a month past, talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for everything in the world. He paused awhile upon the properest means of providing for me, and slapping his forehead, as if he had found it, assured me that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he.

‘As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was on the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper’s promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. “But,” continued he, “I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam; what if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I warrant you’ll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English,” added he, “by this time, or the deuce is in it.” I confidently assured him of that; but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed, with an oath, that they were fond of it to distraction: and upon that affirmation I agreed to his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, and our voyage short, and after having paid my passage with half my moveables, I found myself fallen as from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation, I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most

promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection, is to me amazing; but certain it is, I overlooked it.

'This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again; but dropping into company with an Irish student, who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turning upon topics of literature, (for by the way, it may be observed, that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects:) from him I learned, that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me; I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek; and in this design I was heartened by my brother-student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

'I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my moveables, like *Æsop* and his basket of bread: for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed, at first, to doubt of my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: "You see me, young man: I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short," continued he, "as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it."

'I was now too far from home to think of returning, so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice: I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but, as it was now my only means, it was received

with contempt, a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

‘In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money, than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality, when passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me! This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a *connoscento* so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules; the one, always to observe that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. “But,” says he, “as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I’ll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying in Paris.”

‘With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living; and now, all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improving my dress by his assistance; and, after some time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised with his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance in these occasions; for when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish that was accidentally by, and rub it over the piece with great composure before all the company, and then asked if he had not improved the tints.

‘When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling tutor; and, after some time, I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through

Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso, that he should always govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion; all his questions on the road were, how much money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travelling; whether anything could be brought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe, how amazingly expensive travelling was! and all this, though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the expense of the passage by sea, home to England. This, he was informed, was but a trifle, compared to his returning by land: he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation; so paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

'I now, therefore, was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but, by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England; walked along from city to city; examined mankind more nearly; and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few: I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches, in general, were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

'Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was going forward; but on my journey down, my resolutions were changed by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians that were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprised me of the importance of the task at which I



aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it; that acting was not to be learnt in a day; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for some time from one character to another, till at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting.'

---

## CHAP. XXI.

THE SHORT CONTINUANCE OF FRIENDSHIP AMONG THE VICIOUS,  
WHICH IS COEVAL ONLY WITH MUTUAL SATISFACTION.

My son's account was too long to be delivered at once; the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me, with a whisper, that the squire had made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back, but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour: and after a short time, his presence seemed only to increase the general good humour.

After tea, he called me aside, to inquire after my daughter; but upon my informing him that my inquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised; adding, that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of the family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot, or my son; and upon replying that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it secret; 'for at best,' cried he, 'it is but divulging one's own infamy; and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine.' We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the squire in to stand up at country dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to



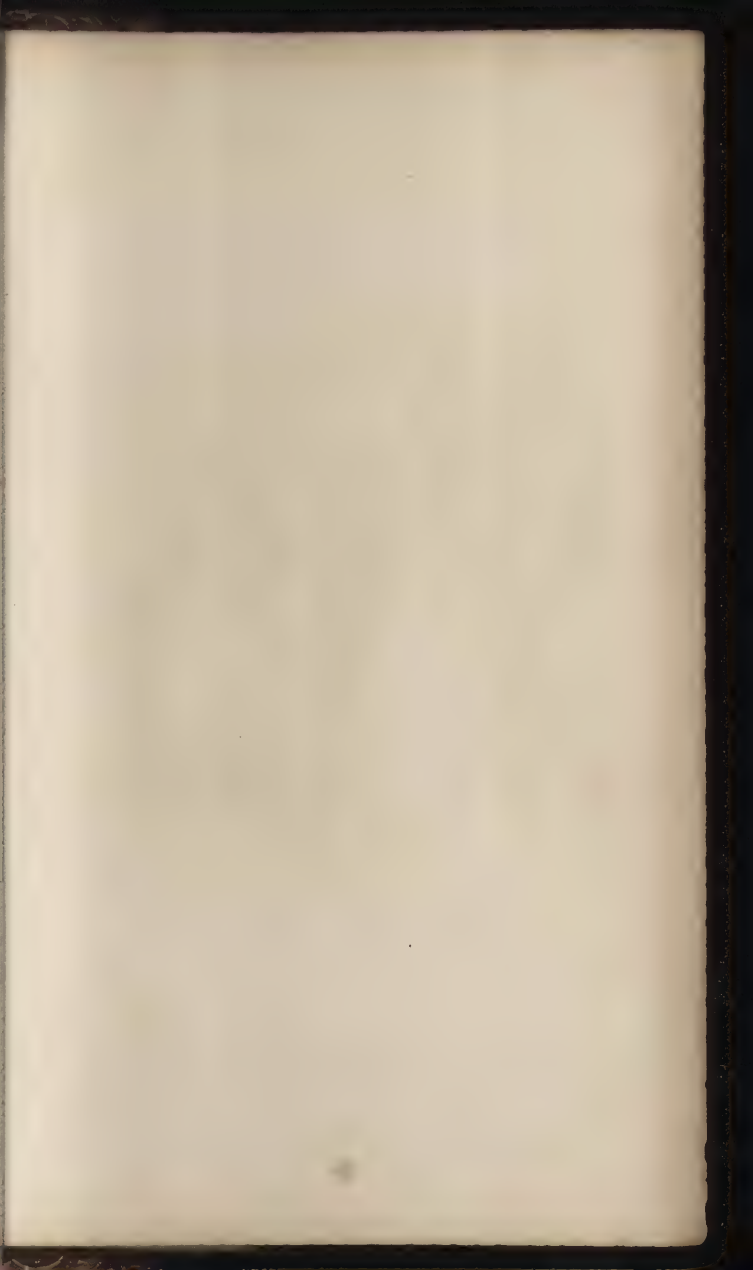
Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken; and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me; we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold, but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot showed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone. The morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me, with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that were going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest being sufficient to get an abatement for the other two: 'As for this trifling piece of service,' continued the young gentleman, 'I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pounds to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure.' This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of. I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day, to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use despatch, lest, in the meantime, another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress (for Miss Wilmot actually loved him), he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all that I have—my blessing. 'And now, my boy,' cried I, 'thou art going to fight for thy country, remember how thy brave grandfather fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes; if it was a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland. Go, my boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier.'

The next morning I took leave of the good family, that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which afflu-

ence and good breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired a horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little publick house by the road-side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much as his uncle Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him at their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks' possession, turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there? to which he only replied in an ironical way, by drinking her health. 'Mr. Symonds,' cried she, 'you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the business is left for me to do, and the fourth left unfinished, while you do nothing but soak with the guests all day long; whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop.' I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured out a glass, which she received with a courtesy, and drinking towards my good health, 'Sir,' resumed she, 'it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one cannot help it when the house is going out of the windows. If the customers or guests are to be dunned, all the burden lies upon my back: he'd as lief eat that glass as budge after them himself. There, now, above stairs, we have a young woman who has come to take up her lodgings here, and I don't believe she has got any money by her over-civility. I am certain she is very slow of payment, and I wish she were put in mind of it.'—'What signifies minding her?' cried the host; 'if she be slow, she is sure.'—'I don't know that,' replied the wife, 'but I know that I am sure she has been here a fortnight, and we have not seen the cross of her money.'—'I suppose, my dear,' cried he, 'we shall have it all of a lump.'—'In a lump,' cried the other, 'I hope we may get it any way; and that I am resolved we will this very night, or out she tramps bag and baggage.'—'Consider, my dear,' cried the husband, 'she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more respect.'—'As for the matter of that,' returned the hostess, 'gentle or simple, out she shall pack with a sassara. Gentry may be good things where they take; but for my part, I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow.' Thus saying, she run up a





Yet my child from my heart I  
forgive thee!

narrow flight of stairs that went from the kitchen to a room over-head, and I soon perceived by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear the remonstrances very distinctly: 'Out, I say, pack out this moment! tramp, thou infamous stumpet, or I'll give thee a mark thou won't be the better these three months. What, you trampery, to come and take up an honest house; without cross or coin to bless yourself with! come along, I say.'—'O dear madam,' cried the stranger, 'pity me, pity a poor abandoned creature, for one night, and death will soon do the rest.' I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms.—'Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom. Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee, though thou hast ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forgive them all.'—'O my own dear—for minutes she could say no more—my own dearest, good papa! Could angels be kinder? How do I deserve so much? The villain, I hate him; and myself, to be a reproach to so much goodness. You can't forgive me; I know you cannot.'—'Yes, mychild, from my heart I do forgive thee: only repent, and we both shall yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia.'—'Ah! never sir, never. The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad, and shame at home. But, alas! papa, you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you so much uneasiness? surely you have too much wisdom than to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself!'—'Our wisdom, young woman,' replied I. 'Ah, why so cold a name, papa?' cried she. 'This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name.'—'I ask pardon, my darling,' returned I; but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one."

The landlady now returned, to know if we did not choose a more genteel apartment; to which assenting, we were shown to a room where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led to her present wretched situation. 'That villain, sir,' said she, 'from the first day of our meeting, made me honourable, though private, proposals.'

'Villian, indeed,' cried I; 'and yet it, in some measure, surprises me, how a person of Mr. Burchell's good sense and seeming honour, could be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a family to undo it.'

'My dear papa,' returned my daughter, 'you labour under a strange mistake. Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive me. Instead of that, he took every opportunity of privately admo-



nishing me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, who, I now find, was even worse than he represented him.'—'Mr. Thornhill!' interrupted I, 'can it be?'—'Yes, sir,' returned she, 'it was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me; who employed the two ladies as he called them, but who, in fact, were abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices, you may remember, would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell's letter, who directed those reproaches at them, which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions, still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend.'

'You amaze me, my dear,' cried I; 'but now I find my first suspicions of Mr. Thornhill's baseness were too well grounded; but he can triumph in security: for he is rich, and we are poor. But tell me, my child; sure it was no small temptation that could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an education, and so virtuous a disposition, as thine?'

'Indeed, sir,' replied she, 'he owes all his triumph to the desire I had of making him, and not myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honour.'—'What!' interrupted I, 'and were you indeed married by a priest in orders?'—'Indeed, sir, we were,' replied she, 'though we were both sworn to conceal his name.'—'Why then, my child, come to my arms again; and now you are a thousand times more welcome than before; for you are his wife to all intents and purposes; nor can all the laws of man, though written upon tables of adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connexion.'

'Alas! papa,' replied she, 'you are but little acquainted with his villanies: he has been married already, by the same priest, to six or eight wives more, whom, like me, he has deceived and abandoned.'

'Has he so?' cried I, 'then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow.'—'But, sir,' returned she, 'will that be right, when I am sworn to secrecy?'—'My dear,' I replied, if you have made such a promise, I cannot, nor will I tempt you to break it. Even though it may benefit the public, you must not inform against him. In all human institutions, a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good: as, in politics, province may be given away to secure a kingdom; in medicine, a limb may be lopt off to preserve the body. But in religion, the law is written, and inflexible, *never* to do evil. And this law, my child, is right; for otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for

the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed for ever. But I interrupt you, my dear: go on.'

'The very next morning,' continued she, 'I found what little expectation I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning, he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view, I danced, dressed, and talked; but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there, told me every moment of the power of my charms, and this only contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till, at last, the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, sir, how his ingratitude stung me? My answer to this proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. As I was going, he offered me a purse; but I flung it at him with indignation, and burst from him in a rage that for a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my situation. But I soon looked round me, and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty thing, without one friend in the world to apply to. Just in that interval, a stage-coach happening to pass by, I took a place, it being my only aim to be driven at a distance from a wretch I despised and detested. I was set down here; where, since my arrival, my own anxiety, and this woman's unkindness, have been my only companions. The hours of pleasure that I have passed with my mamma and sister, now grow painful to me. Their sorrows are much; but mine are greater than their's; for mine are mixed with guilt and infamy.'

'Have patience, my child,' cried I, 'and I hope things will yet be better. Take some repose to-night, and to-morrow I'll carry you home to your mother, and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive a kind reception. Poor woman! this has gone to her heart: but she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it.'

---

## CHAP. XXII.

OFFENCES ARE EASILY PARDONED WHERE THERE IS LOVE  
AT THE BOTTOM.

THE next morning, I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took

every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we to each other; and that the misfortunes of nature's making were very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which might yet be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censure of the world, showed her that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage: however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered around my little fire-side with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace; the labourers of the day were all retired to rest—the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance.—I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent—my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out into a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had, till this, been asleep, and he perceiving the flames, instantly awaked my wife and daughter, and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror, for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. 'O misery! where,' cried I, 'where are my little ones?'—'They are burnt to death in the flames,' said my wife calmly, 'and I will die with them.' That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by

the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. 'Where, where are my children?' cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined—'Where, are my little ones?'—'Here, dear papa, here we are!' cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and conveyed them through the fire as fast as possible, while, just as I was going out, the roof sunk in. 'Now,' cried I, holding up my children, 'now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish; here they are—I have saved my treasure: here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall be happy.' We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time, began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was, therefore, out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity: My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers, that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that, by daylight, we had another, though a wretched, dwelling to retire to. My honest next neighbour and his children were not the least assiduous in providing us with everything necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having, therefore, informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one; and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had: this task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother; whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. 'Ah, madam!' cried her mother, 'this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept com-



pany only with people of distinction: yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you.' During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, 'I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer—her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness; the real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not, therefore, increase them by dissensions among each other; if we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let our's be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude: and this is right; for that single effort by which we stopt short in the down-hill path to perdition, is of itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice.'

---

### CHAP. XXIII.

NONE BUT THE GUILTY CAN BE LONG AND COMPLETELY MISERABLE.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist in repairing my former dwelling. Honest farmer Williams was not last among these visitors, but heartily offered his friendship. He would have even renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person in our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek



pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety had now taken strong possession of her mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister, brought a pang to her heart, and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for her's, collecting such amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could digest. 'Our happiness, my dear,' I would say, 'is in the power of One who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing, historian.'

'Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of the apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.'

'As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though his retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye: her merit, soon after, his heart. They were married; he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent: after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death; but, particularly, the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood ready, while the spectators, in gloomy silence,

awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take the last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger; he acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed; the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty, could confer on earth, were united.'

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention: for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company, she dreaded contempt; and in solitude, she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news served only to increase poor Olivia's affliction; for such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information; and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church, the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the squire's uncle, Sir William, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

'Why, let him, if he can,' returned I; 'but, my son, observe

this bed of straw and unsheltering roof; those mouldering walls and humid floor, my wretched body, thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread: you have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. O, my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendour of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile.'

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me; for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of my family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more, the tale went round, and a song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

---

## CHAP. XXIV.

### FRESH CALAMITIES.

THE next morning the sun rose with peculiar warmth for the season, so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honey-suckle bank; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recal her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept and loved her daughter as before. 'Do, my pretty Olivia,' cried she, 'let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do,

child, it will please your old father.' She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as moved me.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds, too late, that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice, from sorrow, gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. 'Sir,' replied I, 'your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence, for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them.'

'I vow, my dear sir,' returned he, 'I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means!—I hope you do not think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it.'

'Go,' cried I, 'thou art a wretch, a poor, pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature miserable for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion.'

'If she or you,' returned he, 'are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time; and, what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for, I protest, I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her.'

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villany can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.—'Avoid my sight, thou reptile,' cried I, 'nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home, he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone.'



'I find,' cried he, 'you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But, as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment.—My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself; which, as I have been at some expenses lately, previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent: it is certain he knows his duty; for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse.'

'Mr. Thornhill,' replied I, 'hear me once for all: as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once wofully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honour, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet, humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity; and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt.'

'If so,' returned he, 'depend upon it, you shall feel the effects of this insolence, and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me.' Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with apprehension. My daughters, also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference; which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence—he had already struck the blow, and I now stood prepared to repel every new effort—like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still present a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain: for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was, his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now, therefore, entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure—the



terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire.—But I continued inflexible.

‘Why, my treasures,’ cried I, ‘why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right?—My duty has taught me to forgive him, but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and, to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never.—If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right, and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, where we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure.’

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door.—He had not thus been engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke, they came in, and, approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county gaol, which was eleven miles off.

‘My friends,’ said I, ‘this is severe weather in which you are come to take me to prison; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me, and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow: but if it must be so—’

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious; and desired my eldest son to assist his eldest sister: who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the meantime, my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to despatch us, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

## CHAP. XXV.

NO SITUATION, HOWEVER WRETCHED IT SEEMS, BUT HAS SOME SORT OF COMFORT ATTENDING IT.

WE set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly: my eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers, who had a horse, kindly took her behind him; for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other; while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell not for her own, but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishoners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to a gaol, while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty, rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

'What! my friends,' cried I, 'and is this the way you love me? Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit? thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me? Which is your ringleader? Show me the man that has thus seduced you. As sure as he lives, he shall feel my resentment. Alas! my dear deluded flock, return back to the duty you owe to God, to your country, and to me. I shall yet, perhaps, one day see you in greater felicity here, and contribute to make your lives more happy. But let it at least be my comfort, when I pen my fold for immortality, that not one here shall be wanting.'

They now seemed all repentance, and melting into tears, came, one after the other, to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing, proceeded forward without meeting any further interruption. Some hours before night we reached the town, or rather village: for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and containing no marks of its ancient superiority but the goal.

Upon entering, we put up at an inn, where we had such

refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four-and-twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected, upon my entrance, to find nothing but lamentations, and various sounds of misery, but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprised of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions; and immediately complied with the demand; though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness.

'How!' cried I to myself, 'shall men so very wicked be cheerful, and shall I be melancholy? I feel only the same confinement with them, and I think I have more reason to be happy.'

With such reflections I laboured to become cheerful: but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting, therefore, in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it; for if good, I might profit by his instructions; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

'That's unfortunate,' cried he, 'as you are allowed nothing but straw, and your apartment is very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and as I have been one myself in my time, part of my bed-clothes are heartily at your service.'

I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a gaol, in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, that the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said, *ton kosmon aire, ei dos ton etairon*; 'and, in fact,' continued I, 'what is the world if it affords only solitude?'

'You talk of the world, sir,' returned my fellow-prisoner; 'the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled the philosophers of every age. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation

of the world! Sanchoniathou, Manetho, Berosus, and Occellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words: *Anarchon are kai atelutaion to pan*, which implies——' 'I ask pardon, sir,' cried I, 'for interrupting so much learning; but I think I have heard all this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once seeing you at Welbridge-fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson?' At this demand he only sighed. 'I suppose you must recollect,' resumed I, 'one Doctor Primrose, from whom you bought a horse.'

He now at once recollected me, for the gloominess of the place, and the approaching night, had prevented his distinguishing my features before. 'Yes, sir,' returned Mr. Jenkinson, 'I remember you perfectly well; I bought a horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes: for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man; for you see,' continued he, pointing to his shackles, 'what my tricks have brought me to.'

'Well, sir,' replied I, 'your kindness in offering me assistance, when you could expect no return, shall be repaid with my endeavours to soften or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough's evidence, and I will send my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity: nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request: and as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness about that.'

'Well, sir,' cried he, 'all the return I can make shall be your's. You shall have more than half my bed-clothes to night, and I'll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence.'

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had seen him before, he appeared at least sixty. 'Sir,' answered he, 'you are little acquainted with the world. I had at that time false hair, and have learned the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, sir! had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it.'

We were now prevented from further conversation, by the arrival of the jailor's servants, who came to call over the prisoner's names, and lock up for the night. A fellow also, with a bundle of straw for my bed, attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage, into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my heavenly Corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.



## CHAP. XXVI.

A REFORMATION IN THE GAOL—TO MAKE LAWS COMPLETE,  
THEY SHOULD REWARD AS WELL AS PUNISH.

THE next morning, early, I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bedside. The gloomy appearance of everything about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next enquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two, to lodge my family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed, but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expense, for his mother and sisters, the jailor with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers be in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

'Well,' cried I, 'my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears.'

'No, papa,' says Dick, 'I am not afraid to lie anywhere, where you are.'

'And I,' says Bill, who was yet but four years old, 'love every place best that my papa is in.'

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her sister's declining health; my wife was to attend me: my little boys were to read to me: 'And, as for you, my son,' continued I, 'it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be fully sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength, and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare, then, this evening to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn for our support.'

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there, when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding all man-



kind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared to be a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved, therefore, once more to return, and in spite of their contempt, to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going, therefore, among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design; at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane; because they got nothing by it, and might lose a great deal: 'For be assured, my friends,' cried I, '(for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship), though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies every moment calling upon the devil, and courting his friendship, since you see how scurvily he uses you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly: and, by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's good hereafter.'

'If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another Master, who gives you fair promises, at least, to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who, after robbing a house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all: for they only decoy and then hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and, what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done.'

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my

lecture next day, and actually conceived some hope of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to our's, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson, at the first interview, therefore, seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

'Alas! doctor,' cried he, 'these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this.'

'Why, Mr. Jenkinson,' replied I, 'thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals, and if they be good, it matters little for the rest.'

'I fancy, sir,' returned my fellow prisoner, 'that it must give you a great comfort to have this little family about you.'

'A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson!' replied I, 'yes it is, indeed, a comfort, and I would not be without them for the world; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them.'

'I am afraid, then, sir,' cried he, 'that I am in some measure culpable; for I see here (looking at my son Moses) one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven.'

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile, forgave him.—'Yet,' continued he, 'I can't help wondering at what you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark for deception.'

'My dear sir,' returned the other, 'it was not your face, but your white stockings and the black ribbon on your hair that allured me. But, no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time; and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me at last.'

'I suppose,' cried my son, 'that the narrative of such a life as your's must be extremely instructive and amusing.'

'Not much of either,' returned Mr. Jenkinson—'Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey's end.'

'Indeed, I think, from my own experience, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood; when but seven years old, the ladies

would say that I was a perfect little man; at fourteen I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that no one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and one way or other generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricky and cunning, and was poor without the consolation of being honest. However,' continued he, 'let me know your case, and what has brought you here; perhaps, though I have not skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may extricate my friends.'

In compliance with his curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accident and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapped his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

---

## CHAP. XXVII.

### THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

THE next morning, I communicated to my wife and children the schemes I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

'Excuse me,' returned I; 'these people, however fallen, are still men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will; perhaps they will not despise me: perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulph, and that will be great gain; for is there a gem upon earth so precious as the human soul?'

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some gaol-trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry 'Amen!' in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry, I took the hint of setting such as chose to work, at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day; a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight, I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would soon be convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty which inclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands—it were to be wished we had, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not



the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder, their right is obvious; as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse, shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, no more than take it away, as it is not his own. And besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a trifling inconvenience, since it is far better that two men should live than one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men is equally so between a hundred and a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks; and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in all commencing governments, that have the print of nature still upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community, that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it increased; as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears—all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets, to scare every invader.

I cannot tell, whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should show more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of morality: thus the multitude of laws produces new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished, then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion came to burst them, instead of cutting



away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant, of the people. We should then find, that creatures whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger: that as their faces are like our's, their hearts are so, too; that few minds are so base, as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood would serve to cement our security.

---

## CHAP. XXVIII.

HAPPINESS AND MISERY RATHER THE RESULT OF PRUDENCE THAN OF VIRTUE IN THIS LIFE; TEMPORAL EVILS, OR FELICITIES BEING REGARDED BY HEAVEN AS THINGS MERELY IN THEMSELVES TRIFLING, AND UNWORTHY ITS CARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION.

I HAD NOW been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

'I am glad to see thee, my dear,' cried I, 'but why this dejection, Livy? I hope, my love, you have too great a regard for me, to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life which I prize as my own. Be cheerful, my child, and we may yet see happier days.'

'You have ever, sir,' replied she, 'been kind to me, and it adds to my pain, that I shall never have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here, and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill: it may, in

some measure, induce him to pity you, and it will give me relief in dying.'

'Never, child,' replied I, 'never will I be brought to acknowledge my daughter to be a prostitute; for though the world may look upon your offence with scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am no way miserable in this place, however dismal it may seem; and be assured, that while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another.'

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow-prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated upon my obstinacy, in refusing a submission which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of my family were not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me. 'Besides,' added he, 'I don't know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match which you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy.'

'Sir,' replied I, 'you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told, that, even in this very room, a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. But though my submission and approbation could transfer me from hence to the most beautiful apartment he is possessed of, yet I would grant neither, as something whispers me, that it would be giving a sanction to adultery. While my daughter lives, no other marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest of men, from any resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who wish for an union. No, villain as he is, I should even wish him married, to prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries. But now should I not be the most cruel of all fathers, to sign an instrument which must send my child to the grave merely to avoid a prison myself; and thus, to escape one pang, break my child's heart with a thousand?' He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter's life was already too much wasted to keep me long a prisoner. 'However,' continued he, 'though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objection to laying your case before the uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom for everything that is just and good. I would advise you to send him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew's ill usage, and my life for it, that, in three days, you shall have an answer.' I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set about complying; but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions; however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days, I was in a state of anxiety to know what reception my letter might meet with: but in the

mean time, was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here, and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter's health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter; the complaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew, were no way likely to succeed: so that these hopes soon vanished, like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a little alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, sat here, and while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declining faster than mine, every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison, to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven. Another account came—she was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner, some time after, came with the last account. He bade me be patient—she was dead! The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated me to read to me, and bade me not cry, for I was now too old to weep. 'And is not my sister an angel now, papa?' cried the eldest, 'and why then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel, out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me.'—'Yes,' added my youngest darling, 'heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this; and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad.'

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle by observing, that now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

'Heaven be praised!' replied I, 'there is no pride left me now. I should detest my own heart, if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, sir, I have no resentment now: and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has rung my heart, for I am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow-prisoner, yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I am now willing

to approve his marriage, and if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know, that if I have done him any injury, I am sorry for it.' Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us, that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which, when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary: that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved: and as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

'Well sir,' said I to my fellow-prisoner, 'you now discover the temper of the man who oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel; but let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing towards an abode that looks brighter as I approach it; this expectation cheers my afflictions, and though I leave a helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken; some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their heavenly Father.'

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable, to speak. 'Why, my love,' cried I, 'why will you thus increase my afflictions by your own? What, though no submission can turn our severe master, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child? yet still you will find comfort in your other children, when I shall be no more.'—'We have indeed lost,' returned she, 'a darling child!—My Sophia, my dearest, is gone—snatched from us, carried off by ruffians!'

'How, madam!' cried my fellow-prisoner. 'Miss Sophia carried off by villains! Sure it cannot be!'

She could only answer with a fixed look, and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoners' wives, who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account: she informed us, that as my wife, my daughter, and herself, were taking a walk together, on the great road, a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly stopt. Upon which, a well-dressed man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her



in, bid the postillion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

'Now,' cried I, 'the sum of my miseries is made up, nor is it in the power of any thing on earth to give me another pang. What! not one left! not leave me one! the monster! The child that was next my heart! she had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel. But support that woman, nor let her fall. Not to leave me one!'—'Alas, my husband!' said my wife, 'you seem to want comfort even more than I. Our distresses are great; but I could bear this and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children, and all the world, if they leave me but you.'

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate her grief; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful.—'My child,' cried I, 'look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out? while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave.'—'My dear father,' returned he, 'I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction: for I have a letter from my brother George.'—'What of him, my child?' interrupted I, 'does he know our misery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers.'—'Yes, sir,' returned he, 'he is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenancy that becomes vacant.'

'But are you sure of all this?' cried my wife, 'are you sure that nothing has ill befallen my boy?'—'Nothing, indeed, madam,' returned my son; 'you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure: and if any thing can procure you comfort, I am sure that will.'—'But are you sure,' still repeated she, 'that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy?'—Yes, madam,' replied he, 'it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and support of our family.'—'Then I thank Providence,' cried she, 'that my last letter to him has miscarried. Yes, my dear,' continued she, turning to me, 'I will now confess, that though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon a mother's blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But thanks be to Him who directs all things, it has miscarried, and I am at rest.'—'Woman,' cried I, 'thou hast done very ill, and at another time my reproaches might have been more severe. Oh! what a tremendous gulf hast thou escaped, that would have buried both thee and him in endless ruin! Providence, indeed, has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has reserved that son to be the father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stript of every comfort, when still I hear



that he is happy, and insensible of our afflictions: still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sisters;—But what sisters has he left? He has no sisters now: they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone!’—‘Father,’ interrupted my son, ‘I beg you will give me leave to read this letter; I know it will please you.’ Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:—

‘Honoured Sir,

‘I have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fire-side at home. My fancy draws that harmless group as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight, which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or distress. But, whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it, to hear that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

‘Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave the kingdom; the colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted, and, after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increased respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G—, and, could I forget, you know whom, I might be, perhaps, successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends: and in this number, I fear, sir, that I must consider you, for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia, too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them that they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am at this moment in a most violent passion with them; yet still, I know not how, though I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then tell them, sir, that, after all, I love them affectionately; and be assured of my ever remaining your dutiful son.’

‘In all our miseries,’ cried I, ‘what thanks have we not to return, that one at least of our family is exempted from what we suffer! Heaven be his guard, and keep my boy thus happy to be the support of his widowed mother, and the father of these two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him! May he keep their innocence from the temptations of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour!’ I had scarcely said these words, when a noise like that of a tumult seemed to proceed from the prison below: it died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with compassion upon the wretch as he approached me, but with horror when I found it was my own son! ‘My George! my George! and do I behold thee thus? wounded!’

fettered! Is this thy happiness? Is this the manner you return to me? O that this sight would break my heart at once, and let me die!

'Where, sir, is your fortitude?' returned my son, with an intrepid voice, 'I must suffer; my life is forfeited, and let them take it.'

I tried to restrain my passion for a few minutes, in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort.—'O, my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and I cannot, cannot help it! In the moment I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again, chained, wounded! And yet, the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day; to see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul fall heavy upon the murderer of my children! May he live like me to see—'

'Hold, sir,' replied my son, 'or I shall blush for thee. How, sir! forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven, and fling those curses upward, that must soon descend to crush thy own grey head with destruction! No, sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope and resolution, to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion.'

'My child, you must not die! I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him.'

'Mine, sir,' returned my son, 'is, I fear, an unpardonable one. When I received my mother's letter from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by despatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted me, and I fear desperately: but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law in execution against me; the proofs are undeniable: I have sent a challenge, and as I am the first aggressor upon the statute, I see no hopes of pardon. But you have often charmed me with your lessons of fortitude; let me now, sir, find them in your example.'

'And, my son, you shall find them.' I am now raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment, I break from my heart all the ties that held it down to earth, and will prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide your's in the ascent, for we will take our flight together. I now see and am convinced you can expect no pardon here, and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greatest tribunal where we both shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggardly in our exhortation, but let all our fellow-prisoners have a share. Good gaoler, let

them be permitted to stand here, while I attempt to improve them.'—Thus saying, I made an effort to rise from the straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled according to my directions, for they loved to hear my counsel; my son and his mother supported me on either side; I looked and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

---

## CHAP. XXIX.

THE EQUAL DEALINGS OF PROVIDENCE DEMONSTRATED WITH REGARD TO THE HAPPY AND THE MISERABLE HERE BELOW. THAT, FROM THE NATURE OF PLEASURE AND PAIN, THE WRETCHED MUST BE REPAID THE BALANCE OF THEIR SUFFERINGS IN THE LIFE HEREAFTER.

'My friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for: but we daily see thousands, who, by suicide, show us they have nothing left to hope. In this life, then, it appears that we cannot be entirely blest; but yet we may be completely miserable.

'Why man should thus feel pain; why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity; why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection, parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves—these are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject, Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

'In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy; and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us, that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and, on the other hand, that though we, unavoidably, have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other: for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery; and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in

a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here; while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of Heaven. To religion, then, we must hold in every circumstance of life, for our truest comfort: for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus, to the fortunate, religion holds out a continuance of bliss: to the wretched, a change from pain.

‘But, though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy; the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The Author of our religion everywhere professes himself the wretch’s friend; and, unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect, that it is not in the power even of Heaven itself, to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first, eternity is but a single blessing, since, at most, it but increases what they already possess. To the latter, it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

‘But Providence is, in another respect, kinder to the poor than to the rich; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smoothes the passage there. The wretched have had a long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrow lays himself quietly down, with no possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure; he feels only nature’s pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before; for, after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, nature kindly covers with insensibility.

‘Thus Providence has given to the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life—greater felicity in dying; and in heaven, all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable; for though he was already in heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched, and now was comforted; that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

‘Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do; it shows the equal dealings of heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to



nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet, being an eternal one, it must make up, by duration, what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

‘These are, therefore, the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind: in other respects, they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living, are not poor; and they who want them, must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can soothe the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dark vapour of a dungeon, or ease the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us we can resist all these. Alas! the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest pain. Death is slight, and any man may sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

‘To us, then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly dear, for if our reward be in this life alone, we are, indeed, of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify, as well as to confine us; this light, that only serves to show the horrors of the place; those shackles, that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans:—O, my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these! To fly through regions unconfined as air—to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss—to carol over endless hymns of praise—to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of goodness himself for ever in our eyes; when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support; when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away? Kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages; but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them.

‘And shall these things be our’s? Our’s they will certainly be, if we but try for them; and what is a comfort, we are shut out from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be our’s: and what is still a comfort, shortly too; for if we look back on past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration; as we grow



older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by Heaven upon us; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like the horizon, still flies before him; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxurious great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure of our sufferings below; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending.'

---

### CHAP. XXX.

HAPPIER PROSPECTS BEGIN TO APPEAR—LET US BE INFLEXIBLE,  
AND FORTUNE WILL AT LAST CHANGE IN OUR FAVOUR.

WHEN I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty; observing, that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but he should be permitted to visit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again therefore laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by the bed-side reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the jailer came with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found! Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and, with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also showed her pleasure.

'Here, papa,' cried the charming girl, 'here is the brave man

to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety'—A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than her's, interrupted what she was going to add.

'Ah, Mr. Burchell!' cried I, 'this is but a wretched habitation you find us in; and we are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base, ungenerous wretch, who, under the mask of friendship, has undone me.'

'It is impossible,' replied Mr. Burchell, 'that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it.'

'It was ever my conjecture,' cried I, 'that your mind was noble; but now I find it so.—But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou been relieved, or who the ruffians were that carried thee away?'

'Indeed, sir,' replied she, 'as to the villain who carried me off, I am yet ignorant. For as my mamma and I were walking out, he came behind us, and, almost before I could call for help, forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses drove away. I met several on the road to whom I cried out for assistance; but they disregarded my entreaties. In the mean time, the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out; he flattered and threatened me by turns, and swore that if I continued but silent, he intended no harm. In the mean time, I had broken the canvass that he had drawn up, and whom should I perceive at some distance, but your old friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which we used so much to ridicule him! As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and entreated his help. I repeated my exclamations several times, upon which, with a very loud voice, he bid the postillion stop; but the boy took no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us, when in less than a minute, I saw Mr. Burchell come running up by the side of the horses, and with one blow knocked the postillion to the ground. The horses, when he was fallen, soon stopped of themselves; and the ruffian stepping out, with oaths and menaces drew his sword, and ordered him at his peril to retire: but Mr. Burchell running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him for near a quarter of a mile; but he made his escape. I was by this time come out myself, willing to assist my deliverer; but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postillion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape, too: but Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to mount again, and drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluc-

tantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed to me, at least, to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he, at last, excited Mr. Burchell's compassion; who, at my request, exchanged him for another at an inn where we called on our return.'

'Welcome, then,' cried I, 'my child, and thou, ner gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes. Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompense, she is your's; if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her, obtain her consent, as I know you have her heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you, sir, that I give you no small treasure; she has been celebrated for beauty, it is true, but that is not my meaning—I give you a treasure in her mind.'

'But I suppose, sir,' cried Mr. Burchell 'that you are apprized of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves!'

'If your present objection,' replied I, 'be meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist; but I know no man so worthy to deserve her as you; and if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my dearest choice.'

To all this, his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal; and without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshments from the next inn: to which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke, also, a dozen of their best wine, and some cordials for me; adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once: and, though in a prison, asserted he was never more disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance, with preparations for dinner; a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous; the wine was disposed in order, and two very well-dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation.—But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful; the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble; so that I was, at last, obliged to damp our mirth, by relating his misfortunes, and wishing he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow-prisoner, might be admitted; and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell, in the mean time, asked me if my son's name was

George; to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence.—‘Come on,’ cried I, ‘my son, though we are fallen very low, yet Providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer; to that brave man it is that I am indebted for yet having a daughter; give him, my boy, the hand of friendship—he deserves our warmest gratitude.’

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectable distance. ‘My dear brother,’ cried his sister, ‘why don’t you thank my good deliverer? the brave should ever love each other.’

He still continued his silence and astonishment; till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen anything so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, ‘I again find,’ said he, ‘unthinking boy, that the same crime—But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler’s servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon? ‘Bid the fellow wait,’ cried our guest, ‘till I shall have leisure to receive him:’ and then turning to my son, ‘I again find, sir,’ proceeded he, ‘that you are guilty of the same offence for which once you had my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments.—You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt of your own life gives you a right to take that of another: but where, sir, is the difference between a duellist, who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer, who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester’s fraud, when he alleges that he staked a counter.’

‘Alas, sir!’ cried I, ‘whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature: for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bitterness of her resentment, required him, upon her blessing, to avenge her quarrel. Here, sir, is the letter, which will serve to convince you of her imprudence, and diminish his guilt.’

He took the letter, and hastily read it over.—‘This,’ said he, ‘though not a perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his fault as induces me to forgive him. And now, sir,’ continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, ‘I see you are surprised at finding me here; but I have often visited prisons upon occasions less interesting. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long been a



disguised spectator of thy father's benevolence. I have at his little dwelling enjoyed respect, uncontaminated by flattery, and have received that happiness that courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity round his fire-side. My nephew has been apprised of my intentions of coming here, and I find he is arrived; it would be wronging him and you, to condemn him without examination; if there be injury, there shall be redress; and this I may say without boasting, that none have taxed the injustice of Sir William Thornhill.'

We now found that the personage whom we had long entertained as a harmless, amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarce any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was, in reality, a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehensions; but Sophia, who, a few moments before, thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

'Ah sir,' cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, 'how is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness? the slights you received from me the last time I had the honour of seeing you at our house, and the jokes which I audaciously threw out—these, sir, I fear, can never be forgiven.'

'My dear good lady,' returned he, with a smile, 'if you had your joke, I had my answer. I'll leave it to all the company if mine were not as good as your's. To say the truth, I know nobody whom I am disposed to be angry with at present, but the fellow who so frightened my little girl here! I had not even time to examine the rascal's persons, so as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should know him again?'

'Indeed, sir,' replied she, 'I cannot be positive: yet, now I recollect, he had a large mark over one of his eye-brows.'—'I ask pardon, madam,' interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, 'but be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair.'—'Yes, I think so,' cried Sophia. 'And did your honour,' continued he, turning to Sir William, 'observe the length of his legs?'—'I can't be sure of their length,' cried the baronet; 'but I am convinced of their swiftness: for he out-run me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done.' 'Please your honour,' cried Jenkinson, 'I know the man; it is certainly the same: the best runner in England—he has beaten Pinwire, of Newcastle; Timothy Baxter is his name; I know him perfectly, and the very place of his retreat this moment. If your honour will bid Mr. Goaler let two of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at farthest.' Upon this, the gaoler was called, who instantly



appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him.' 'Yes, please your honour,' replied the gaoler, 'I know Sir William Thornhill well; and everybody that knows anything of him, will desire to know more of him.' 'Well, then,' said the baronet, 'my request is, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message, by my authority, and, as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you.' 'Your promise is sufficient,' replied the other: 'and you may, at a minute's warning, send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit.'

In pursuance of the gaoler's compliance, Jenkinson was despatched in pursuit of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy, Bill, who had just come in, and climbed up to Sir William's neck, in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her, and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, 'What Bill, you chubby rogue!' cried he, 'do you remember your old friend Burchell? And Dick, too, my honest veteran, are you here? you shall find I have not forgot you.' So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows ate very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold: but, previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary, who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour; with which request the baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

---

## CHAP. XXXI.

FORMER BENEVOLENCE NOW REPAID WITH UNEXPECTED INTEREST.

MR. THORNHILL made his entrance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. 'No fawning, sir, at present,' cried the baronet, with a look of severity: 'the only

way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced, as a recompense for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into prison, perhaps but for resenting the insult—his son too, whom you feared to face as a man——

‘Is it possible, sir,’ interrupted his nephew, ‘that my uncle should object that as a crime which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid?’

‘Your rebuke,’ cried Sir William, ‘is just; you have acted in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done; my brother, indeed, was the soul of honour, but, thou——yes, you have acted in this instance perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation.’

‘And I hope,’ said his nephew, ‘that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, sir, with this gentleman’s daughter at some places of public amusement; thus, what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts, and is unwilling, or even unable, to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner; and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress.’

‘If this,’ cried Sir William, ‘be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your offences; and, though your conduct might have been more generous, in not suffering this gentleman to be opposed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable.’

‘He cannot contradict a single particular,’ replied the squire; ‘I defy him to do so, and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say.—Thus, sir,’ continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him: ‘thus, sir, my own innocence is vindicated: but though, at your entreaty, I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem, excite a resentment that I cannot govern; and this, too, at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life: this, I say, was such guilt, that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent me, and two witnesses to prove it: one of my servants has been wounded dangerously; and even though my uncle himself should dissuade me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it.’

‘Thou monster,’ cried my wife, ‘hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope

that good Sir William will protect us, for my son is as innocent as a child; I am sure he is, and never did harm to no man.'

'Madam,' replied the good man, 'your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine; but I am sorry to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew persists—' But the appearance of Jenkinson and the gaoler's two servants now called off our attention, who entered hauling in a tall man, very genteelly dressed, and answering the description already given of that ruffian who had carried off my daughter.—'Here,' cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, 'here we have him: and if ever there was a candidate for Tyburn, this is one.'

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived the prisoner, and Jenkinson, who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink backward with terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopped him. 'What, squire,' cried he, 'are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter? But this is the way that all great men forget their friends, though I am resolved we will not forget you. Our prisoner, please your honour,' continued he, turning to Sir William, 'has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be dangerously wounded; he declares that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair; that he gave him the clothes he now wears, to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with a post-chaise. The plan was laid between them, that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to come in the meantime, as if by accident, to her rescue, and that they should fight awhile, and then he was to run off, by which Mr. Thornhill would have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself, under the character of her defender.'

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed, by a more circumstantial account, concluding, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him, that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

'Heavens!' cried Sir William, 'what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of public justice, too, as he seemed to be! But he shall have it—secure him, Mr. Gaoler—yet, hold, I fear there is no legal evidence to detain him.'

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him; but that his servants should be examined. 'Your servants!' replied Sir William; 'wretch, call them your's no longer: but come: let us hear what those fellows have to say: let his butler be called.'

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master's looks, that all his power was now over. 'Tell

me,' cried Sir William, sternly, 'have you ever seen your master, and that fellow dressed up in his clothes, in company together?' 'Yes, please your honour,' cried the butler, 'a thousand times: he was the man that always brought him his ladies.' 'How!' interrupted young Mr. Thornhill: 'this to my face?' 'Yes,' replied the butler; 'or to any man's face. To tell you a truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved you or liked you, and I don't care if I tell you now a piece of my mind.' 'Now, then,' cried Jenkinson, 'tell his honour whether you know any thing of me.' 'I can't say,' replied the butler, 'that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman's daughter was deluded to our house, you was one of them'—'So then,' cried Sir William, 'I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence; thou stain to humanity! to associate with such wretches! But,' continuing his examination, 'you tell me, Mr. Butler, that this was the person who brought him this old gentleman's daughter.' 'No, please your honour,' replied the butler, 'he did not bring her, for the squire himself undertook that business: but he brought the priest that pretended to marry them.'

'It is but too true,' cried Jenkinson, 'I cannot deny it; that was the employment assigned to me; and I confess it to my confusion.'

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed the worthy baronet, 'how every new discovery of his villany alarms me! All his guilt is now too plain, and I find his present prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge: at my request, Mr. Gaoler, set this young officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to me for consequences. I'll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the magistrate, who has committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady herself? let her appear to confront this wretch; I long to know by what arts he has seduced her. Entreat her to come in. Where is she?'

'Ah! sir,' said I, 'that question stings me to the heart; I was once indeed happy in a daughter, but her miseries'—Another interruption here prevented me; for who should make her appearance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was the next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman, her father, were passing through the town, on their way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house: but, stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there, from the window, that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learnt from him some account of our misfortunes, but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the



impropriety of her going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual; she desired the child to conduct her, which he did: and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on, without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishing to her beauty. 'Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill,' cried she, to the squire, who she supposed was come here to succour, and not to oppress us, 'I take it a little unkindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both; you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret.'

'He find pleasure in doing good!' cried Sir William, interrupting her: 'no, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. You see in him, madam, as complete a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A wretch, who, after having deluded this poor man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fetters, because he had the courage to face her betrayer! And give me leave, madam, now to congratulate you upon an escape from the embraces of such a monster.'

'O goodness,' cried the lovely girl, 'how have I been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me, for certain, that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain Primrose, was gone off to America with his new married lady.'

'My sweetest miss,' cried my wife, 'he has told you nothing but falsehoods. My son George never left the kingdom, nor ever was married. Though you have forsaken him, he has always loved you too well to think of anybody else: and I have heard him say he would die a bachelor for your sake.' She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son's passion; she set his duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light, from thence she made a rapid digression to the squire's debaucheries, his pretended marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

'Good Heaven!' cried Miss Wilmot, 'how very near have I been to the brink of ruin! but how great is my pleasure to have escaped it! Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told



me! He had at last art enough to persuade me that my promise to the only man I esteemed was no longer binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught to detest one equally brave and generous.'

But, by this time, my son was freed from the encumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson, also, who had acted as his valet-de-chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now, therefore, entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and without vanity (for I am above it) he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real.—'Sure, madam,' cried he, 'this is but delusion; I can never have merited this! To be blessed thus, is to be too happy!'—'No, sir,' replied she, 'I have been deceived, basely deceived, else nothing could have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship, you have long known it: but forget what I have done, and, as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated; and be assured, that if your Arabella cannot be your's, she shall never be another's.'—'And no other's you shall be,' cried Sir William, 'if I have any influence with your father.'

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened.—But in the mean time, the squire, perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus laying aside all shame, he appeared the open and hardy villain. 'I find then,' cried he, 'that I am to expect no justice here; but I am resolved it shall be done me.—You shall know, sir,' turning to Sir William, 'I am no longer a poor dependent upon your favours. I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot's fortune from me, which, I thank her father's assiduity, is pretty large. The articles, and a bond for her fortune are signed, and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match; and, possessed of the one, let who will take the other.'

This was an alarming blow: Sir William was sensible of the justness of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage-articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my

son, asked, if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him? 'Though fortune,' said she, 'is out of my power, at least, I have my hand to give.'

'And that, madam,' cried her real lover, 'was indeed, all that you ever had to give; at least, all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And, I now protest, my Arabella, by all that's happy, your want of fortune, this moment increases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity.'

Mr. Wilnot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But, finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune, was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for some minutes employed in the most mortifying speculations, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety. 'I must confess, sir,' cried he, 'that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But, though the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a sufficient competence to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune; they have long loved each other, and for the friendship I bear his father, my interest shall not be wanting in his promotion. Leave, then, that ambition which disappoints you, and, for once, admit that happiness which courts your acceptance.'

'Sir William,' replied the old gentleman, 'be assured, I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him with all my heart. There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here,' (meaning me) 'give me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready this night to be the first to join them together.'

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily made a promise of making the settlement he required; which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour. We had now, therefore, the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. 'After all my misfortunes,' cried my son George, 'to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for.—To be possessed of all that's good, and after such an interval of pain! my warmest wishes could never rise so high!'—'Yes, my George,' returned his lovely bride, 'now let the wretch take my fortune: since you are happy without it, so am I. O what an exchange have I made, from the basest of men to the dearest, best! Let him enjoy our fortune; I now can be happy even in

indigence.'—'And I promise you,' cried the squire, with a malicious grin, 'that I shall be very happy with what you despise.'—'Hold, hold, sir,' cried Jenkinson; 'there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady's fortune, sir, you shall never touch a single stiver of it. Pray, your honour,' continued he, to Sir William, 'can the squire have this lady's fortune if he be married to another?'—'How can you make such a simple demand?' replied the baronet: 'undoubtedly he cannot.'—'I am sorry for that,' cried Jenkinson: 'for as this gentleman and I have been old fellow-sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that his contract is not worth a tobacco-stopper, for he is married already.'—'You lie like a rascal,' returned the squire, who seemed roused by this insult; 'I never was legally married to any woman.'—'Indeed, begging your honour's pardon,' replied the other, 'you were: and I hope you will show a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife; and if the company restrain their curiosity a few minutes, they shall see her.' So saying, he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. 'Ay, let him go,' cried the squire; 'whatever else I may have done, I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with squibs.'

'I am surprised,' said the baronet, 'what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour, I suppose.'—'Perhaps, sir,' replied I, 'he may have a more serious meaning. For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman has laid to seduce innocence, perhaps some one, more artful than the rest, has been found able to deceive him. When we consider what numbers he has ruined, how many parents now feel with anguish the infamy and the contamination which he has brought into their families, it would not surprise me if some of them—Amazement! Do I see my lost daughter? Do I hold her? It is, my life, my happiness! I thought thee lost, my Olivia, yet still I hold thee, and still thou shalt live to bless me!' The warmest transports of the fondest lover were not greater than mine, when I saw him introduce my child, and held my daughter in my arm, whose silence only spoke her raptures.—'And art thou returned to me, my darling,' cried I, 'to be my comfort in age?'—'That she is,' cried Jenkinson, 'and make much of her, for she is your own honourable child, and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let the other be who she will.—And as for you, squire, as sure as you stand there, this young lady is your lawful wedded wife: and to convince you that I speak nothing but the truth, here is the licence by which you were married together.' So saying, he put the licence into the baronet's hands, who read it, and found it perfect in every respect.—'And now, gentlemen,' continued he, 'I find you are surprised at all this; but a very few words will explain the difficulty. That there squire of renown, for whom I have a

great friendship—but that's between ourselves—has often employed me in doing odd little things for him. Among the rest, he commissioned me to procure him a false licence, and a false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. But as I was very much his friend, what did I do, but went and got a true licence and a true priest, and married them both as fast as the cloth could make them? Perhaps you'll think it was generosity made me do all this. But, no. To my shame I confess it: my only design was to keep the licence, and let the squire know that I could prove it upon him, whenever I thought proper, and so make him come down whenever I wanted money.' A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment; our joy even reached the common-room, where the prisoners themselves sympathised,

And shook their chains  
In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheeks seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends, and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But perhaps, among all, there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusion. 'How could you,' cried I, turning to Jenkinson, 'how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death? But it matters not; my pleasure at finding her again is more than a recompense for the pain.'

'As to your question,' replied Jenkinson, 'that is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison, was, by submitting to the squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living; there was, therefore, no other method to bring things to bear, but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now.'

In the whole assembly there now appeared only two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him; he now saw the gulf of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and after pausing a few moments, 'Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude,' cried he, 'deserve no tenderness; yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken; a bare competence shall be supplied to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine; and from her tenderness alone art thou to expect any extraor-



dinary supplies for the future.' He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech; but the baronet prevented him, by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to choose one, and such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father; my wife, too, kissed her daughter with much affection, as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn, and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour.—Our satisfaction seemed scarce capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round, with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. 'I think now,' cried he, with a smile, 'that all the company, except one or two, seem perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, sir,' continued he, turning to me, 'of the obligations we both owe to Mr. Jenkinson; and it is but just we should both reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune; and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making?—will you have him?' My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal. 'Have him, sir!' cried she faintly; no, sir, never!' 'What!' cried he again, 'not Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor; a handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds, and good expectations?' 'I beg, sir,' returned she, scarcely able to speak, 'that you'll desist, and not make me so very wretched.' 'Was ever such obstinacy known?' cried he again, 'to refuse the man whom the family has such infinite obligations to, who has preserved your sister, and who has five hundred pounds? What, not have him!' 'No, sir, never,' replied she, angrily; 'I'd sooner die first!' 'If that be the case, then,' cried he, 'if you will not have him—I think I must have you myself.' And so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour. 'My loveliest, my most sensible of girls,' cried he, 'how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone? I have for some years sought for a woman, who, a stranger to my fortune, could think I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even among the pert and the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture, to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty!' Then turning to Jenkinson, 'As



I cannot, sir, part with this young lady myself, for she hath taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompense I can make is, to give you her fortune, and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds.' Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the mean time, Sir William's gentleman appeared to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where everything was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw, and shook by the hand, two or three of my honest parishioners who were among the number. They attended us to the inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provision distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw; and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

---

## CHAP. XXXII.

### THE CONCLUSION.

THE next morning, as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting by my bed-side, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant, who had failed in town, was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked-for good fortune. But I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had the night before sent for the licences,

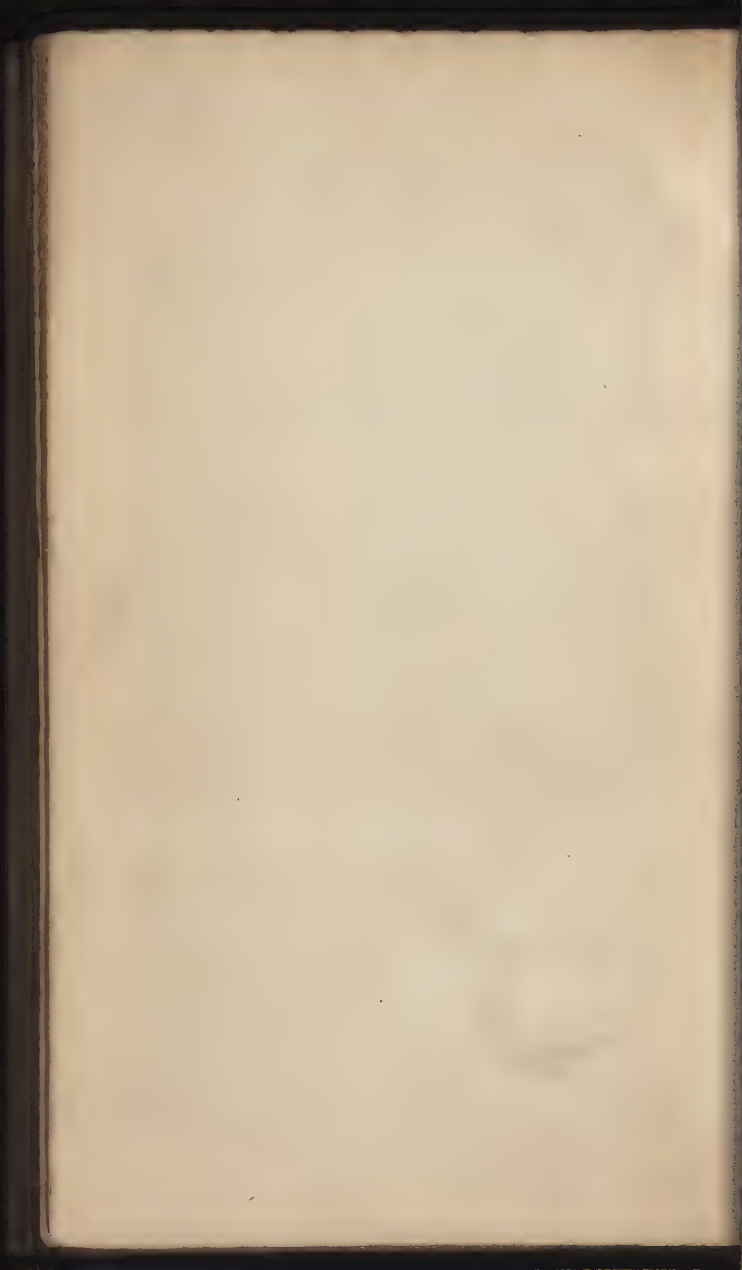
and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church, a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first; my son's bride warmly insisted that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead; but this, the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both, with equal obstinacy and good breeding. But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was, at last, quite tired of the contest, and shutting it, 'I perceive,' cried I, 'that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for, I suppose, there will be no business done here to-day.' This at once reduced them to reason. The baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

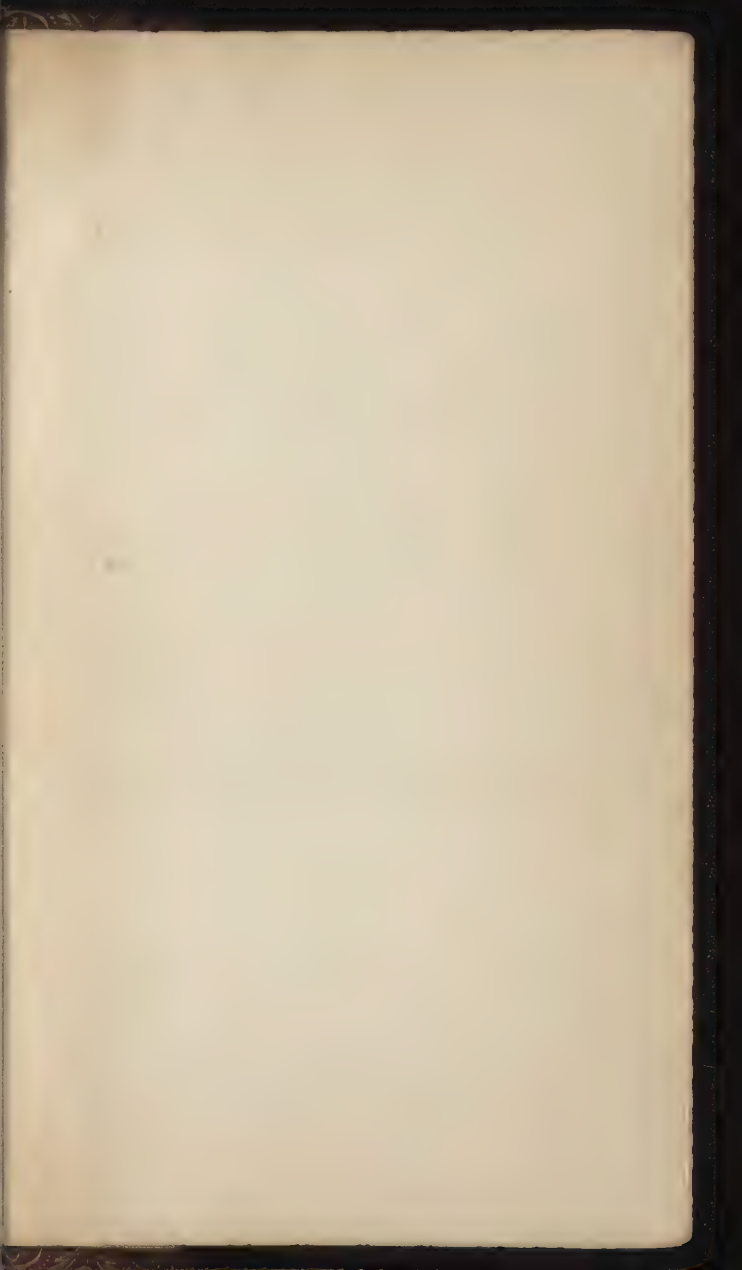
I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamborough's alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other; and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them. We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me; but among the rest, were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half-a-guinea a piece to drink his health, and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this, we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe, with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides, in quality of companion, at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other, for they make no strange

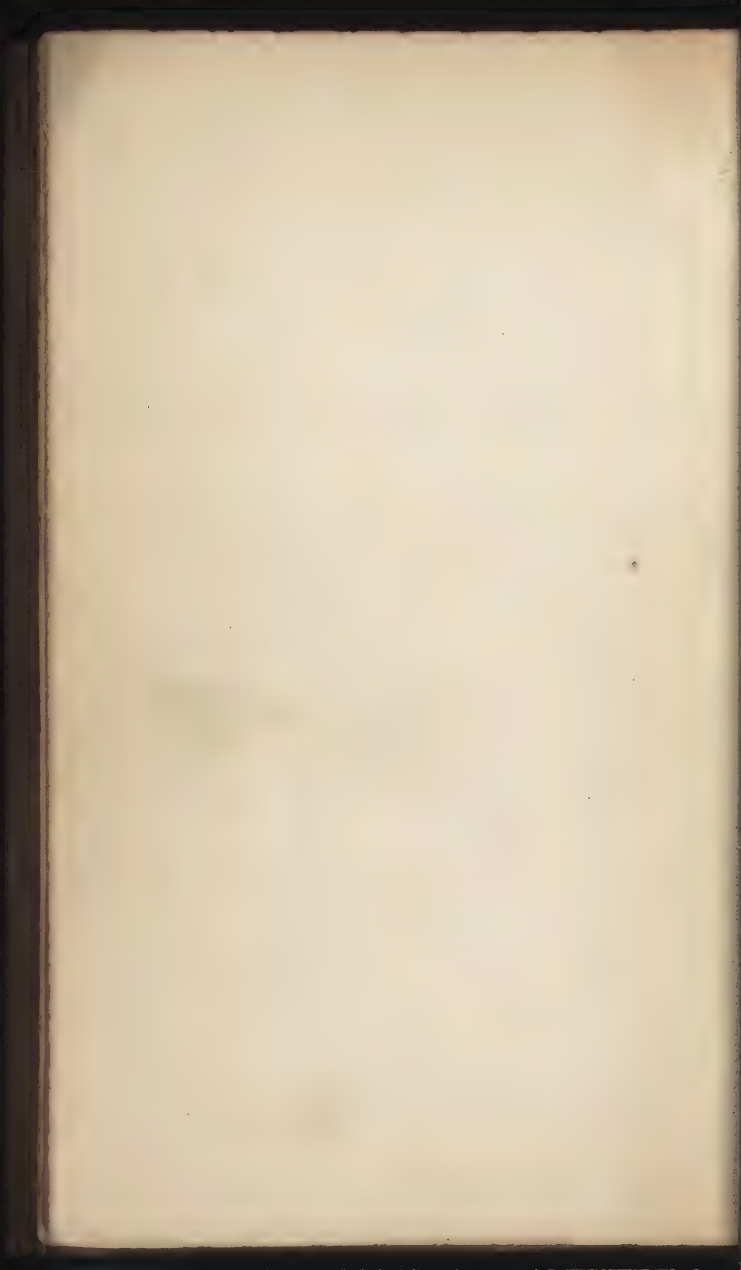
of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French-horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms, she may be brought to relent. But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus; when we were to sit down to dinner, our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides; but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who, I could perceive, was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table, and carving the meat for all the company. But, notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good-humour. I can't say whether we had more wit among us now than usual, but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember: old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, 'Madam, I thank you.' Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a cheerful fire-side. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for—all my cares were over, my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

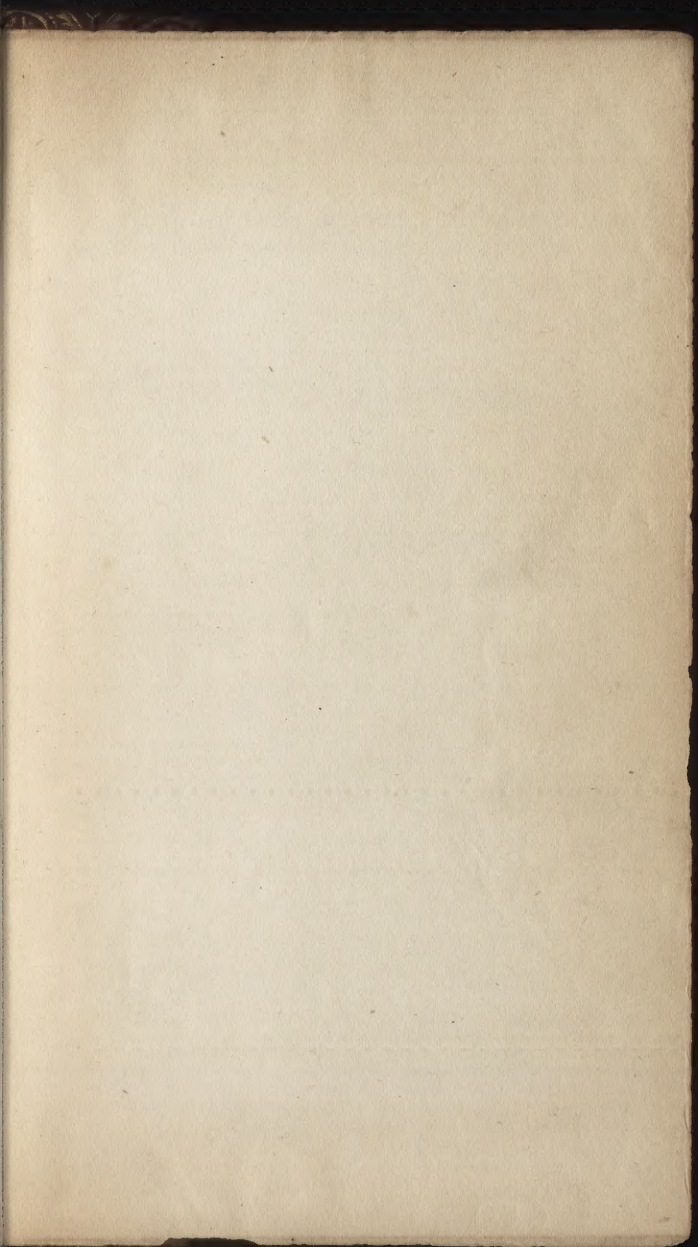
FINIS.











85-B5650

